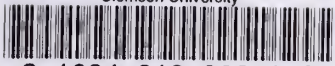
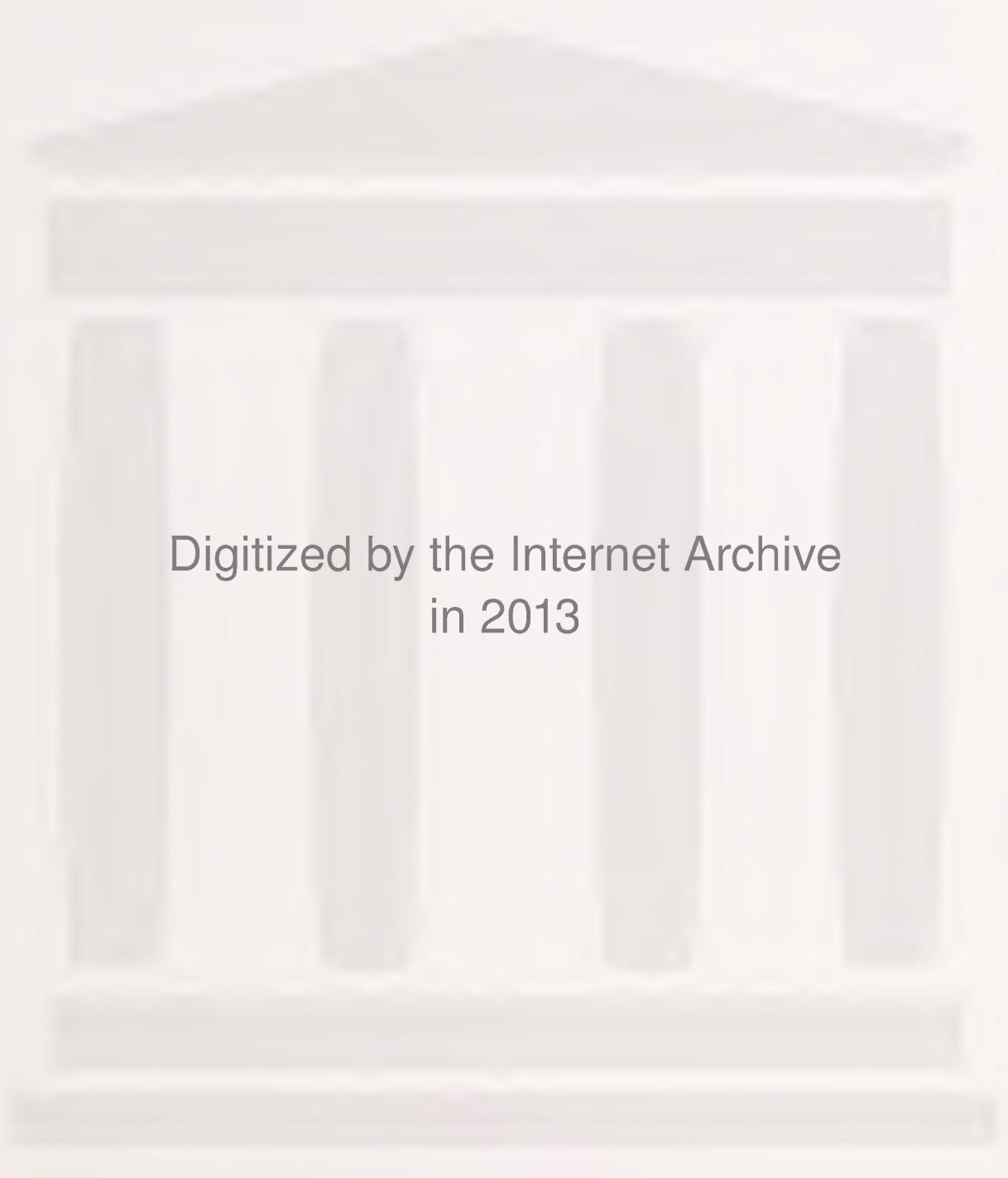


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The Clemson Chronicle



*"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."*

—Bulwer.

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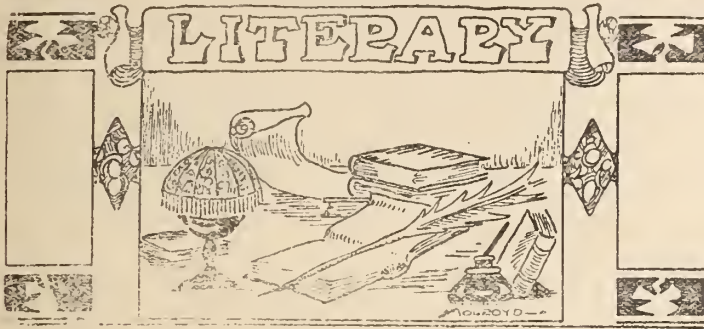
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XXV

Clemson College, S. C., October 1922

No. 1

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22

R. W. COARSEY, '23.

B. F. ROBERTSON, '23.

LIFE

Life is a gift which is good and lovely;
 Life is a gift which all may share;
 We can use it or we can waste it
 Or preserve it with the greatest care.

As the years roll by and onward,
 As the world sees things anew,
 So our lives are fashioned with them
 For our years are few, but few.

This old world is always changing;
 We can see it by day.
 We can use our lives to help it,
 If we will, we can and may.

So let's strive and struggle upward,
 Fix our hearts on lofty goals,
 Think of the clean and the noble, only;
 Let these live within our souls.

J. W. K.—24. *Columbian*

CLEMSON IN 1776

The estate upon which Clemson College stands was famous long before that institution was founded. It was renowned in history years before the people of South Carolina dreamed that they would ever possess such a seat of learning. The historic events around Clemson had been chronicled for a generation before John C. Calhoun made his permanent home at Ft. Hill. When South Carolina was in her first days of colonization, the forest around the junction of the Keowee and Seneca Rivers was the seat of one of the most powerful tribes in the southeastern part of the New World. Here reigned the Cherokees in all of their aboriginal splendor and barbaric

glory. For miles around, at the most strategic positions, the Indians had erected small towns. The largest and strongest of the villages was Essenecca town, in which lived the Essenecca Indians. The branch of the Indians was larger in number than any of the other Cherokee clans, so the chief of the Esseneccas was the recognized chief of the whole nation. This settlement was located in the present bottom lands of the college estate.

After South Carolina became entangled with and severed her colonies relations with England, fighting occurred in this district which turned out to be of national consequence. The British government had appointed Captain John Stuart as Superintendent of Indian Affairs for all of the Southern Colonies. When these colonies declared themselves "free and independent," Stuart remained faithful to the crown, and, removing to the mountainous district of upper South Carolina, stirred up considerable dissatisfaction and prejudice among the Cherokees against the white settlers. It was learned in Charlestown that Stuart and his ally, Cameron, were to lead and instigate a massacre against the colonists in co-operation with a British naval attack against that city. Therefore, the Council of Safety sent Captain William Freeman to Essenecca to negotiate a peaceful settlement with the Indians. In his undertaking, he was dismissed without securing the desired results; so Major Williamson and a company of men were dispatched from Ninety Six to arrest Stuart. The men marched rapidly and, unfortunately, did not take the necessary precautions. In their surprise, they found themselves in an ambush and were severely routed near the Keowee River. Patrick Calhoun was killed in this encounter.

Now, the Cherokees became more active and threatened the entire northern section of the state. The Hampton family was set upon one night and all except Wade and his brothers, who were absent, were scalped. Messengers were continually going to Ninety Six for aid. The people suffered untold hardships and many of them fled to the more civilized portion of the section. The settlers were destitute and had little ammunition with which to attempt a determined stand. President Rutledge sent reinforcements, and additional troops arrived from Georgia until the force consisted of eleven hundred and fifty men. It was learned that all of the Indians were collecting at Essenecca; so Williamson decided to attack them at their stronghold. In this project, he was at a slight disadvantage, as the stream was fordable only at the town. Upon their arrival, the town seemed deserted and the men prepared to cross the stream. Here they were again set upon by the ambushed Indians and were forced to retire. After a brief period, the colonists rallied and pushed the Red men out of the part of the town on the east bank of the Seneca.

Upon the arrival of reinforcement, the troops destroyed the village and advanced and burned Tugaloo, Tomassy, and Cherokee. All of the corn supplies were confiscated, which left the Indians to exist on berries and roots.

When Williamson returned to Essenecca town, he found many of his men had returned home because of improper food and clothing. This defection so weakened him that he felt obliged to remain until his forces were increased. As this region needed some permanent protection, the remaining men set to work to build a fort, which they named in honor of the state president, Fort Rutledge. This fort stood directly above Essenecca town and commanded a view of the surrounding country. Approach was impossible without detection. Meanwhile, Virginia and North Carolina sent small detachments under General Rutherford and Colonel Christie. In all there were three thousand men. Leaving three hundred men to guard Fort Rutledge, the remainder invaded the Cherokee country to overtake the main body of the Indians. The opposing forces met somewhere between the Seneca and the Savannah, and in the conflict which ensued, the Cherokees lost two thousand warriors.

The power of the Cherokees was broken. This was one of the most crushing defeats ever delivered upon any Indian nation. It was such a fatal calamity that the Cherokees never regained their former power. The menace from the redmen was over forever in upper carolina. They sued for peace and the treaty was signed under an old oak near Fort Rutledge. By this treaty the Indians surrendered the area now occupied by Oconee, Pickens, Greenville, and Anderson counties to the new state of South Carolina.

Fort Rutledge was unsuccessful in its combat with the agents of destruction, and now there are no remains of this old outpost of western civilization. Several years ago, the Andrew Pickens Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution erected a stone monument on the site of the main block house of the fort. Portions of the earthen embattlements still remain on the side of an adjacent hill. There is nothing left of the Cherokee capitol, but various Indian specimens and relics are frequently found in this vicinity. The hill with its monument is plainly visible from the college tower and is owned by the institution. The monument peacefully stands in the solitude as if marking the supremacy of one civilization over another less progressive and less able to endure. It is only one example of the accomplishments of our far-seeing ancestors.

Thus, it can be seen that Clemson, though not under her present name, had a part in freeing our country from oppression, just as now she is aiding it to become better educated.

B. F. R.—23 *Palmetto*

FREDA'S ROMANCE

Barbara McElroy and Freda Witry were stenographers each working out her destiny in the hurrying, seething mass of toilers who occupy the uptown offices and the less pretentious boarding and apartment houses in the great city which has been termed the melting pot of our nation.

The all important fact on which our story is based, however, was that Barbara and Freda were exactly doubles. To the ordinary, every-day observer who inspected each of them from the top of her head, covered with its crown of shining black bobbed hair, to the toes of her dainty, well-groomed feet, there appeared absolutely no feature or characteristic by which he could distinguish the one from the other. Each possessed an oval face, with skin of creamy whiteness, a small, well-shaped, rather tilted nose, and eyes which shone like stars when the finely-chiseled lips broke into a smile, or grew deep and serious when those same lips came together with a suggestion of determination or resolve. These features, coupled with a shapely, well-knit figure, endowed each girl with a subtle, elusive charm which made her the object of envy to the girls and of admiration to the men of her acquaintance.

However, the observer who divined more than mere external features noted a difference between them, for in Freda's eyes, in the set of her mouth and chin, and in the lines of character on her smooth oval face, he sensed a capacity for deeper emotions and a greater love for the good and the true in life than he found in the face of Barbara.

Barbara and Freda had come to the city of New York from different parts of the state, each to seek her fortune and her fate as stenographer. A short time before the opening of our story they had met, accidentally, and had discovered the strange physical likeness which existed between them. This had been the means of their establishing a close friendship, a friendship which had demanded companionship and had caused them to give up their separate boarding places and rent a small furnished flat together.

The task of moving had been completed, both girls getting a half holiday for the purpose; and, now, clad in comfortable clothes, they were busy putting things to rights in their new home. Trunks were moved into place, pictures and curtains hung, and other matters of equal importance to the home-maker settled according to their individual and combined tastes.

"I wouldn't hang that there, dearie; you will never reach that nail," said Barbara as she came into the room where Freda, perched perilously upon the back of a chair, was vainly trying to overcome the distance between a picture in her hand and a nail on the wall.

"But, Babs, it will just match the one on the other side of the door if I can ever reach that nail with it," Freda answered as she made a last desperate effort and barely reached it.

"Y-e-s, I believe it does," agreed Barbara, standing back and viewing the effect with a critical eye. "Well," she continued with a satisfied air, "that puts everything in fairly good shape. Let's rest a while and eat something; I bought a lunch for two, for I knew that we would be too tired to cook anything tonight."

"You're just too sweet for anything, Babs," cried Freda, jumping down from the chair and giving her a

hug. "No one but you would have thought of anything to eat on a day as important as this. My!" she continued sitting wearily upon the divan, "I'm tired and hungry enough to eat; couldn't be more worn out if I had been taking dictation all day."

Together, they opened up the lunch and, seating themselves comfortably among the pillows upon the divan, began to eat. As she ate a sandwich, Freda let her eyes stray around the room, noticing with a feeling of pride and satisfaction the result of their afternoon's work in arranging the furnishings. Her eyes went from the white curtains over the windows to the pictures on the wall, and from there to the dressing table and its array of feminine toilet articles. Here her glance halted upon a large photograph of a young man which Barbara had placed in the center under the mirror. "Who is that, Babs?" she inquired, pointing to the picture.

"That's Jimmie Rogers, my *fiancee*," replied Barbara, diffidently; "He is in prison now."

"In prison!" grasped Freda, "Your *fiancee* in prison! What for?"

"Bank robbery," answered Barbara as she settled herself more comfortably among the pillows and munched a cake of chocolate. Then, noticing Freda's startled, inquiring expression, she sought to explain. "You see, it was this way, dearie," she began: "Jimmie and I grew up together as sweethearts. We finished high school together, but both our fathers were dead, and our mothers were very poor; therefore, Jimmie had to make some money before we could get married. Soon after the high school commencement, Jimmie secured a position in a bank at Albany, and he and his mother moved there, but not until he had made me promise to wait for him.

"Jimmie worked hard at his new job and was soon promoted to a more responsible position. Then his mother became ill, and in a short time all the money he had saved was spent for hospital bills. Still she grew no better, and in an effort to have her cured, Jimmie borrowed every cent that the bank would let him have. Finally, when all this was spent, the doctors told him that, unless his mother were sent to a sanatorium, she would die in a short time. Jimmie was driven to desperation. The sanatorium was hundreds of miles away. Even railroad fare there was more than he could raise in the city where he was a comparative stranger, and his own and his mother's pride would not permit them to call upon charity. As a last resort, Jimmie wrote to his nearest relative, an uncle in California, asking him to lend him the money. He did not know that his uncle would do this, but he had often heard his father speak affectionately of his brother, and, therefore, he believed that his uncle would help him and his mother in their distress. He waited in anxious suspense for an answer to his letter, but it was slow in coming, and in the meantime his mother's condition reached the point where it was necessary to remove her at once to the sanatorium. It was then that Jimmie took the chance—he always would take chances—and secretly took enough money from the bank to send his mother away.

"Having seen her safely off, she being under the impression that her husband's brother had sent them the money, Jimmie went back to work and to await a reply from his uncle. He had not long to wait before his letter was returned to him with the brief announcement that his uncle had died a short time before, leaving no property.

"Staggered by the seriousness of his act and the probable consequences, Jimmie went at once to the president of the bank and confessed. The president had him arrested immediately, and set out to investigate the case. He soon found out the circumstances which had caused Jimmie to steal the money, and then sought to have him released and restored to his position. However, it was too late: Jimmie's case was in the hands of the law, and he was tried, convicted and sent up for two years. That was just a year ago. Soon after that, my mother died and I came to the city to work."

"How sad," sympathized Freda with tears in her eyes; "and what became of his poor mother?"

"She died soon after reaching the sanatorium, knowing nothing of Jimmie's guilt."

"I think it was just noble for him to risk so much for her, even if he did steal the money," cried Freda warmly as she crossed the room to the dressing table and took up the picture, out of which smiled at her the handsome manly face of a boy of twenty-one. Freda studied the face for a moment. The direct gaze of his eyes, set wide apart beneath a broad, high forehead, the straight, finely chiseled nose, and the suggestion of determination in the set of his lips and chin, appealed to her as characteristic of a man in the full sense of the word. "Oh, Babs," she exclaimed impulsively, "you are lucky to have such a man love you, even if he is in prison. You are certainly going to wait for him, aren't you?"

"Y-es, I suppose so," answered Barbara, without enthusiasm; "but he has another year to do, and then he will have to start all over again."

Barbara and Freda were very happy in the little flat. Aided by the spirit of close friendship which existed between the two girls, the three rooms came to seem more like a home to them as the days went by. Each had a good position and enjoyed her work, but the really happy hours came when they were together in the evenings.

They had few visitors. Largely due to Freda's influence, the rather familiar advances of the young men of the type they met in the uptown offices were never encouraged. Freda, with her ideals, abhorred the vulgar familiarity in the air of these men toward the girls of their class, and often voiced her opinion of them to Barbara, who was less indifferent to their advances.

The picture on the dressing table brought to Freda's mind each day the story of Jimmie Rogers. Deep down in her heart she held for him a feeling of respect. His present place behind the prison bars and the circumstances which put him there made him appear to her far removed from the order of men with whom she came in daily contact. They were only ordinary, common men

with their minds set upon money and pleasure, while Jimmie was a man who had been willing to sacrifice his freedom and reputation for his mother's sake. "Poor boy," she would often say as she gazed with unconcealed admiration upon the likeness; "only one who was brave and true would have done so much for his mother."

Late one golden afternoon of early autumn, hardly a month after the opening of our story, Freda alighted from the subway and trudged wearily down the street towards home. The day in the office had been a hard one, and she was thoroughly tired. However, the crisp, cool air stimulated her, causing her tired shoulders to straighten up in spite of their weariness, and her eyes to sparkle at the prospect of a quiet evening alone with Barbara. Freda enjoyed these evenings when they were alone, for then they could dress in comfortable negligee and read and talk and forget the outside world. They were the brightest spots in her monotonous life as stenographer.

To her surprise, when she reached the apartment house in which they lived, a handsome red roadster was drawn up at the curb, and gay voices came to her ears from the window of their flat. "I wonder who is in there with Babs," she said as she climbed the steps and entered the door.

"Oh Freda," called Barbara from the next room as she removed her hat and gloves, "come in here."

"All right, Babs; I'm coming," Freda answered, glancing into the mirror to make sure of her appearance. Satisfied with it, she went into the room.

Seated upon the divan was Barbara, all smiles, and near her—rather too near Freda thought—sat a flashily dressed man of about forty years and inclined to be fat and pudgy. He had about him the easy, familiar air of the man about town, and Freda instinctively disliked him. This feeling was increased as she winced under his intimately appraising gaze and the "Hello, kiddo; glad to know Babs the second," with which he returned Barbara's introduction.

"Oh, Babs, why did you bring him here?" remonstrated Freda after the man had gone.

"Why, dearie, Tom Blakely isn't a bad man by any means," returned Barbara. "He is one of the brokers in our firm; has lots of money and everything. Besides, I was lonesome this afternoon; I am getting tired of these always-the-same monotony of things here."

"But you can't like him when you compare him to Jimmie; and besides, what would Jimmie think of Tom Blakely?"

"Well, I can't forever deny myself a little pleasure on account of Jimmie, and him in prison too," Barbara returned impatiently; "Say," she added, "Tom asked me to motor down to the beach with him tomorrow afternoon; said for me to bring you along too. Will you go? You know it's Sunday, and it will be a long day to stay around here."

At first Freda refused, but later and much against her will, agreed to go. Had she consulted her own wishes

alone, she would never have consented, but she went to be with Barbara, whose sudden liking for Tom Blakely she wished to discourage as much as possible, for Jimmie's sake.

Often after that first ride, Freda was asked to accompany them on other expeditions. Sometimes she accepted for the same reason that she did at first, but often she declined. She grew to dislike Tom Blakely more and more as she grew better acquainted with him, and it was with a feeling of despair and helplessness that she watched Barbara continue to cultivate his friendship and attention.

One morning as Freda was seated before the dressing table giving the finishing touches to her toilet before starting for the office, her eyes fell upon a letter which Barbara had carelessly left open upon the table, the handwriting of which she recognized to be Jimmie's. She had no intention of reading the letter, but it was unfolded, and almost unconsciously she read a paragraph which was in plain view. "Dear," it said, "I have pail for my deed many, many times since I have been here. At times, the future looks dark and discouraging, and when I remember that you love and trust me, I take courage again, and hope once more fills my breast. I feel little and mean, dear, when I ask you to wait for me, but with your love as a stimulus, I will go back to the bank and make good, so help me God." Freda turned guiltily and looked around the room to see if Barbara were there. Then she took up the picture and gazed at it with tear-dimmed eyes. Mentally she compared the strong, refined features of Jimmie's face with the coarse, sensual outlines of Tom Blakely's. "Babs is not giving you a square deal, Jimmie," she said sadly; "No, she isn't treating you right."

Barbara's more restive nature had chafed under the quiet life which, mainly for Freda's sake, she had been leading. She craved life and excitement, and these were the very weapons with which Tom Blakely was making his conquest, and the fact that he was making a conquest could no longer be denied. Freda could not blind herself to the situation. She realized that Tom Blakely cared as much for Barbara as he could for any woman, and that Barbara was far from being inclined to discourage him.

"Babs, you can't let this go on," Freda remonstrated one morning after being informed by Barbara that she and Tom were going to the theater that evening. "Think of Jimmie and the way you are treating him."

"I wish you wouldn't harp on Jimmie so much," answered Barbara irritably, "I shan't become a shut-in on account of Jimmie; I've got to have a little fun in life."

In desperation, Freda vainly taxed her brain in an effort to find a remedy for the situation. However, she knew that whatever course she took, it would have absolutely no influence on Barbara in a matter like this. Finally, with sad misgivings and a prayer for Jimmie, she decided to let matters take their course. She watched

Tom's suit progress with a feeling of helplessness and despair which made her life almost a misery.

Freda, therefore, was not so much surprised, only hurt and disappointed when one evening Barbara came in, fresh from a drive with Tom, and told her that he had proposed.

"Oh, Babs, Babs!" cried Freda, bursting into tears. "you are not going to accept him, are you? You are already engaged to Jimmie. Think of what you have promised him. You can't accept Tom, Babs."

"Don't waste any tears over me, dearie," replied Barbara as she undressed to go to bed. "I am going to give him my answer tomorrow, and I shall accept him. I am tired of living a hum-drum, dreary existence and punching a typewriter for a living," she continued hotly: "And, besides, a man who can give me plenty of moeny, fine clothes, a limousine and a bungalow right away appeals to my fancy lots more than a man with only a job a year from now."

Until far into the night as they lay in bed, Freda pleaded with Barbara to reconsider her decision, but without avail. At last, realizing the futility of her efforts, she put her arms around her obdurate companion and prayed that she might be happy.

The next morning, Freda went again to the dressing table and took up the picture. A great wave of pity for Jimmie surged over her, arousing in her bosom the maternal instinct of love and sympathy for one who is in trouble. "Jimmie," she said, shaking her head sorrowfully, "I did all that I could. I wish that you had loved me instead of Babs."

During the day in the office, Freda could not keep her mind on her tasks. Always that thought was with her, "How will Jimmie feel when he finds that the one whom he loves and trusts has been false to him?" In her mind she could almost picture the expression of anguish and despair which would come over his handsome face when he knew. "Oh, if I could only keep him from finding it out," she groaned.

Suddenly, a thought came to her, startling her with its boldness. With it came a host of half-formed questions and ideas. Why could she not go to Jimmie as Barbara and assure him of her love? Jimmie had not seen Barbara in over a year, and besides, it was highly improbable that, not seeing them together, he could tell that she was someone else. At first, her nature revolted against the plan of deception, but each succeeding moment weakened her resistance to its invitation. She began to realize that she loved Jimmie—that she loved the Jimmie of the picture and the Jimmie for whose happiness she had been striving for almost a month. However, she did not weigh her love for him so heavily in the balance of decision as she did his probable feelings when he heard of Barbara's falseness.

During the long, busy afternoon she thought of the plan, turning it over and over in her mind, and the more she considered it, the stronger grew her determination to carry it through.

A coincidence which seemed an omen in her favor came that afternoon just before closing time in the form of a request from the president of the firm for an experienced stenographer to go to Albany and take a position in a branch office there. Freda applied at once for the position.

"Why, Miss Witry, we hate to lose so valuable a stenographer as you are. However, I don't know of a more competent person to send. Are you dissatisfied here?"

"No, absolutely not," Freda replied. "For reasons of my own I wish to move to Albany."

Freda secured the position, and that night underwent the difficult task of telling her plan to Barbara and gaining her co-operation.

"Of course you may, dearie, if you feel that way about it and love him as much as you say you do." Barbara replied, amazed at the boldness of the plan. "Why, it will be great fun if you don't weaken."

Together, they talked over the plan, Freda finding out the main points in Barbara's early life with which Jimmie was familiar. The next morning, after packing her clothing and bidding Barbara a tearful good-bye, she boarded a train and turned her face resolutely toward Albany.

Freda arrived at Albany in the early afternoon and secured a temporary room at a modest but respectful hotel. Then she set out to gain entrance into the prison where Jimmie was confined.

The hardest part of her venture had now come. As she waited outside the prison gate for the warden to appear, Freda felt her courage leaving her by leaps and bounds. Suppose Jimmie found her out—discovered in some way that she was someone else than Barbara? Would he scorn her in her effort to deceive him, and thus render her plan an absolute failure? Would Jimmie measure up to the man of the picture? These and many other disturbing questions rushed chaotically through her mind as she waited seemingly ages for the warden to appear. At last he came, opened the heavy gate, and bade her enter. Freda shuddered as the gate closed behind them with a dismal clang, and with a troubled mind and uncertain steps she followed him into the long brick building, up the flights of bare, iron stairs, and down the long dark corridor, lined on either side with steel bars through which gazed at her pale grim faces.

So this had been Jimmie's home during the time she and Barbara had been enjoying the comforts of their cozy flat; this had been his reward for trying to help his mother in her fight against death. Again that great wave of pity and sympathy for him surged over her, causing the tears to come into her eyes. The warden stopped before a cell half-way down the corridor and, fumbling with a large bunch of keys, found the right one and opened the door.

Freda entered the cell with a feeling that she were going to faint. Inside, she heard the door close behind her, and looking up through frightened eyes, she saw Jimmie—the Jimmie of her dreams—standing tall and

straight with blank amazement written upon every line of his pale handsome face. Freda halted; would he know?

For a moment, which to Freda seemed years, Jimmie stood as if transfixed, then with a glad cry of "Babs!" he crossed the cell at a stride and caught both her hands.

"Yes, Jimmie, it's me", Freda cried brokenly, I couldn't wait any longer to see you. I had to come."

"Oh, Babs, my darling Babs," cried Jimmie, folding her in his strong arms with a smothering embrace, tears running down his cheeks, "Have you really come *here* to see me?"

Freda's only answer was to nestle closer in his arms. She could hardly repress the sobs of relief and joy which shook her body, but she knew that it would never do to cry now.

Jimmie led her to the light of the barred window, and with eyes full of love and tenderness which seemed to search into her very soul, gazed long into her face. "Babs, you have grown more beautiful," he said solemnly. "I never knew you had such beautiful eyes, and—there is something in your face, Babs, a beauty, which I never knew before."

For a long time they talked, Freda taxing her mind to recall the details of the incidents of his past which she had learned from Barbara. At first, she was afraid that Jimmie would detect something in her speech or manner which would betray her, but as they grew more accustomed to each other, this fear gradually disappeared. Jimmie's happiness seemed to know no bounds, and for the first time in her life, Freda tasted the joys of loving and being loved.

"Babs," Jimmie cried later in a burst of enthusiasm, "My whole life is centered upon you. Only wait for me until I am a free man again and I will never give you cause to regret it. I will go back to the bank and become president or 'bust.'"

Freda came close to him: "Jimmie," she began slowly, "could we be married here—now? We have been separated so long that I just want to be yours now."

Jimmie looked at her incredulously for a moment, apparently unable to believe his ears. Then he shook his head slowly and decisively. "No, Babs," he said firmly, "Not now, dear, I am behind prison bars, convicted of a felony. I can't let you sacrifice yourself for me in this way. We must wait until I gain my freedom and am restored to my position in the bank."

"But, Jimmie," Freda pleaded, placing her arms around his neck, "I don't want to wait. I have waited so long now that it hurts. I want you now, just as you are. You think that it isn't the manly thing for you to do, but Jimmie, I know, I understand. You won't refuse me this if you really love me, Jimmie." Freda drew her arms closer around his neck, her pleading face close to his—so close that he could feel her warm breath against his cheek.

For a long moment Jimmie stood obdurate, evidently battling with himself; then he gazed into the brown eyes,

misty with tears, which implored him to accept. Jimmie could hold out no longer. Impulsively, he caught her in his arms, and covered her face with kisses. "Thank God for the love of such a woman as you, Babs," he cried brokenly: "Of course, we can be married now. The prison chaplain can get the license and marry us before night. Oh, Babs, I am not worthy of you, but I am the happiest man in the world!"

The chaplain was notified, and in due time came in with the license and his Bible.

During all her life, Freda had never dreamed of her wedding being like that. With the warden and his wife as witnesses, they were married under the grated window of the cell, through which shone the last rays of the evening sun.

Freda returned to her room that night, her heart throbbing with joy. The consciousness that she now belonged to Jimmie and he to her, filled her whole being with a peace and contentment of which she had never dreamed. She ate supper and wrote Barbara in a maze of happiness and then went to bed, not to sleep, but to lie awake and dream dreams of the time when Jimmie would be released from prison and be hers in reality.

It was as Freda lay thus that the serpent of doubt entered her Eden of dreams, changing her air castles into shattered fragments in the dust at her feet. Would Jimmie not sometime and in some way discover the deception which she had practiced upon him? How long could she make him believe that she was Barbara? Could this go on forever? Deep down in the depths of her heart, something told Barbara that it could not. Then, if it did last, she asked herself, would their lives be happy together, lived upon the basis of a lie? In her sudden decision and hastily-formed plans, Freda had failed to consider these elements of the situation. Her whole purpose had been to deceive Jimmy at the beginning, and no thought had been given to the long future which was to follow.

During the long night which to Freda seemed ages, these questions tugged at her brain, vainly demanding an answer. Should she continue to deceive Jimmie and risk her temple of happiness upon so frail a foundation, or should she go to Jimmie, confess all, and risk being driven from him with scorn and contempt? The first light of the cold gray dawn stole across Freda's pillow, and still she had reached no decision.

Wearily, she ate her breakfast and went to her work. The joy and happiness which on the night before had been her's in such full measure, were now replaced by doubts and anxiety, and even the city, which on the night before had seemed so gay and friendly and close to her, now seemed to have lost all its charm, and appeared to her cold and unresponsive.

The day's tasks in the strange office did not tend to brighten Freda's spirits or to improve the outlook for her. However, as she worked over her typewriter and thought, she made the decision and resolved to carry it through, whatever the cost.

It was a sad, tired looking girl whom the warden admitted into the prison late that afternoon. With a heart heavy with foreboding, Freda followed him again up the flights of bare iron stairs and down the long dark corridor to Jimmie's cell. The warden opened the door as before, and Freda, summoning the remainder of her courage and strength, entered the cell.

Jimmie was seated under the window, reading. At sight of her he threw away his magazine and rushed toward her, "Oh, Babs, my darling little wife," he cried as he started to take her in his arms.

Freda held up her hands weakly to stop him; "Don't, Jimmie," she began painfully.

Jimmie stopped; "Why, dearest," he began, a hurt look upon his face.

Freda mustered her strength for the efforts "Jimmie", she began brokenly, "I am not Barbara. I have lied to you, Jimmie: Barbara is in New York, engaged to be married to another man, and I came here to take her place, and married you under her name. I—" here the terrible expression on Jimmy's face caused her to stop, and then to break down entirely. She fell helplessly upon the floor at his feet, her body shaking with convulsive sobs.

Jimmie stood for a moment, gazing down at her with the stunned expression of one who has received a blow. Then he gathered her tenderly in his arms and carried her to the chair under the window. Here, lying close in his arms, her head pillowed upon his shoulder, Freda sobbed out the whole story.

When she had finished, Jimmie rose with her in his arms and held her face in the full light of the evening sun which shone through the grated window; and once more it seemed to Freda that his eyes were piercing into her very soul. For several long minutes, he kept his eyes riveted upon her tear-stained face; then he placed her gently in the chair and strode around the cell.

"So Babs was false," he said slowly, looking around at her with the stunned expression upon his face. "And you came to me to try to keep me from knowing and suffering." Suddenly, he stopped for an instant, and then with one stride crossed the cell to where she sat. "Freda, was that the only reason why you came? Didn't you come too because you loved me a little?" Jimmie cried as he knelt beside her and clasped his hands over hers. "Oh, Freda, was that not also a reason why you came?"

Freda nodded weakly.

"Thank God!" cried Jimmie fervently, smothering her in his embrace. "Freda, dear, we shall have to be married all over again, but you are the gamest little girl in the world. Babs would never have had the nerve to do what you've done."

Freda's only answer was to hide her face against his coat and cry, but the tears were tears of joy.

The ceremony was performed again on the next afternoon, and, later, a radiant, happy bride went out from the prison gates to work and to wait.

T. W. M.,—'22 *Columbian*.

A SONG

I sat me in a troubled plight

With thoughts both sad and forlorn,

When, bursting thru the silent night,

Tumbling and bubbling came a song

Of calm and sweetness infinite

With notes divine, from heaven borne,

Which softly stole into my heart,

Drove out sad thoughts and other wrongs,

While tender dreams did take their part

Of boyhood days and folks at home.

Thanks to you, small feathered songster,

For your message of cheer so bold,

Sung in music loaned by heaven

That you might cheer a weary soul.

F. E. T.,—'22 *Columbian*

STUDENTS AND STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

Being a former Editor and an alumnus interested in the welfare of the student publications, I take pleasure in writing this article for the first issue of the twentieth volume of *The Chronicle*.

There are three publications which bear directly upon student life at Clemson, and each has its appropriate field in the student body.

The "*Taps*" is published annually by the senior class and summarizes the college life which these men enjoy during their four years' stay at Clemson. It gives to them as they pass out, a token of everlasting memories concerning college life.

The Tiger portrays student life and student affairs from week to week. It is especially interesting to students and alumni, and is an all-round sponsor to the vitality and strength of the corps of cadets.

The Chronicle furnishes an opportunity for students to make use of and develop their literary talents. It is read and criticized by other colleges in the state, and it influences the opinion of other students in the state towards Clemson. The literary features is emphasized in this publication and its worth depends largely upon the quality of material which it carries.

Every student at Clemson ought to be intensely interested in each of these publications, and this means that he should give, not only his hearty endorsement in behalf of the "*Taps*," *Tiger* and *Chronicle*, but it means that he should write for them and assist the respective editors and managers whenever possible. He owes it to the publications as a matter of duty.

This article, being written for *The Chronicle* will bear more especially upon that publication although it will apply in a large measure to the other publications as well. It is admitted that *The Chronicle* has suffered in the past from a disease which too often attacks student publications; namely, "Exhaustion of the Staff." In other words, it is very common for the students to pass practically all of the responsibility for its welfare over

to the editors and the business managers. These officials are always willing to assume this task, but it should be shared by all of the students.

The "blanket fee" should prove a strong stimulus to the publications. *The Chronicle* will have about three times as much for its financial support as it had prior to the adoption of the blanket fee. The former editors, business managers and staffs will envy the present staff in having such fine opportunities, financially, to publish a worthy volume.

Every time a student writes an article, whether it be poem, essay, or story, he is developing one of the finest talents known to man: that of being able to write intelligently. Therefore, he should spend much time and effort in the preparation of his article.

The Chronicle is one of the gems of Clemson College: but, unless the students put their best talents into its pages, it will be a diamond in the rough. In order for it to function properly and supply the much-needed opportunity for students to express their thoughts in writing, there must be a united effort on the part of all students interested in the welfare of Clemson. To this end there comes the challenge to each individual to offer his best services in making *The Chronicle* the best publication of its kind in the state.

B. O. Williams,—'18 *Editor-in Chief*.

THE RIGHT WAY

In my fancy I can see

My old home of long ago;
Hear my mother sit and sing,
Content just to sit and sew.
I recall the many times
She had said to me, "my boy,
Will you be your mother's grief,
Or will you be your mother's joy?"

Even now as I sit here,
My own conscience speaks aloud:
"Will you grieve your mother's heart?
Or will you make your mother proud?"
I have not the heart to answer
Either a "yes" or yet a "no",
But I'm led by mother's teachings
In the way that I should go.

If I follow where she leads me;
Let my conscience rule my life,
Then I'll go the way she hopes for
Rather than the road to strife.
So I'll strive to be the man
That my mother wants me to;
The man who gets the best in life;
The man whose thoughts and deeds are true.

J. W. K.,—'24 *Columbian*

"MY ALMA MATER"

In the lower Carolina
Where the sun shines all day long,
Where the brook flows, oh! so softly
And the bird trills out his song,
Between the hills there nestles still
The place I've loved so long.

My dear old Alma Mater,
For the purple and the gold,
I'll give my best as thou hast given.
Like thy Tigers young and old,
For Clemson's sons are modeled
In thy cleanly, manly mould.

J. W. K.,—'24 *Columbian*

REHABILITATION

One hot summer day, there arrived in the quaint little town of Chelan some human freight. The object of our observation was poorly clad, unshaven, and had a pair of shifty eyes that seemed to tell a tale of their own. This disreputable looking character stepped off a slowly moving freight train and brushed the dust from his clothes.

He stretched himself and yawned. How fortunate he was to be uninjured. The people of the town he visited last had paid him the compliment of notifying him that he was an undesirable resident, and had conferred with him concerning his early departure.

He was now ready to start over. He found a restaurant, where he bought something to eat with the remaining change in his possession. This free lance was without money or friends, but he did not allow minor details of such a nature to bother him. He had seen better days; but since then his habits had changed, necessarily. Being an optimist, he was still able to see many things for which he could be thankful. He believed the old saying that joy was the best of wine, and that melancholy was the pleasure of being sad. He wasn't bothered by valets, porters, and numerous secretaries. He wasn't forced to supervise the cleaning of a wardrobe every morning. He was thankful furthermore, that he could be so close to nature. Whenever he desired to retire, he had but to lie down on nature's own handiwork—the grass, the flowers, or the field—and sometimes a thorn. Nero, who spent many thousands of dollars to have a bed of roses made for him to lie upon, had nothing on this free lance.

This free lance, Samuel Lavater by name, was thinking of all these things as he shuffled down a gravel walk, well shaded and practically deserted, except for a hurrying pedestrian here and there, when his eye caught the glare of what appeared to him to be glass. His curiosity was aroused; so he stopped to pick it up. Imagine his surprise when he found he had stumbled across a diamond necklace. He was so dumbfounded that he hardly

knew what to do. Upon close examination of the necklace, he noticed a small plate attached to the clasp. The name of the owner and her address were plainly discernible. The question of returning it, next arose to confront him. Why should he return it? The citizens of another town had just mistreated him. Here was a good chance to get even with the world for all the wrongs they had inflicted upon him; but he resolutely put this thought out of his mind. He had been dishonest once, and it was due to that one deed that he was in the place he now occupied. No, he wouldn't sink any lower. That necklace must be returned to the owner. Maybe her father would offer him a reward for returning it.

Samuel Lavater hunted diligently for half the morning before he finally found the home of the owner of the necklace. It was in the prettiest section of the town, on one of the main streets, and it was with some hesitancy that Lavater approached the wide marble steps. The majesty of the mansion awed him. It seemed to arouse in him a dormant passion to regain his self respect.

He rang the bell timidly and then stepped back to await the results. He was kept waiting but a few moments, for a maid soon threw open the door in an impatient manner. The maid glared at him angrily for a few moments and then asked what he wanted in a tone that made Lavater feel even more ill at ease. He was told to get out; but this he refused to do. He had very important business with Mr. Wilmont and he must see him. He insisted so vehemently that Mr. Wilmont was finally summoned.

He was a middle-aged man, handsome and affable, as Lavater soon discovered. Lavater went straight to the point. He explained how he happened to find the necklace and what difficulty he had encountered finding the owner's home. Mr. Wilmont thanked him for returning the necklace and then asked him to come to his office up town that evening to receive the reward. Lavater accepted this short speech with a "grain of salt." All he had received for his trouble was a promise of future help and he had begun to underestimate the value of such promises.

Lavater was on time to the minute. As the town clock was striking three, he was ushered into a spacious office in which were several desks. Behind one of these sat the man with whom he had talked that morning. To the surprise of the office boy and to the astonishment of Lavater, Mr. Wilmont held out his hand which Lavater took in a rather dazed manner. He hardly knew what to think of the older man's action. He seemed to hear as in a dream, Mr. Wilmont's voice asking him to draw up a chair. After seating himself Lavater felt more at ease and Mr. Wilmont's Manners soon dispelled his timidity.

"I have a proposition to offer you," said Mr. Wilmont, finally, once more speaking in a business-like tone and manner.

Lavater was willing to listen to almost anything at the time, if so doing he could better his condition. He had remained in the gutter for so long that he was only too willing to take advantage of anything that promised to benefit him.

Thinking that the younger man's silence meant assent, Mr. Wilmont continued. "I noticed by your speech and manners today when I talked with you that you were out of your place. Doubtless, you have had a college education and have been reared in a good home. When I meet a man that is down and out, who is honest and who possesses an education, I feel that it is incumbent upon me to offer him my help, that is, if the man is willing to accept and take advantage of it." He said the last few words in a clear, concise way that left no doubt with the hearer as to the meaning.

"What you say concerning my former position in life is all true, Mr. Wilmont," said Lavater in a husky voice that betrayed his agitation; "but I am here because I once held a position and was proven dishonest. I took money that did not belong to me and spent it in wild living. I had a little money of my own and, after they discharged me, I ran through with it in a short time. When that was gone, I had no alternative but to hit the road, and I have been traveling from place to place ever since."

Both men were silent for a time; then Mr. Wilmont spoke. "Well, if you are willing to begin at the bottom and show me that you will be a man, I am willing to do my part. Your better self will assert itself, I am sure, and, aided by your education and previous training you are bound to make good."

Lavater was so surprised by this sudden offer that all he could do was to mumble his thanks. Months before he had accepted his lot in life, because he thought no opportunity of improving his condition would present itself. He could hardly thank Mr. Wilmont enough for his kindness. Once more he would have his self-respect. That which he had so carelessly abused would be sacred to him hereafter.

C. T. Y.,—'23, *Calhoun*

SPRIT OF CLEMSON

Dear Old Clemson, how we love you;
 Tho your walls, which us restrain,
 Are prison walls to cage the free—
 Dire fate from which we oft would fain
 Escape to dear bought liberty;
 Still deep within our hearts there reigns
 A sense of love and loyalty
 Which makes us proud of your bright fame.
 Spirit of Clemson, never die,
 But always live within our hearts,
 That we may keep our ideals high
 And like true men do well our part.

F. E. T.,—'22, *Columbian*.

THE PRICE OF PARDON

As the son slowly descended below the western horizon, a lad despondently made his way along the sandy road to anywhere. Life was lifeless, and hope was hopeless to a son who had disgraced the name of his aged father, and was unworthy of name, by law of morality.

The radiant sunset, alternate streaks of red and blue, challenged the lad; but inspiration was lacking; faith was wanting in his troubled soul. He found no comfort in the starting majesty of the mysterious physical world.

For many days the lad had tramped from place to place, eating whatever he was able to acquire from some thoughtful house-wife, and sleeping on the cold earth or in a barn, depending on the place where night overtook him. This nomadic life had so shattered his health that he was able to keep up his slow pace only with the aid of a stick. His flushed face was the outward sign of fever.

As the weary moments passed, the lad became weaker and weaker; and it was the result of desperate efforts which brought him to an old farm-house.

Mr. Blake, the farmer, had just come from his farm, and, judging from his temper, things must have gone very wrong with him.

"Charlie! Charlie! Come here quick. Who is this coming? He's limping," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, who first saw the lad.

"This is another of your invalid strangers who bums a good dinner and then beats it like a chased yearling," answered the farmer.

"Hush! This man is sick. Oh! he's falling," cried Mrs. Blake.

When Mr. Blake and his wife reached the lad, he was lying, face downward, on the ground. They carried him into the house and put him in bed. While Mrs. Blake exercised her medical knowledge, her husband removed the lads soiled clothes.

After some time the lad regained consciousness. Either he was in such agony that he did not observe his environment, or concluded that his present surroundings were far superior to those which he had been accustomed to for the past week. Anyway, he did not appear to be surprised when he awoke in a strange room. An awful headache, together with the unpleasantness of fever, kept him in a state of unrest thruout the night. In the morning, the doctor came. He pronounced the patients' condition as "very unfavorable."

The following night, the boy's high temperature necessitated the calling of the physician, who again expressed the "very unfavorable" decision. This time it was decided that the patient's relatives, if he had any, should be summoned at once.

"Are your folks living, lad?" questioned the doctor.

"Yes," came the reply.

"Who are they, and where can I find them?" further questioned the doctor.

"I can't tell that. Don't ask me about them," the lad answered.

"Come now, I must know for your own benefit," pleaded the doctor.

"I will not tell," was the determined reply.

This dilemma puzzled the doctor. He realized that the patients condition was serious and knew what would be the grief of parents, who knew nothing of their sons illness, if the worst should happen? The doctor made a second and a third attempt to identify the patient. These attempts proved as fruitless as the first.

The doctor, however, believed that he had discovered a way of getting the desired information from the patient. He reasoned that a subject which the patient treated with such secrecy was a source of thought to him which he would reveal while in a state of hypnotism. This conviction, as we shall see, proved to be correct.

When the patient, through the doctor's skill, became hypnotised, he immediately began to talk, at first indistinctly, then more clearly.

"Father! Father! I could not tell them. They might send me back, and I am unworthy of my name, Hemingway. Even while I pass into the unknown world, father, forgive me, and let me die in peace." The patient repeated these words again, and the physician removed him from the state of hypnotism.

The eager witnesses of the foregoing experiments immediately recalled the name, Hemingway, as that of a town near by. A description of the lad, with further details, was sent to the proper officials in Hemingway.

The following day, an old sweet-looking woman appeared at the Blake's home. Her face showed signs of worry and she appeared to be in ill health.

"Good morning. Is my sick boy here?" she asked nervously of Mrs. Blake, who met her at the gate.

"The mother was led into the room of her ill son, who smiled as he recognized the sweet face of his mother. Then the physician entered and the mother left the room.

Strange to say, from the time the mother made her appearance, the patient's condition improved. The care and inspiration of sympathetic mother was more effective than medical science. Day after day, the lad regained strength, and it soon became apparent that the doctor's services were no longer needed.

The patient was allowed to walk around the house and he was extremely bright. In a few days he would be able to go his way, home or elsewhere.

"Mother," he questioned, "Is father as determined about me as he was when I left?"

The mother did not answer but began to cry.

"That's all right. I don't mean to push myself back on his hands. Don't cry, mother. Why, you look pale. What's the matter, mother?" the son asked.

"Oh! Lord, how can I?" the mother cried.

"Tell me, tell me, mother, are you ill?" questioned the son.

"No, my child, but your father—is—dead," sobbed the mother.

"What!" exclaimed the son, "and I expected to be his forgiveness."

"My poor boy, your father's last words were, 'Tell my boy he is forgiven,'" the mother answered.

The next day, the mother and son returned home—the one to pray, the other to repent

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

We are pleased to publish herewith an article by B. O. Williams, an alumnus of Clemson and a former Editor-in-Chief of the "Chronicle." Mr. Williams is at present connected with the college Extension division, and is a man who is intensely interested in student affairs.

Let everyone read his splendid article on "Students and Student Publications." This admirable article clearly outlines the purpose of each of our three publications, and states the duty of each man toward their support.

Mr. Williams says: "Every time a man writes an article, he is developing one of the finest talents known to man, that of being able to write intelligently." If every man could fully realize the truth which is literally crammed into that statement, our publications would cease to suffer from the disease of "Exhaustion of the Staff," and would soon take their place among the foremost of college publications.

TO THE FRESHMEN

The "Chronicle" wishes to extend in behalf of the upper-classmen at Clemson a sincere and hearty welcome to the freshmen who have lately joined our ranks and filled the vacant places left by the graduation of last year's senior class.

It may be hard during the early part of the session for you to adjust yourselves to the new order of life, the discipline, the routine, and the many new tasks which confront you each day. However, do not become discouraged, for in time you will become accustomed to the order of things and will be the better for the experience. Enter into the spirit of the work and the play with a determination to win, and a full realization of the responsibility which rests upon you, that of be-

coming true, loyal "Tigers," heart and soul for Clemson.

In due time you will become members of the upper classes. It is then that you must assume the full duty of upholding and supporting the ideals and principles for which all true Clemson men stand. In order that you may be able to measure up to this obligation, let every man of the class become imbued with the true spirit of love and loyalty to his *alma mater*. Be a living testimonial of her teachings and methods. So build a life and a character that when you leave her walls to take your proper place in the world, people will say, "There is a man, a Clemson man."

COUNT FOR SOMETHING

How many men really count for something? How many men are known by the fact that they stand solidly for something which is right and for the good of humanity?

This is a question which every college man should ask himself. "What do I stand for that means benefit to my college and to my fellow-students?"

All the great achievements in the history of the world have been made by men who counted for something. Every invention, discovery, reform, or law which has contributed to the advancement of our civilization is the result of the efforts of a man or group of men who counted for something, who had an ideal and stood for it against all odds.

Many issues come up in college life which could be settled for the good of all concerned if more men stood for what is right and just.

The Almighty Creator has a task for every man, a task which no man can shirk and remain true to himself and to his maker.

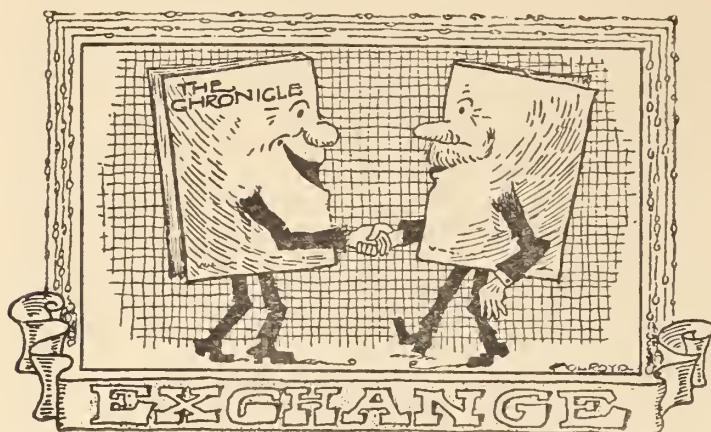
Count for something.

MEDALS FOR LITERARY WORK

The Editor wishes to call attention to the fact that the "Chronicle" offers each year three medals for literary contributions: one for the best story, one for the best essay, and one for the best poem received from a student of Clemson College, and published in any issue of this Magazine.

These medals are offered for the purpose of stimulating literary work among the students at large, and, by doing that, help in bringing our magazine to the front among other college publications.

Every man has an equal chance to win one of these medals, and every man should not feel satisfied until he has at least tried for one. Get to work and win one. You will be proud of it as long as you live.



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

EXCHANGE

The editors of this department take up their duties, or rather privileges, of making exchanges with our fellow publications, feeling that some real good will accrue to.

The criticisms that are made will be intended to carry with them suggestion that will aid others in improving their magazines. We will appreciate all criticisms made of THE CHRONICLE and we are sure that we shall be benefited by these comments.

We were very glad indeed to receive letters assuring exchanges with the following magazines: The Newberry Stylus, The Wake Forest Students and The Carolinian.

JOKES

If you can't laugh, smile
If you can't smile, grin;
Open up your mouth
And let the sunshine in.

Ben Robertson: "There is nothing more unsatisfactory than Clemson's beans."

Gus Graham: Oh, I don't know; did you ever get a kiss over the telephone?"

Prof. Morrison: "Mr. Kinard, what were some of the characteristics of the people of England in 1750?"

Kinard: "I can't remember quite that far back, professor."

Daddy Ryan: It matters little whether I pose as a man or a worm, some little "chicken" will come along and catch me any way.

Talking about first one thing and then another, but don't late model dress, with its low cut top, and high cut bottom remind you of the old proposition in Geometry; "the product of the extremes is equal to the product of the means?"

Mother: "Son, you have been gone nearly a month. Haven't you got any marks yet?"

New boy: "Yes, but they are not obvious."

"In shame the poor old rooster hid,
And said in his despair:
I've a red comb all right,
But haven't any hair."

A BASEBALL WEDDING

Two singles—A double and the home plate.

It is said that "neighbor" Madden has become so fond of argument that he will not eat things that agree with him.

"Daddy" Ryan, who was perplexed as to a plan he had in mind, asked his room mate what he would do if he were in his shoes.

Room mate: "I'd put on some socks."

Prof. Bracket in chemistry class: "Mr. Taylor, what do you think of the new poison that is out now?"

Tom Taylor: "I had not heard of it professor; what is it?"

Prof. "It is aviation poison. The peculiarity about it is that it takes only one drop to kill."

Do you think that it is always politeness that makes a man let a girl get on a street car first????!!?

"They say the town is very dry;
It's hard to get a sup;
Yet every evening after dark
The streets get all lit up."

Old negro to son: "I hear you is married, is you?"

Son: "I ain't said I ain't."

Old negro: "I ain't axed you is you ain't; I axed you ain't you is."

You can always tell a sixteen year old vamp, but you can't tell her much.

Tom Halstead: "Professor, how may a student be characterized in very few words, the best?"

Prof. Morrison, "They toil not, neither do they spin."



EDITOR: H. E. ROBINSON, '22.

THE PURPOSE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

Since 1905, student life at Clemson has changed wonderfully. This change was brought about by the initiation of the Young Men's Christian Association at Clemson. From 1905 until 1910, when our present Association building was erected, the Association comprised one room in the administration building, two rooms in barracks where the secretary lived, and a large hall in barracks for the purpose of showing moving pictures. This was the home of the Association for ten years. In 1915 plans were made for a new Association building, and today Clemson boasts of the finest college building in the south.

The purpose of the Young Men's Christian Association is twofold: Christian and Social. Looking at the Association from the social standpoint, every student must admit that Clemson would be a dull place were it not for the Association. There is something to do at the Association the year around; there students can read magazines and newspapers, write letters, see the best picture shows, take a swim, play pool and checkers, take exercise in the gymnasium, play basket-ball and ten pins, and, lastly, get a good meal at the cafeteria which is located in the basement of the building. The Association also provides for Freshman night and College night each year and usually several apple scrambles during the session. Provision is also made for the accommodation of visitors who desire to remain at the college for a short time but do not desire to put up at the hotel.

Special emphasis is laid upon the Christian attitude and activities of the Association. Vesper services are conducted every Sunday night by the different college ministers, each minister taking this turn. Bible classes are also provided for. They meet on the various company halls every Sunday night. The teachers for these classes are composed of the college ministers, secretaries of the Association, members of the faculty, and students. Each year the secretary is very successful in obtaining some of the best speakers in country. This feature adds wonderfully to the value and attractiveness of the program of the Association.

Probably the new men enter more into the real spirit of the Association than do the old men. They have broken home ties and as a result they have a vacancy in their lives. Naturally, they seek the place that is more like home to them. The old men, having become

adjusted to college life, does not feel this vacancy, therefore he visited the Association principally for the purpose of indulging in some form of amusement. To be sure, this is one of the purposes of the Association, but at the same time the Christain side of the Association should not be overlooked.

THE BLUE RIDGE CONFERENCE

The last year's session of the Blue Ridge Conference met with its usual success, which means that much was accomplished. The conferences are always well worth attending, and this last, no exception to the rule, held up the high reputation of this great institution. Fortunately, indeed, were those whose privilege it was to attend.

The scope and influence of the work of the conferences can hardly be realized, and in every sense of the word it is a mountain-top experience. The atmosphere of the whole place is that created by a company of earnest Christain men who are there to learn and to help others to a fuller life of service to mankind. No one who attend can entirely escape this Blue Ridge spirit, and there are few who will not come away with a higher, more unselfish view of life's work.

The educational value of the conference is of scarcely less value. While at Blue Ridge a man hears some of the greatest speakers and social workers in the world, and his viewpoint will necessarily be broadened. It is not every one's privilege to hear such men as Sherwood Eddy, Dean Brown, and Dr. Weatherford. Besides these lectures are the studies taken up in regularly scheduled classes, all of which are taught by competent teachers.

Another phase of activity at the conference is that of athletics which is always of interest. Lively competition takes place between the teams representing the various colleges. The champions are selected in basket-ball, baseball, volleyball, tennis track, and swimming.

Clemson, as her old habit is, showed up well in these sports, despite the fact that she had only a small number to select a team from.

In brief the days spent at Blue Ridge are full, well-rounded days, the close of each bringing the consciousness of something accomplished of real worth, accompanied by the firm resolve of doing greater, bigger things in life.

F. E. T., '22

The Clemson College Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE



*Of all those arts in which the wise excell,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.*

—Sheffield

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Clemson College, S. C., Nov. 1921

No. 2

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IN MEMORIAM

Of

William Jean Elliss

Greenville, S. C.

Who died on July, 27, 1921

And

James Robert Inman

Charleston, S. C.

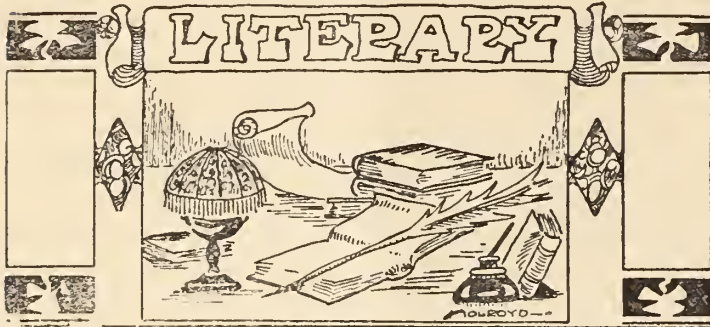
Who died on July 18, 1921.



The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX. Clemson College, S. C., November, 1921 No. 2

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22.

R. W. COARSEY, '23

B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

THERE'S A BEND IN EVERY RIVER

There's a bend in every river;
There's a rift in every cloud;
There's a break in every cyclone,
Tho it wails and screams so loud.

Then why should these droll lives of ours
Keep on in the same old way?
Will not there be a turning
At some near future day?

There's lots that we can hope for,
And yet be thankful still;
For this entire old universe
Is ruled by the Master's will.

J. W. K.,—'24, *Columbian*.

ROMANCE VERSUS MOONSHINE

Roy Blakely had just returned from college where he had been one of the most popular men in his class, and had finished with high honors. Roy was a tall, deep-chested young man of twenty-one, with brown eyes, fair complexion, and red hair. He was also gifted with great physical prowess, a quality which had enabled him to hold for three years the position of full-back upon his college football team.

Roy's home was at Sunset, a small village which nestled among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains, and which was so named on account of the marvelous view of the mountains at sunset when viewed from the village.

Conway Blakely, Roy's father, had lived in Sunset for many years, and had long been the most prominent and influential man in the surrounding country. He was

mayor of the village and president of the only bank of which Sunset could boast.

However, Mr. Blakely had invested heavily in a new copper mine which had proved unprofitable, and as a result, at the time of Roy's return from college he was in very bad financial straits.

After Roy had been at home for over a week, he found that it was going to be a hard job for him to find work there, even if he was a college graduate. He had been counting upon a job with his father in one of his interests, but on account of financial losses, these interests had become so few that there was nothing for him to do.

One afternoon as Roy was walking down the street, he was accosted by the sheriff of the town who was a great friend of Roy's father.

"Hello, Roy, how is college?"

"Fine, Mr. Moore; glad to be through though"

"Your father has been telling me that you would greatly appreciate a job until you can see your way clearer: is that right?"

"Yes sir; I had planned to take a job with him, but he has nothing for me to do now."

"Well, I have a proposition to offer you which would just suit a strong robust fellow such as you are. I think that you could handle the proposition, but—"

"Go ahead, Mr. Moore; I will accept almost anything that is honest and respectable, now."

"Well, Roy, it's this: I need a deputy sheriff."

"And you want me to take the job? Great! I accept at once."

"All right. Come around to my office in the morning and we will settle the details of the proposition."

Roy reported to the sheriff's office early the next morning. The Sheriff explained to him that on account of the abundance of moonshine whiskey which had been flowing around in the community for the past few months, it was necessary for him to enlarge his force of deputies. The sheriff stated that he wanted Roy to go into the mountains, disguised as a government surveyor, and try to locate the source of the whiskey. First, he was to go to Brushy Knob where the sheriff had good reasons to believe that whiskey was being made in great quantities, and there to board with different families of the mountain people, and find out whatever he could about the distilling operations. Roy was greatly pleased at the chance of spending a while in the mountains, even upon such a dangerous mission.

He, therefore, made all necessary preparations, and started for Brushy Knob on the first of July.

Roy had been roaming around Brushy Knob for several days, apparently surveying. However, he had in reality been going from home to home trying to find out something of the location and operation of the stills which he believed existed in that vicinity. But in this work, he had had little success. He found the mountain people to be naturally secretive, and for the most part, seeming to

sense his true mission, they were almost hostile to him.

One evening just before sunset, Roy came down from the top of Brushy Knob, to which point he had climbed earlier in the afternoon. He was in new territory, and was seeking a place to spend the night. He approached a spot which gave evidence of a spring. Being thirsty he investigated and sure enough, there was a spring; but to his astonishment, a beautiful young girl was bending over it, drinking water by scooping it up with her hands. Roy set his instrument down and tried to think of some way of making himself known without frightening her, when she, seeming to sense his presence, and straightened up and looked at him unabashed.

"Would you be kind enough to let me drink from your dipper?" he asked.

"No sir," she replied with mock hanteur, "but I will show you how to drink from yours if you will tell me your name. It is not polite though for me to talk thus to a stranger."

Roy had not yet told his true name to anyone but the look of girlish innocence and sincerity which she gave him almost made him tell her the truth.

"My name is Jack Smithers," he said, bowing smilingly, "and yours—?"

"Marjorie Cory, or, as Daddy and Brother call me, Margy."

"Gee, if I had known that I would find this lovely vision on the north side of old Brushy, I would have been over here long ago," said Roy, enthusiastically.

"The scenery from here is grand."

"Oh, I wasn't talking about the scenery altogether," replied Roy, looking at her banteringly.

"That will do: trot along with your telescope and view new wonders," returned Margy, saucily, as she started up a path on the hillside.

"Wait," called Roy, "I'll behave. I'm looking for a place to spend the night. Do you know of a place where they would take me in?"

"Well," she replied, thoughtfully, "Daddy always likes to talk to strangers; perhaps he would let you spend the night with us. We live just a half-mile up this way."

Roy gladly accepted the chance, and together they started up the trail towards her home.

As they walked, they talked of themselves, Roy letting her do most of it. She told him of her father who had sent her to boarding school and who had secured for her the position of teacher in the little mountain school, and of her brother, who cared only to hunt and fish.

The distance to the home was only too short for Roy, and they arrived there too soon to suit him. There they found her father seated upon the porch. Roy soon became acquainted with him, and found him to be an old man of the true mountain type, and voluble in his questions about the affairs of the outside world. Later in the evening, he met Bill, Margy's brother, a husky young mountain boy of about nineteen years.

On the second day of his stay at Mr. Cory's, Roy decided to go fishing. In his associations with Margy, he had almost forgotten the mission which had brought him into the mountains, and he wanted to get to himself and think over a plan of action. He borrowed a rod and, obtaining instructions as to where the best fishing grounds were, he started out. However, as soon as he was out of sight, he started out in the opposite direction from that which he had been told to go. He soon came to a creek, which he followed for several miles. He was most successful in catching fish in a deep black pool under a waterfall. He went farther up the creek, but after a while came again to the black pool and cast his line. As he sat and watched the cork, he thought of Margy and began to realize that he was in love with this shy, refined mountain maiden. He had been thinking of her for some time when he noticed in the air a sour odor, such as comes from whiskey mash. Then upon the water he noticed what seemed to be a waste from a still. Thoroughly aroused to the possibilities of the situation, he began to search his surroundings for other signs, and was rewarded by the sight of a thin column of smoke which emerged from a crevice in the rocks near the waterfall, and was wafted away by the breeze.

Swiftly and silently he maneuvered himself around to the point where he could see the still in operation. But—could he believe his eyes—the operator whom he saw bending over the copper worm was none other than Bill, Margy's brother.

At first, he thought of arresting him on the spot, but he thought of Margy's distress, and let his heart rule. He turned slowly and went back to the house to tell her of the situation.

He walked slowly up to the house where she sat on the porch.

"My, what a fine catch," she exclaimed, looking at the fish. "We will have them for supper if you will help me prepare them."

"You bet I will," he answered; "but there is something that I must tell you, Margy."

"Oh, I hope it's nothing serious. Why do you look so worried over it?" she asked anxiously.

Then he told her all: who he was, what his mission was, and how he had just caught her brother in the act of making whiskey.

As the real meaning of his words dawned upon her, Margy began to plead with him for her brother. She begged him not to have Bill arrested, for, though he had been a bad fellow, she loved him still. They were joined by her father, who, learning the state of affairs joined her in a plea for his son. With a plan forming in his mind, Roy promised them that he would not have Bill arrested.

Roy went out and met Bill on his way home that night and kindly told him of the situation. He explained to him the real crime that he was committing. Bill was reason-

able and ready to do anything that he suggested. Roy then said that he thought that he could find a way for a big strong fellow like Bill to go to college and play football. Bill becoming enthusiastic over the prospects, grasped Roy's hand with a grip that showed that he had determination.

That night at the supper table, Roy outlined his plan: "I will let Bill off on condition that he go to college and make good. He can do it, and I will see about the financial side if he will play football; and on the further condition that you, Mr. Cory, never allow another drop of whiskey to be made upon your land.

To this proposition both heartily agreed.

Later in the evening, as he and Margy sat upon the porch alone, Roy began, "Margy, dear, do you think that you could love a man who has lied as I have?"

"I could if he were as noble about it as you have been," she replied, looking up at him. A cloud passed over the moon at that point, shutting out all subsequent proceedings from view.

A short time later, they were married in the little mountain church. The sheriff in the meantime, had found the source of the whiskey to be the result of the operations of a band of city crooks, and not the mountaineer, as he had thought. Roy received a letter from his father, stating that he had been able to develop his copper mine to a paying extent, and that he now had a proposition to offer him. Roy and his bride returned to Sunset, and are there yet—and happy.

M. C. E.—'24 *Columbian*.

THE HOBO'S REWARD

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind shrieked in weird howls;
Hobo Jack sat upon the crossties,
Resolved to end his prowls.

A good home he had in Georgia;
A father and mother too;
But the lure of the road had called him
And he had seen it through.

The wind lulled to a dismal moan;
He shivered from the cold;
His face was drawn from hunger;
His clothes were torn and old.

He had been from ocean to ocean
On the trail of the hobo ronte;
He had seen strange sights and wonders,
But now he was down and out.

So he sat there musing, thinking
Of the emptiness of life at best.
The old home seemed to beckon him
And offer him peace and rest

Hark! down the track the whistle
Of a freight train going South;
His nerves tingled with excitement;
His heart was in his mouth.

A light appeared in the darkness;
The train was rushing on;
He prepared himself to swing it—
In a moment he'd be gone.

The engine chugged on past him
With a shriek, a moan, and a roar.
He grabbed a hook and held on
As he had never held before.

He was rushed on through the darkness;
The night grew even more chill.
Hunger gnawed sharp in his vitals,
But he held on with a will.

The dawn broke over him riding;
The train stopped in a town.
While he waited to resume his journey,
A voice commanded, "Come down."

Jack looked around him weakly
And gazed down the barrel of a gun;
A crowd gathered close around him,
And he dared not try to run.

"Here's the man we want, you fellows,"
The leader spoke with hate.
He's the man who robbed and murdered
The woman in Oregon State."

"String him up!" they cried in chorus;
"Such a man should surely die."
Poor Jack, too surprised to protest,
Saw danger in each man's eye.

They carried him through the gray dawn
To a tree with a hanging limb,
Tied a rope 'round his bare neck
And asked if he'd speak to them.

"I am innocent," he cried with fervor;
The fire flashed from his eyes;
"I'm a hobo, but no murderer.
Kill me—an innocent man dies."

The mob grew more angry;
"String him up;" they loudly cried.
They tightened the rope 'round his neck
And hanged him 'till he died.

The man who had done the murder,
In the other direction had fled.
They had lynched poor Jack, the hobo
When the other should have died instead.

In the old home down in Georgia
Long will the parents wait
For their son who was a hobo,
But who started home too late.

T. W. M.—'22 *Columbian*

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS

Andrew Pickens, the stalwart defender of Colonial Privileges and the renowned soldier of Revolutionary days, was a descendant of the French Huguenots, who, because of religious persecution, left their beloved native land and removed to the bleak lands of Scotland. His father, also Andrew Pickens, left the adopted country of his ancestors, crossed the Atlantic, and established his family at Paxton township in Pennsylvania. It was here on the nineteenth of September 1739, that the future General Andrew was born.

Being of a roving disposition, the head of the Pickens family desired to move to the fairer and more fertile lands of the South. They made the long journey through the unexplored forest trails from Pennsylvania to upper South Carolina and there settled down to resume their peaceful lives. The Pickens were of educated, Protestant hardly, frugal stock and helped to make the Piedmont section of the state famous for the sterling quality of its citizens.

The Calhoun family also had journeyed with the Pickenses and these two families crossed the state and settled at Cane Creek, not so far from the Savannah. Andrew was thirteen years old and, living in a region that offered so little educational advantages, the boy developed a strong, stalwart hunter with undaunted courage. He soon became a leader and had reached the rank of colonel by the time of the Cherokee disturbances.

Young Pickens married Rebecca Calhoun daughter of Ezekiel Calhoun, the wedding ceremony being performed at the Calhoun home on Cane Creek. Tradition says it was the largest and most pompous gathering that had assembled in upper South Carolina.

Andrew Pickens vigorously opposed the Stamp Act and was an affirmed enemy of "the taxation without representation" upholders in London. Several months after Concord and Lexington and eight months before the Declaration of Independence, Pickens was defending his country in a skirmish at Ninety-Six Fort. He was well known throughout the upper section and, because of his admirable character, was respected and looked to by all of the settlers. When he armed himself against the oppressors, the Piedmont section of South Carolina prepared for revolution in earnest.

Never losing hope during those gloomy days when the loyal citizens saw the British in possession of most of the colony and heard the war whoops of the treacherous savage at his rear, Pickens faithfully served his state in conjunction with Marion and Sumter. With small bands these generals would swoop from their forest fastnesses, strike deliberately at the enemy, and as suddenly be gone. This constant warfare was a serious menace to British authorities.

General Morgan, foreseeing the battle at Cowpens, could not strike without reinforcement, and Pickens

succeeded in uniting his forces with the Genesee's General Pickens, second in command, led his troops in person and more credit for this victory is due to him than has been allowed by writers of American history.

General Pickens drew nothing in compensation for his service in the Revolution; and after the completion of the war, he returned to his home and held the first county court that sat under the new laws, near Abbeville Court House. He was delegated to make the treaties of Milledgeville and Natchez and most of the other Indian treaties of this period in the South. Pickens was a member of the Legislature and a representative at the convention which drew up a constitution. Then he served as a member of Congress and journeyed to the Capital in Philadelphia to take his seat. Declining re-election, Pickens again went to the state legislature, where he remained until 1811. Weary of public life, the aged general built a country home in a remote section of the mountainous district and named it "Tamassee." There were many docile Cherokees around. The red men admired Pickens, calling him "Great Sky Augusta," and supplied his family with numerous gifts. General and Mrs. Pickens were the parents of eight children, one of whom was afterwards governor of South Carolina.

Andrew Pickens was one of South Carolina's most sterling citizens. He stands as a shining light in the early days of stateshood. He was a leader politically and socially. He died on August the eleventh, 1817, and was buried in the Old Stone Church cemetery, of which he was one of the founders. His simple tomb bears the inscription: "General Andrew Pickens was born 13th of September, 1739, and died 11th of August, 1817. He was a Christian, a Patriot and Soldier. His character and actions are incorporated with the history of his country. Filial affection and respect raises this stone to his memory."

(From Cowpens Centennial—1771—1871.)

B. F. R.—'23 *Palmetto*

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

A maid and a youth sat in the moonlight;
He told her of his love and laid siege to her heart.
"Great wealth, name, and fame—all these I can pay
If only to me your love you'll impart."
But in vain did he plead—her answer was, "Nay."

A maid and a youth sat in the moonlight,
While he spoke of his love and plead for his cause:
"Of no wealth or fame does my gift consist
But of only myself, with your wishes my laws."
And he plead not in vain—her answer was a kiss.

The youth who was rich lived long to regret
That in wealth he had thought his happiness to be,
While the youth who was poor lived to thank God above
That if riches he has not, yet wealthy is he,
With peace and contentment and a sweet woman's love.

F. E. Taylor, '22—*Columbian*

THE BLUE BRIDE

A small party of young people, including the writer, were grouped around a table upon which rested an ouija board. More in a spirit of amusement than belief that the ouija board represented the link between life and the great beyond, the members of the party waited expectantly for it to begin operations. Finally, the indicator began to move, and the following weird tale was given off, word for word as it appears here.

A church full of people were gathered together for a much discussed wedding. There was a calm in the church as the great organ began a soft rendering of "I Love You Truly." All eyes were turned towards the side entrance through which the bride was to come. A hush! the music changes—how many are the hearts filled with a covert sense of fear, for has not the bride defied custom by dressing in blue? The whispers of the congregation fill the air with forebodings, for it is known that the bridegroom had a strange dream last night. It was of his own wedding and of a blue ghost.

The doors open; the music begins. First, come the ushers taking down the blue ribbons. Next, come the flower girls, dressed in blue, and scattering petals behind them; now appear the bridesmaids pale faces above their blue dresses. They are followed by a boy in blue, bearing a ring chased with for-get-me-nots. A break in the music makes the little boy afraid. He pauses but goes ahead when he sees his sister behind him on her father's arm. Her costume is a daring blue in open defiance of her *fiancées'* dream.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here—" a hush; the minister drops his glasses; then clearing his throat—"in the presence of God—" in the back of the church is heard a hysterical giggle. Silence reigns, save the sound of the organ which peals softly forth. A dim blue radiance creeps in, then becomes brighter as a man dressed in blue and carrying two blue candles comes up the aisle. He approaches the altar as the stunned audience watches, bewitched. He raises his arm, saying softly, "Bride of blue, you are wonderous brave and very foolish to defy me. Come—Come—Come."

The congregation see her turn and walk towards this visionary man. He takes her hand and walks slowly out of the door. Everyone looks for the first time at the groom. He has disappeared. Where? Screams after screams pierce the church. A minute, and everyone is gone save the organist, who still softly plays, "Last Night I Was Dreaming of You."

A hundred years have passed. The rich daughter of a coal king is to be married. The ceremony is to be held in St. Timothy's Church. The little bride pleads with her father.

"Daddy, now you know I would look darling in blue. What difference if it is not customary?"

Her father turns pale. "No, dear, I will never consent to blue or St. Timothy's."

So the couple plan to elope with the bridal party, and be married in the "old blue church," as it is called. A car speeds forward with the couple and their attendants, all of the girls in blue.

"There is the church, Betty."

"Stop the car, Bill."

"Say, we forgot an organist."

"Why, how shall we do?"

"Scare up an organist, Bill: you ought to be able to find one in this village."

"All right, Pat."

"Come let's inspect our church, Pat." The couple enter through the side door.

"Oh, Pat, there is someone playing now, and she is in blue; goody, goody. Go call Bill back."

The march peals forth as the bridesmaids and grooms-men enter, followed by the bride and groom. Little Patsy, Pat's small niece, brings the ring, borne on a blue velvet pillow found in the vestry.

"Say there, organist, play 'I Love You Truly'."

The minister comes in, followed by frightened villagers.

"I love you truly, truly, dear," the golden voice sang. Now the altar is reached.

"D—d—dearly B—b—beloved, we are g—g—gathered —" and the minister chokes.

"Go ahead, parson."

"H—here in the p—presence of God—"

"Last night I dreamed I saw you," the golden voice sang on.

"Say, Pat, are we going to have to pay the nightengale?"

"I hope not, Bill," whispers the groom.

"Come," whispered a voice—again it was heard, "Come, come—" the singing went on, "I love you truly, truly, dear"—again, the whisper, "come."

The maids faint as the blue figure approaches.

"Come, bride of blue."

"No! no! no! I won't!" screamed Betty.

Pat gathered his bride to him and held out his arms before her; "Who are you?"

"I am the Blue Ghost: Come both of you."

"Never!" cries each.

The villagers fled as a smoke filled the church. That night St. Timothy's went up in flames, and strange blue colors were seen intermingled with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Far away in the city, a lone man paced his study. "If Betty has gone, she will die. Oh! my God!" he cried.

Then his study door opened and a man said, "Yes you, Elizabeth's father, have caused her death. You knew of your father's experience at the 'old blue church', you knew!"

"Is she dead? Is she dead?"

"Yes, and now I say to you, come!"

J. C. T.—'22

"BE A MAN"

If your life seems full of hardships,

Be a man.

If your task seems always baffling,

Be a man.

Try to win the thing worth while,

Cast aside what'er is vile;

Raise your head, put on a smile,

And be a man.

Be sincere in what you do;

Be a man.

Battle hard the whole way thru;

Be a man.

Show the world you've got the stuff;

Never say you've had enough.

Ah! now and then it may be enough,

But be a man.

J. W. K.—'24, *Columbian*

PROHIBITION

By I. C. Snakes

ACT I

Scene I—(George and Mrs. Washington's bedroom.)

George Washington awakes with a dark brown taste and a boiler factory head.

G. W.—When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to take another drink, I swear by all the postage stamps that bear my mugg that it will not be alcoholic whistle wetter.

Mrs. W.—Oh, George! I'm so glad. Now, you will never come home in this horrible condition again.

G. W.—Woman! what mean you?

Mrs. W.—This, George, and nothing else: You never told a lie.

—CURTAIN—

Scene 2—(Washington's study.)

(George jumps up from the prone position in which he has been gloomily meditating.)

G. W.—What have I done? What have I done?

Me, the "Father of His Country" who never told a lie. It looks at though my future will be one of near-beer after another.

(George takes up the sitting position and appears to be in deep thought. Suddenly he brightened up.)

Ah! I have it! Why not, like the drowning man I am, drag down all to the cold depths of Bevo.

—CURTAIN—

Scene 3—(Congress in session. G. W. on the floor.)

Gentlemen, I have a very dry mission for you this morning. This mission is very important because I say it is. If any of you composers of the "Whiz Bang"—eh—I mean the Declaration of Independence, doubt my word, off goes your head and a big chunk of your neck. Now getting back to my oration. Why should the "Father of His Country," allow other men the pleasure of jazz water when he

himself drinks near beer.

(The congressmen begin to slip out in pairs. George finds himself talking to a full house. Full of what? Full of empty seats. From without come expressions now extinct.

"Make mine three fingers of Scotch, Eddie."

"Hic—Eddie old boy—hic—want nother high ball.")

End of Act I

ACT II

Prohibition Act of July 1, 1919.

Great weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The End

T. T.—'22

"DIE! BOLL WEEVIL—DIE!"

In all my rumblin' ramblin' life

A knockin' 'roun' de South,

I'se never seed such times as deze:

I can't git bread to fill my monf.

I'se plowed an' dug an' worked aroun'

A trying to make a crop;

But ole Boll weevil got me down:

Ah guess I'll haf to stop.

I'se tried to drive Boll weevil off;

Hit sho have kep' me trottin.

If ole Boll weevil ever dies,

I'll thank de Lawd an' raise some cotton.

J. W. K.—'24, *Columbian*

SOUTH CAROLINA'S PART IN THE CONFEDERACY

In dealing with this subject it is not my purpose to attempt to give a full and accurate account of South Carolina's part in the Confederacy: such a record would fill many pages of history. However, it is my purpose to present in brief the main points concerning the great service rendered the South by the "Palmetto" State during those four terrible years of civil war.

Since the beginning of her history, South Carolina has held a high and illustrious place among her sister colonies and states. She has been the first to advocate the fight for the overthrow of the iron hand of tyrannic government, and she has been the last to bow before principles which she righteously believed were wrong and detrimental to the democratic rights and freedom of her people.

For many years preceding 1860 the question of slavery had been a bone of contention between the North and the South. The people of the North envied their Southern neighbors who were growing prosperous as a result of owning slaves, and for that reason the Northerners began the movement for the abolition of slavery, and agitated it to such an extent that in 1860 relations between these two sections of the country had become so

strained as to seriously menace the union between them.

As a culmination of this sectional feeling, which had assumed serious proportions on account of activities in the North, on December 20, 1860, a meeting of the people of South Carolina was called in Columbia for the purpose of determining the views of these people with reference to the situation. The meeting was attended by representative men from all parts of the State, and by them the Ordinances of Secession severing the State from the Union was passed without a dissenting vote.

South Carolina thus took the lead in this movement which the people of the whole South believed in to the extent that they endured four long years of bloody struggle and untold privations to uphold its principles.

South Carolina believed herself fully justified in the Secession movement. While she admitted that the immediate cause of her withdrawal from the Union was the threat of the abolition of slavery, she based the justice of her course upon the reserved rights of a sovereign state.

After declaring her own independence of the United States Government, South Carolina formally invited her sister states of the South to join her, which invitation they did not hesitate to accept.

From these facts we are able to see and appreciate the very magnitude of South Carolina's part in the Secession movement. It was an idea which she both originated and led in the carrying out, and on which she sacrificed the vaults of her treasury and the flower of her manhood to uphold.

On the morning of January 19, 1861, the first shot of the war between the States was fired by a company of cadets from the Citadel Military Academy who occupied hastily constructed fortifications on Morris Island, situated just off the coast of Charleston. This shot was fired at the United States Steamer, *The Star of the West*, which was attempting to enter Charleston harbor with men and supplies to reinforce Fort Sumter. Sumter, then held by approximately one-hundred Federal soldiers under the command of Major Robert Anderson. The steamer, paying no attention to this shot which was fired as a warning, continued her advance; however, when the second shot from the cadets crashed her bows she prudently withdrew.

After this incident there was an entire cessation of hostilities in the State which lasted until April 12, 1861, when the brave South Carolina soldiers, stationed at Charleston under the command of General Beauregard, attacked Fort Sumter, forcing Major Anderson to surrender.

Fort Sumter then remained in undisputed possession of the Confederate forces until 1863, when the Federal troops made several spirited attacks in attempt to regain the stronghold, their efforts marking some of the fiercest and most terrific fighting of the war. For a long time the Federal soldiers were unsuccessful in these attacks, the brave sons of South Carolina holding out in the face of overwhelming odds. Even when their dear

city of Charleston with its innocent women and children was being bombarded on account of their obstinacy, even when they were out of food and ammunition, this small band of loyal men contested bitterly with the enemy in their efforts to retain the prize. However, in spite of their bravery and heroism, on February 17, 1865, they were forced to surrender.

Aside from the bombardment of Charleston and the long sieges of Fort Sumter and other fortifications of Charleston harbor, South Carolina's greatest experience in actual warfare came with Sherman's memorable march through the State. General W. T. Sherman with 70,000 Federal soldiers entered South Carolina on February 1, 1865, crossing the Savannah River from Georgia at a point just above the city of Savannah. From this point he made his way directly toward Columbia, meeting some resistance, which, however, utterly failed to check his progress. The trail of his invincible advance was marked by smoking ruins, destruction, and desolation. Arriving at Columbia on February 17, he completed his work of terror and devastation by pillaging and burning that beautiful city. Sherman's famous march across Georgia and South Carolina is recorded as one of the most ruthless and brutal campaigns of the war.

Soon after the beginning of the conflict between the North and the South the arena of the struggle was located in Virginia, where it remained until peace was declared; that State having to bear the brunt of the four years of bloody fighting. Consequently, the troops which were raised in South Carolina were sent into that State to fight. The history of their operations there would be far too extensive to record here. Suffice it to say that they were always in the foremost of the fight struggling, with a heroism and valor unequalled in history, against the Northern foe who was invading their dear Southland. In General Bragg's Campaign in Kentucky, in General Lee's in Maryland and Pennsylvania, including the bloody battles of Gettysburg and Antietam, and with Lee in his last stand at Appomattox Court House, the brave sons of South Carolina displayed a daring and heroism unexcelled by any troops in the world.

On account of lost records, destroyed by Federal soldiers or misplaced during the general confusion attending the end of the war and the Reconstruction Period, it is impossible to state accurately South Carolina's actual contribution in men and money to the cause of the Confederacy. However, enough is well known to show that she contributed by far more than her proportional part. Careful estimates place the total number of her soldiers at 75,000—one soldier in the firing line for every three white people within her borders at that time! This is truly a glorious record; one unexcelled by any other Southern state, and one of which as true South Carolinians we may be justly proud.

As to her contribution in money and supplies it can be safely said that South Carolina drained her every resource to the utmost extent. Men of great wealth made themselves poor by equipping men for the battle-

fields, and then sending supplies in order that they might be kept there in fighting condition. Old men, women, and children toiled early and late in the fields, in the factories, and in the homes, the entire products of their labor going to feed and clothe the starving, half-naked Confederate armies on the field of battle. Many people invested fortunes in Confederate paper currency, only to have them swept away when this currency became worthless at the end of the war. No true citizen of the State was exempt from the great financial losses incurred by the conflict, and as a result, at the end of the struggle, South Carolina was left prostrate in a state of extreme poverty, a condition from which she has not yet fully recovered.

No page in the history of South Carolina is more touching and inspiring than that filled with an account of the noble sacrifices and suffering of her brave women during the war between the states. Frank Moore, in his book entitled "Women of the War," says, "Their portion was to work and suffer at home, to cheer the living and to mourn the dead. For them it was to hear of suffering which they could not alleviate, to grieve or rejoice over results to which they had contributed only sympathy and prayers." The departure of so many men for the battlefield left upon their frail shoulders the duty of keeping the State together and free from famine. With a strong heart and a willing hand they labored unceasingly at home in order that the armies might be fed and clothed, and in the hospitals in order that the pain and suffering of the wounded might be alleviated; their only reward being the undying love and gratitude of the Southern soldiers and the satisfaction and happiness that came with the knowledge that they were giving their all for a cause that was right.

South Carolina contributed to the Confederacy several of the most brilliant and famous generals of history. Ranking first among those to whom are accredited the highest tributes of honor and praise is General Wade Hampton, who after the death of Stewart became commander-in-chief of the Confederate cavalry. Foremost among the cavalry leaders under Hampton stood General M. C. Butler, a man whose marvelous ability to inspire and lead men in battle was a source of wonder to all who knew him. Famous among the infantry leaders were General Barnard B. Lee, who gave to General Jackson the name "Stonewall," General R. H. Anderson, General Stephens Elliot, the General Maxcy Gregg. The names and the record of the deeds of these men along with many other native sons of South Carolina stand foremost in the history of the world, and give testimony to records of service of which every South Carolinian may be rightfully proud.

When we thus view in summary manner South Carolina's part in the Confederacy, we become deeply impressed with the greatness of that part. We are shown how she confidently led the Southern States in the movement of Secession which she righteously believed was just and necessary for the upholding of her dignity and free-

dom. We then see how by untold heroism, sacrifices, and sufferings, she backed this movement to the very limit of her ability during the resulting four years of bitter struggle. When we as true South Carolinians view this glorious, blood-bought record of our dear "Palmetto" State, we should feel our bosom filled to overflowing with the highest emotions of pride and reverence, and our hearts imbued with a great desire to make our lives count toward keeping our State in the distinguished and illustrious place which has been won for her by the achievements of our fathers who have gone before.

T. W. M.,—'22 *Columbian*

"THE RIGHT KIND OF LIFE"

What do you think of life my friend?
What is the task that you're to begin?
Are you plunging headlong into strife,
Or have you stopped to consider your life?

God has entrusted to every man,
Something to do that will always stand.
Are you doing the great God's will today,
Or, instead, going the path of the wicked way?

Wordly allurements are calling with a song;
When deep in your soul you know they are wrong.
Will you be the man to stand for the right,
Although it takes a stubborn, heroic fight?

The wordly man's pleasure lasts for awhile;
But soon a troubled look replaces his smile.
Weary and worn he looks for new pleasure;
But seems not to find his coveted treasure.

The man of God, who is living a life sublime,
Endures trouble, and is content all the time.
He realizes that the Savior knows what is best;
And doing his best, he knows that God will do the rest.

So live the life of the only right way,
Regardless of what others may think or say,
Helping those who are in trouble and strife
And you'll get the most and the best of this life.

T. L. V.,—'21

THE RESTORATION.

It was a cold December night, and a slow, cold rain was falling as I wended my way along the dark streets to my little room that was awaiting my return from work. In the distance I heard a solitary owl send forth his cry of loneliness, and a doeful bark from a cold hungry dog floated mournfully through the air. I quickened my pace and tried to overcome my fears by whistling little bits of a popular song. On my way I had to pass an old store which was not in use at that time. As I neared the store, I saw a flickering light in the second story of the building

and this caused me to quicken my pace until I was almost running. As I got directly in front of the store, a shot rang out in the stillness of the night, followed by a sound of crashing glass. I stood there paralyzed with fear. A sickening thud caused me to turn, and there upon the ground lay a dark huddled heap. I glanced around and, seeing no one, rushed over to the dark mass and bent over it. As I touched it a low moan and a stifled cry reached my ears. There before my eyes lay a man in great agony. I placed his head upon my knee and looked wildly around for help. Realizing that there was no likelihood of any one's passing at that time of the night, I turned my flashlight upon the man and saw that he was in a dying condition and that nothing could be done except to make his last moments as comfortable as possible. The poor old man opened his eyes for a minute and looked at me steadily as if to see if he could trust me for some important mission; then he lay back once more. His breath was coming in gasps now, and I could see that he was almost gone. "Boy," he said, "Boy, I'm going. It was all my fault." Then in gasps again, "Take—the—letter—out—my—pocket; take it—to the girl and tell her that—I love her,"—That was all. He stiffened and fell back dead. I took the letter and saw that it was addressed to a girl—one that I did not know. A sudden fear again came over me and I ran as fast as the strength of my legs would permit to my home.

The next day I set out to fulfill my promise to the dying man. With much difficulty, I at last found the house in which the girl whom I was seeking lived. It was an old unpainted, half-rotted tenant house. Winding my way up the steps I came face to face with the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She was ragged, yes, but neat. Could this be the one whom I was seeking? With a throbbing heart I asked her if she knew the girl whose name I called. She replied that she was the one and asked me to her room.

As I went in, the whole atmosphere seemed to change; an old dirty house, but, what a room! Its every appointment was in keeping with the beauty of the girl. I was charmed with her voice as she asked me to be seated. A great wave of pity swept over me for this lonely little girl. What could the letter mean to her. Reluctantly, I took it from my pocket and handed it to her. She glanced at the address and with a quick little cry she tore the letter open. A moment's silence as she read, and then I realized that she was crying as if her heart would break. I did my best to comfort her, and at last she raised her head and asked me where and when I got the letter. Then I told her all that had happened the night before.

After a pause she told me the story of her life. She did not remember ever having lived with any one but "Uncle Tom," as she called him, and said that he had always loved her as only a lonely old man could. And now came the letter in which "Uncle Tom," told her now he had been improvised in one day, and had stolen her as

she played in the yard, intending to hold her for a ransom; but how he learned to love her and could not bear the idea of giving her up. Therefore, he told her how he took her away, hoping that some day he would be able to give her every thing she could wish for, and how, now since he could not, he was going to let her go back to her parents. He asked her forgiveness for all that he had done, and told her how he could not live without her, so he was going to end it all.

For a moment I was speechless, then I managed to swallow a large lump that had come into my throat and with a husky voice I asked her real name. She referred to the letter and told me that her name—. My sister!

My baby sister! I cried as I leaped toward her with arms outstretched, but she backed away. Then with a voice more husky than ever, I told her who I was. When I was a little fellow and was playing with my little sister in the yard at home, a man had taken her away. I told her how I had cried for her but that she did not come back, and how, after I had grown up, I had searched for her, but without success until now, I had at last found her.

It was not until I had finished speaking that she would allow me to come near her; and then, as we stood there, my arms about her, I thought of my dear old mother and father, and of how happy they would be when I carried my sister back to them and to her old home. I also thought how happy they would be to welcome their daughter back home and how proud they would be of their son who had found his sister and brought her back to the mother and father who had long since given her up for lost.

W. A. S.—'24

LOVE FINDS A WAY

Rastus Montgomery Washington Smith lived in the progressive district of Pleasant Hill. Any dusky resident of that place will tell you that it is the most aristocratic part of the "cullud" section of Macon. The fact that he lived there gave Rastus considerable social prestige, but he was still dissatisfied and craved with all his heart for more. Not for social reasons, though was all this ambition swelling the heart of Rastus; he had another and more urgent motive in his aspirations. Among the brightest and most chic of the dusky aristocrats of Pleasant Hill was a certain young belle who by the irony of fate had become the object of Rastus' affections, and heart's desire.

Now, Rastus, in spite of his unrecognized status in society, had made rapid and almost unbelievable progress for the hand of this dusky belle, who for some unaccountable whim had selected him above all admirers. At that point, however, his suit met strong opposition in the form of Blossie's mother who would not consider the union of her daughter with such as Rastus. She entertained other plans and ambitions for her daughter, plans which she thought would in no wise be aided by such a

marriage. Why, Rastus did not even own a car, a luxury then common among the residents of Pleasant Hill, and further than that, he showed no signs of enjoying a prosperity which would justify his becoming an owner of one of the coveted vehicles. Why, Blossie marry a man of that status; the very idea! Nor would all the arguments that Rastus and Blossie could bring to bear upon the obdurate mother in the least alter her decision. She remained immovable and unchangeable as only one who is determined can.

This state of affairs had now gone on for over a month when Blossie and Rastus became impatient, and determined to resort to desperate measures; in short, they decided to do nothing else than elope.

Indeed, it was to their appointed meeting place for this very purpose that Rastus was on this particular night wending his way. His heart was light—save for a slight nervousness; his step was free from most of his customary shuffle, and a cheerful, unmusical whistle poured from his ample lips as he walked along. His whistle abruptly ceased, however, when he reached the trysting place, and he crept forward more cautiously, peering into the gloom of a fence corner.

"Is dat yo?" came a feminine voice from the corner.

"Yes, honey, dis me," answered Rastus, "Ahs ready to travel too. Dis is ser'us bizness—'loping is—an ah sho don wanter linger heah fo long. Yo maw libel to make hit mighty onhealthy fo bof ob us eny time."

"She don spect Ise gone, 'cause ah slips outen de house easy-like," Blossie assured him.

However, the pair did not tarry, but hurried cautiously up the dimly-lighted street. They finally arrived at the door of a house, slightly superior in appearance to its neighbors.

"Dis is de pa'son's," explained Rastus as he knocked. "He sed dat he wud be waitin' fo' us."

The door was opened by the parson himself who ushered them inside.

"Sorta make his fas'," urged Rastus who was visibly agitated. It was apparent that he entertained a most wholesome respect for Blossie's mother, and if she had showed up at that moment he probably would have left the marriage to take care of itself.

Rastus' nerves well-nigh gave way during the ceremony but at last it was over, and they were once more out in the street. Rastus was in a hurry for he realized the danger of delay. Rushing Blossie along at a very undignified rate of speed, he peered ahead for the depot. Blossie began to protest. "Look heah," she panted, "Don show so much speed? Ah ain gonna hasten long lak disaway. We has plenty ob time ter ketch de train, an' sides you ain got no mo respects fo me den nuthin, ter go lopin down de street in sech a manner."

"Ah wants space between me an yo maw," returned her shaky husband. "Ah'll sho praise de lawd when we is way fum dis heah town."

"But maw don know ise gone, an she won fin out till mawnin cause she done gone ter bed wen I lef."

"She libel ter fin out mos eny minit dat yo has went," answered Rastus. "Ah'll neber feel easy till we is long gone."

Five minutes more of walking and protesting brought the couple to the depot, and then both indulged in a long-drawn sigh of relief. Their relief, however, was short lived. On turning the corner of the building they ran into the large shape of the person they most wished to avoid—Mrs. Whit, Blossie's mother.

Rastus would have departed immediately, if not sooner, had his legs not failed to do their function. He stood still, his knees beating a tattoo together. However, to the amazement of both, the catastrophe failed to fall; Mrs. Whit looked at them with a motherly, hurt smile.

"Yo hunnicombs," she said, "how come you to leave widout tellin me goodbye. Ah's 'most got a broke heart," and she laid a large black paw over that part of her anatomy where that organ was supposed to be.

"We ain 'loping," Rastus managed to articulate. "We jes cum down ter watch de train cum in. Ah mus go. Ah has a 'portant pusson ter meet."

"Shut yo mouf, Rastus, an tell me de truf. Ah knows you chillun is 'loping, an I cum heah in he cah quick ter see y'all, an tell yo dat Blossie hadn't orter leab widout her clos'. She caint go trapsin all ober de kentry noways decent wid only one dress."

In this way she talked and led the dumfounded honey-mooners toward the waiting car. Blossie and Rufus were utterly amazed at this unexpected friendliness of Mrs. Whit, and silently followed her to the waiting auto. Mrs. Whit gave her chauffeur the proper directions, and the car started, bearing back home the helpless elopers.

They both gave up the attempt to fathom the mystery, and lay back in the seat while the mother talked on unconcernedly. After a short time the car stopped, and Rastus glancing out saw that they were in front of Blossie's home. They all crawled out and followed Mrs. Whit into the house. Rastus had hardly stepped inside, however, when his mother-in-law's manner completely changed. She rushed to a corner of the room and produced a shot-gun which she pointed threateningly at him. She advanced threateningly upon the surprised and terror-stricken bridegroom.

"Yo black debbil, you," she yelled, for she was becoming more enraged every second, "Ahs a great notion ter blow yo libber out rite now. Carry off ma chile, would yo? Iffen de Lawd don hep yo quick, deres gonna be murder did. Mak yosef absent fum heah, or dey'll be a fun'l sho."

Rastus retreated steadily backward, his rolling eyes—the size and shape of those of a dead fish—never leaving the deadly mouth of the shot-gun. His face was of an ashy gray color, and his knees shook as if he had palsy. Mrs. Whit advanced menacingly, and Rastus backed through the door and fell backward down the steps. Even as he landed upon the pavement, he jumped up, and giving a wild yell of terror tore off down the street in a most unbecoming manner for a bridegroom on the nuptial

night. He did not stop until he landed breathless upon his own doorstep.

*** *** *** ***

The following day after his nerves had quieted to a certain extent and he had finished congratulating himself upon his lucky escape of the night before, Rastus began to take serious thought as to the condition of his matrimonial state. His status with reference to the matter was more than he could determine, and therefore, he decided to ask the opinion of someone else. He knew of no one who was more qualified to give this information than Orpheus Slocum, his bosom friend and a member of the smart set of Pleasant Hill.

Accordingly, he betook himself to the "cullud" country club where he was sure to find Orpheus any day between the hours of eight in the morning and one at night. Sure enough, he found that worthy gentleman just finishing a brilliant victory at the billiard table. Rastus drew him off to one corner.

Orpheus was somewhat amused at the serious air of his friend, but after his first laugh was over, he began to see the seriousness of the situation, and became very much interested in the case.

"Yo cud 'lope wid her agin," suggested Orpheus: but Rastus vehemently opposed this method.

"Ahs not goin to 'counter dat black uman agin. She'd make a sieve look water-proof ter side ob me ef I tried ter take Blossie away. Ahs stayin away fum—,"

"Ah kno's what," suddenly exclaimed the inspired Orpheus, "Ah'll git ma brudder, Omeeaga, an we'll slip in de daid ob de night an make lak we's swipin Miz Whit's car; den yo cum 'long axidentally an do de rescue stunt. We will hurt yo a little in de fight, an w'en dey comes out yo is wounded flat on de groun. W'en dey see you is hurted dey will take yo in de house an yo can tell dem as how yo done drove off five fellows who was takin deir car. Effen dat don' make em lub yo, ah don know which will."

"Does Ah hab ter git wounded?" asked Rastus uneasily.

"We won hurt yo bad," explained Orpheus, "jest 'nough sos yo can play nat'ral, and make em tink yo is sho nuff hurted."

When he had been fully assured as to the mild wounding to be done, Rastus became very much enthused over the plan. "Ah'll be a hero, sho 'nuff," he laughed, highly tickled over the idea of fooling his mother-in-law into loving him.

The two completed their arrangements, and decided that they would undertake their venture that night at one o'clock.

"Yo knows where at Blossie libs?" Rastus asked, "down on de corner ob Cemetery Street and Gravestone Avenoo. Ah'll meet yo dere at one, an fo de Lawd sake, Orpheus, don fail to be dar."

As they rose to leave the corner in which they had been seated, Rastus noted a couple of nondescripts sitting at the next table, who, upon seeing that Rastus had noticed them got up and left the room. Rastus had not

before noticed their presence, but their suspicious actions in hurrying off, and the sharp look that they gave him attracted his attention and vaguely worried him. However, at this time Orpheus asked him to have a drink, and he immediately forgot the incident—and every thing else for that matter. Rastus followed Orpheus over to the drink stand and imbibed several pops which served to fortify his courage greatly.

Orpheus had no trouble in getting his brother, Omega to take part in the plan. So it was that near the hour of one that night that there might have been seen four stealthy figures creeping into Mrs. Whit's back yard. A deathly silence reigned over the sleeping neighborhood, a silence broken only by the crunching sound of an occasional footstep. Suddenly, a loud crash rent the stillness. This was followed by a series of wild yells which rent the air. Two figures scrambled over the fence and disappeared in the darkness, leaving another prone on the ground. This motionless figure had a slight bump on his head and a scratch across his cheek which gave him the desired bloody appearance. Rastus, for it was none other than he, had previously disarranged his clothes and scrubbed them in the dirt so as to make them appear as if they had seen deadly conflict; and now, as he lay upon the ground emitting loud and frequent groans with his cheek bloody and his head bumped, he made truly a pitiable appearance, one that would melt a heart of stone—and Mrs. Whit's, Rastus hoped.

It was not long before the lady in question appeared, followed closely by her daughter, Blossie. Mrs. Whit carried a shotgun—the one which had rendered such effective service against Rastus before—and the other carried that deadly feminine weapon, a rolling pin. Rastus, at this point uttered a particularly loud and effective groan which attracted the women's attention.

"Who's dat?" challenged Mrs. Whit, "Say sumpin or Ah'll shoot."

Rastus' only answer was another groan, which was possibly a little more sincere than the preceding one. He was not so sure that his mother-in-law might not be as good as her word. So it was with a feeling of relief that he noticed several new-comers running into the yard and joining the militant Mrs. Whit. Among these was a policeman who pushed his way through the crowd and flashed a light on Rastus' prostrate form.

The mother-in-law and the bride simultaneously recognized the object as Rastus, and Blossie rushed to her husband's side, squalling in a loud and love-lorn tone; "Ah, ma po Rastus: Is yo daid? Speak wid yo wife Rastus, honey, say yo ain daid."

This sympathy encouraged Rastus considerably, and his groans now became heart rending indeed. Several members of the group picked him up and carried him into the house where they laid him upon a sofa.

"Dis is comin' fine," thought Rastus, "Ah sees masef de hero ob de towu."

He so far recovered under their care that he was able after a time to weakly utter several words.

"Dey mos' kill me," he explained, "Ah seed dem breaking inter de garage, an—" here a frightful groan, accompanied by such wailing from Blossie. "And ah tries ter stop 'em, but—" another groan—"but dey hit me in de hed an' cuts me all up so dat ah doan know nuthin' 'cept ah's about ded"

"But how cum yah was in de yard?" asked the still slightly suspicious Mrs. Whit.

"Ah was jes walkin' by de house an' seed a lite by the garage, so ah 'vestigated.

"Had they already broken into the garage when you got there?" asked the officer.

"Dey which?—naw suh, dey ain't broke in. Ah stops 'em fo dey has time. Ah—"

He was interrupted by an excited group coming in from the yard with the startling information that the car was gone. And hearing this harassing news, Rastus sat bolt-up right, forgetting his meek condition and showing consternation all over his black face.

"Has ah doan all dis heah dyin' fer nuthin?" he thought. But his thoughts were interrupted by the officer whose suspicions at this point reached a certainty on seeing Rastus improving so rapidly and showing such consternation.

"Here you—nigger, you had better come along with me. I think you are about recovered, and you look like you might have something interesting to tell the judge. A pretty frame up; playing dead here while the rest of your gang gets away. Get up and come along."

So saying he grabbed the dumfounded Rastus by the collar and, in spite of the protests of Blossie, led the quaking would-be hero out of the house. Rastus was too scared to play his injured part any longer, even if it had been of any use, and went very meekly along with the policeman, who conveyed him to the jail and there left him to a night of none to pleasant meditations.

"Olpheus'll git me outn' heah," he thought, trying to console himself. "Dey'll tell de judge how we wus only foolin' an' ain't teeh de car."

But Olpheus knew nothing of his friends predicament and only thought of him to wonder as to how he succeeded in his attempt at reconciliation with his mother-in-law. He did not know that Rastus had landed in jail as a consequence of their adventure, and was being held for the serious charge of auto stealing. And Rastus suffered untold torments as the time passed and no help came.

"Ah's gwine ter be hung, sho,' an' all fer nuthin! Ah sho' is an unisfortunate man."

The height of his agony was reached the following morning, however when his beloved Blossie came to his cell and, like the sweet, faithful wife that she was, scornfully and bitterly expressed her opinion of him, with her competent tongue and extensive vocabulary. She spared neither him nor his ancestry, and when she had closed, Rastus, a crushed and disconsolate creature, shrunk back into the darkest corner of his cell, and fervently prayed

that the walls might tumble upon him and crush out his life—the life so dear and sweet, but now only a nightmare full of suffering and dismal forebodings.

"Ah's sho got mis'ry; ah wish ah was daid", he would moan over an over again, rolling his head from side to side. "De good Lawd, He dun forgit his servent."

His grieving was interrupted by the jailor who told him he was wanted by the judge, and "to come along quick and stop that grunting. "Rastus managed to stifle his moans, tho he felt somewhat hurt to hear them called "grunts", and accompanied the jailor. Then he was ushered into the judge's presence, where he saw two others of his dark brethren in like condition, and, with a start of surprise, recognized the two men who had sat at the table next to his when he was confering with Olpheus at the club.

"Do you know those two men?" asked the judge. Rastus replied that he did not, except for the sight of them at the club, which incident he related. He also told the judge of the ruse by which he had hoped to gain the good will of his mother-in-law, and the judge, with a twinkle of amusement in hi seye, sat back and seemed satisfied with Rastus' story.

"Those men here," pointing to the rough two of the club, "have just confessed that they stole your mother-in-law's auto, and stated that you had nothing to do with it; but I failed to account for your presence there. Your story clears you tho, boy, and you can go."

"Take him out," he added, laughing, for Rastus remained standing as if rooted with mouth agape and a stunned, incredulous expression on his face.

He was led out and liberated—a hero, for the news quickly spread, and the sentiment of his people underwent a complete reversion. It may be noted right here that the story of the plot to fool his mother-in-law was not repeated again after Rastus had told it to the judge he first time. Of course, Olpheus and Omega were honor-bound never to tell, so it always remained a dark secret among the three, and Rastus remained a hero in the eyes of the citizens of Pleasant Hill. He had the rare distinction of being the most talked of man in that district for several days.

It is hardly necessary to say that his dear, beloved mother-in-law held out no longer against him, but received him with open arms and proudly boasted of her son-in-law. And as for Blossie, his beloved bride—well, she was all a doting lover that a newly married man could wish for. He readily and magnanimously forgave her cruel words of the day before, and entered with all his might into the joys of the matrimonial state, basking all day in her smiles and graciously receiving the many tender ministration that she gave him. His joy was so complete that he could hardly recognize himself as the Rastus of the day before, and he caught himself many times before the end of the day saying, "Ah's 'bout de mos' fortunate man dat was ebber, ah gess. Yo' sho can't keep a good man down."

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

MEMORY

By Memory, we mean the power of the mind to recall the past.

Memory occupies a very little place in the sphere of the average college man's life of today. His mind dwells not upon his brief past, but reaches out toward the great, unfathomable future and what it holds in store for him.

There will come a time in every man's life, however, when Future will not occupy such a dominant place as it does now. When Time, the invincible, has whitened the hairs of his head and deepened the furrows upon his face—then, Memory will take the place of future.

No man can hope that, when that time shall come, all the pages of his memory will be pleasant ones. He would will it to be so, but Fate, following her undeviating course, will decree it to be otherwise.

Each and every man can, however, strengthen himself with the resolve that, in the power of his manhood, he will perform no act nor commit any deed, the remembrance of which at that time would bring a flush of shame to his cheeks or a pang of regret to his heart.

Each man should so live that, when his youth and maturity have mellowed into old age, and he looks back upon his life, then well-nigh spent, he will not be moved to say, "Oh, that I could live it all over again and change it!" He should be able to face inevitable death as a man and with the supreme and happy consciousness of having lived true to himself and to his Maker.

STUDENT ARTICLES

The biggest and most difficult job confronting the staff in the publication of the "Chronicle" is the obtaining of material. Comparatively few students ever contribute anything in the form of an article, and a very small number, indeed, contribute regularly.

There is absolutely no excuse for this condition. The fact that Clemson is a technical college and not a literary college offers no alibi for this lack of material; for, though we strive for excellence, perfection is not to be expected in a magazine of this kind.

Every man, even though he cannot write a story or a poem, should be able to write an essay or a sketch upon some interesting phase of the line of work which he is studying, and articles of this kind are always welcome.

There is an unlimited field open for scientific essays, accounts of interesting experience, and other articles of like nature. Many a man can write, but because of the fact that he has never tried, he does not know it.

Get busy and try to write something at least.



PRINCIPLES

What principles do you stand for? What ideals do you hold sacred, for which you would be willing to die?

Someone has said, "It is not so important that a man lives as it is that he have principles for which he is willing to die."

No man can build a life in the full sense of the word unless it is founded upon principles. No man can be successful and happy unless his daily living is in accord with his convictions. Principles are as necessary to man as are love and religion.

Only the principles of right and truth are worth living and fighting for. These alone represent the ideals in life which really count. And a life built upon principles contrary to these will in the end be a dismal failure.

Every college man should build his life upon the principles of right and truth and in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. He is sowing seed while in college, from which he will reap a harvest in later years, and, unless he instills these principles into his very being, the harvest will yield him only failure and disappointment.

Build a life upon principles which count, and stand for them.

Clippings and Comments

H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

ALL SQUARED

We've been despairing of the sex;
It saddened us to see
How guileful, wild and complex
The girls have come to be.
We almost everyday peruse
The most alarming tales
Of base devices that they use
To victimize the males.

Their forms, their faces and their hair,
Like restaurant ice cream—
So many misanthropes declare—
Are seldom what they seem;
And though our all we'd freely give
To chuck the single life,
We did not think that we'd like to live
With a synthetic wife.

It therefore cheered us quite a lot
When lately we were told
That archeologists has got
A line on Janes of old.
They tell us the Egyptain pips
Wore brief papyrus socks,
Touched up their faces, rouged their lips,
And bobbed their raven locks.

Our old-time nervousness is gone,
And vanished are our fears,
For if this thing has been going on
A hundred thousand years,
No more we'll scoff at modern maids,
No longer we'll distrust them;
The artifices of the jades
Seem justified by custom.

James J. Montague.

SELECTED SAYINGS.

Little girls and men like to play with dolls.

Another Christmas saving plan is to have a fight with your girl.

Girls once had almost nothing to wear; now they wear almost nothing.

Who wants to see a girl's ear if she shows it on purpose?

Caution is a great asset in fishing, especially if you are the fish.

Evening dresses don't go far because they lack backing.

Some people say they never lie others tell the truth.

Bad eggs are welcome until they go broke.

To be successful all we have to do is to make as much of a business of our business as we do of the things that are none of our business.

More men could get work if they applied for jobs instead of positions.

Jazz lyrics are written in the Anglo-Saxon language.

Dice: The cube root of the gambling evil.

An optimist never opens an umbrella until it rains, and then he puts up a sunshade.

Consider the little postage stamp; it gets there by sticking.

One way to keep others off your toes is to be on them yourself.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shows our weakness more than to be so sharp-sighted at spying other men's fault, and so perblind about our own.

—William Penn.

Bedtime tale: I'm going to reveille to-morrow morning.

A college is known by the product it turns out.

The worst habit of all habits is the habit of forming bad habits.

Students are all right in their opinion if they agree with the professor's.

The minister's greatest problem is to see or not to see.

No days, no college is complete without its tea-hounds.

Stickability is the best fire prevention.

The Literary lid is off—Some of our story writers are running riot with their smiles. Here are a few we gathered in our late reading: "Her lips quivered like a light auto," He edged nearer to her until he was almost as close as the air in the subway;" "But his mind, like her face, was made up," "Her hair dropped on her pallid cheek like seaweed on calm," and "He gazed anxiously at her face, the way a person in a taxi gazes at the face of the meter."

—Boston Transcript.

YOUR HEAD AND YOUR DESTINY

Whether you will be a success or a failure in life depends upon what's inside of your head. But how are you going to know just what's inside of your head? No device has yet been invented, and in all probabilities never will be, that will enable you to tell what's on the inside. Yet, an employer can march down a line of prospective employees, and in nine cases out of ten pick out the man who will make a success in life. How does he do it?

This is a great day of advertising. If we have anything that we wish to offer to the world, we must advertise it. This is absolutely true of your ability. If you think you have the ability, you must advertise it to such an extent that some man will give you a chance to prove it. The best ad that a man can use to sell himself is his appearance. If your clothes are neat, your hair becomingly cut, your shoes shined, and your teeth brushed, the employer will invariably pick you out from all the rest as the one that will make a success in the world.

As with all rules, there are exceptions to this one. You may look to be worth thousands of dollars and may not be worth a nickle so far as ability is concerned; or you may look to be worth only a nickle, and be worth thousands.

When the test is applied, the worthless ones drop out and the good ones continue on. The first test may be your last test; so, if you expect to make good, take advantage of your first opportunity.

Above all make a good appearance the first time, and then you will have no fear of missing your sale. After you have sold yourself, prove to the buyer that you are all that you claim yourself to be.

The Georgia Cracker and The Newberry Stylus came to us too late for any thorough comment. The Georgia Cracker is brimming full of a stack of laughable poems and jokes and bits of by-play.

The Newberry Stylus has some good articles in it but is noticeable lacking in short stories.

*O, she shook a little shimmy,
Then she shook a little knee;
She shook her little shoulder
As she danced away with me.
Handsome feller shook an eyelid
'N she shook her's back in glee,
Shook his slick head kinda sideways
And directly she shook me.*

Georgia Cracker.

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?" he cried.
"I never interfere with nature," replied the girl with the painted cheeks and pencilled eyebrows.—Judge

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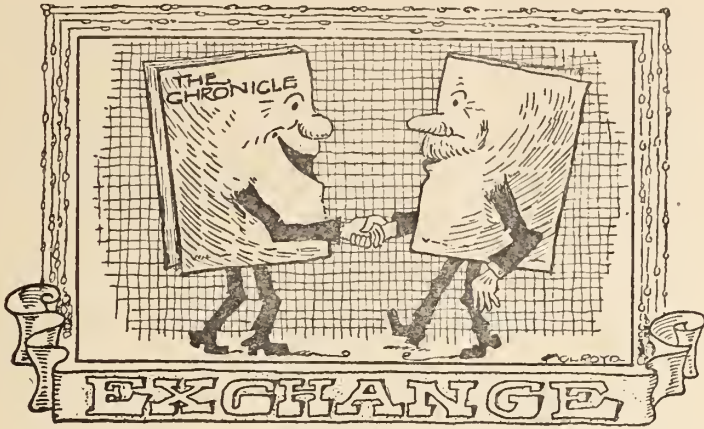
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EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

The Wake Forest Student was the only magazine that favored us with an exchange in time for comment this month but we are sure that our other friends will be with us next time. We wish to commend *The Student* for the promptness as well as for its excellent literary qualities.

The essay on "Christian Statesmanship" is well expressed and shows that the writer has spent some thoughtful study on the subject. "Parting" is a bit of verse which carries an undeniable truth charmingly worded. The article in witchcraft in the olden days, has in it a number of statistics, but it is more or less a repetition of descriptions of one condition, so that a reader loses interest before he has read the whole article.

In "My Creed" the author brings out in a quiet pleasing manner an everyday maximum which all of us would like to live up to. This is an article well worth laying aside to keep and memorize. In any ordinary motion picture show we may see a Western scene which has the same plot that the writer of "Dame Fate Guides" carries all thru his story. He drops into the faults of most amateur short-story writers of today: he does not use enough originality in selecting a foundation for his narrative. Also the last portion of the story might be improved upon by a revision. "Vanished Days" is quite a unique call back to our boyhood days. It is a little hard to get to the heart of the poem at first, but the writer has a flowing style which makes the reading of the production a pleasure. A real challenge is voiced in "The Challenge of The Impossible." This is an excellent essay to have been written by a freshman.

In "Just Plain Jiggs" the writer makes his story very interesting and restful to read by departing from the beaten path of presenting events in the ordinary style of story writing. He carries his plot well throughout the story.

The Bookshelf is a department which adds greatly to the balance of the magazine and is quite a useful directory to students who desire to know the best new books. However we can hardly agree that any college student has the experience and judgement to find fault

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Cliff Crawford

CLEANING
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with works of such noteworthy authors as Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright, and James Oliver Curwood. Some of the editor's criticisms, we think, are not quite justified. On the other hand, the editor's synopsis is in each case well written, and clearly outlines the book under discussion, thus making his report a valuable article.

As a whole the first issue of the *Wake Forest Student* is a great success and we are very glad indeed to have it on our exchange list.

J O K E S

H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

Every old maid has made many a man happy by not marrying him.

With every change of style, the girls show some new feature. When they changed from the hobble skirts, new features were revealed. When they bobbed their hair, their hearing apparatus (ears) was made bare. Wouldn't you like to fall asleep for about twenty years, like Rip Van Winkle did and then wake up just to see what you could see? I would be afraid I would miss something.

"Ned" Salley: "We're going to have a shirt-tail parade after the Furman game."

"Rat" Salley: "Ned, I want to be in that parade. Where can I get a shirt-tail?"

Prof. Earle: "Mr. Rearden, why are you late to class?"

"Blackjack" Rearden: "Class began before I got here."

Want white man to milk and drive a Ford car.—ad in Tulsa World.

She: "You used to say there was something about me that you liked."

He: "Yes, but you've spent it all now."

"No sir," cried the irate parent, "My daughter can never be yours."

"I don't want her to be my daughter, I want her to be my wife", he replied.

Apartment dwellers realize the fact that a pair soon makes a full house.

When you try to get an idea into some heads; you discover the theory that peaceful penetration isn't always effective.

Here's to lying lips;
For truthful ones are bores.
But lying lips are very sweet,
When lying close to yours.

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Seabrook: "That's a beautiful song. It simply carries me away."

Steno: I'm sorry I did not sing it earlier."

American Mothers are missing a wonderful opportunity. The thin clothes that girls wear now would make spanking wonderfully effective.

Always call the hard guy's bluff; the hard-boiled egg is always yellow on the inside.

Still, the tongue of gossip couldn't keep scandal alive except for willing ears—Exchange.

The twenty-year-old girl, who took her five-year old brother to the circus one night, lost the boy in the crowd. When she found the boy, she asked him why he did not hold on to her skirt. He replied: "I could not reach it."

Wife: "It is imperative that I have a new evening dress. Everybody knows that this is an old one."

Husband: "Cut it off two inches at each end, and people will think that you have a new one."

Maternal Parent—"Our daughter is very popular tonight. Do you see her over there surrounded by admirers?"

Paternal Parent—Is that Dorthy? I can't see her face from this distance."

Maternal Parent—"Neither can I. I recognize her knees though."—Judge

Let's go out and get a drink,
I'm feeling thirsty, sorta."

And so these two—what do you think—
Went out and drank some H₂O.

—Georgia Cracker.

FULFILLMENT

I pressed thy round full mouth to mine own
In ecstasy.

I drew the fragrant perfume of thee
Into me . . .
My trembling hand about thy slender neck.
Thy inmost being seemed to flow into me
As I held thee for one intoxicating moment.
I was burning and desirous.

Then—of a sudden—I thirst thee from me
With a curse: for I knew
That thou wast empty, little pint bottle.
—Georgia Cracker.

(Gentleman at the door):—"Is May in?"

Maid (haughtily)—"May who?"

Gentleman (Peeved)—"Mayonnaise."

Maid (shutting the door)—"Mayonnaise is dressing."

(Business of falling down the steps)

—Voo Doo.

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THE SEVEN AGES

At sixteen, risqué,
 Likes a naughty joke;
 At seventeen, blase,
 Tries to learn to smoke;
 At eighteen, mildish,
 Jolly just the same;
 At nineteen, childish,
 Getting rather tame;
 At twenty, breezy,
 Merely debonair;
 At twenty-one, uneasy;
 So re-bobs her hair;
 But when she reaches twenty-two,
 Her rush turns to a shove,
 For then her motto has become
 Love and let love.

—Georgia Cracker

—0—

Law gives us Blue Sundays; violation of the law gives us Blue Mondays.

Professor:—"Did you remark?"

Rat:—"Yes."

Professor:—"Well! Mark it out." —Newberry Stylus.

Some folks never talk about themselves except in high gear with the cut-out wide open.—Selected.

The melancholy days have come;
 The saddest of the year.
 A little cold for summer clothes,
 And nothing else to wear.—Selected.

—0—

A RARE ONE.

I once knew
 A girl
 Who was so modest
 That she wouldn't
 Even do
 Improper fractions.

—Carolina for Baby

—0—

The Clemson College Chronicle

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 W. T. Fripp ----- Circulation Manager
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 B. F. Robertson ----- Junior Literary Editor
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THE CHRONICLE



*"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."*

—The Farmers Daily Diet.

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Clemson College, S. C., Dec. 1921

No. 3.

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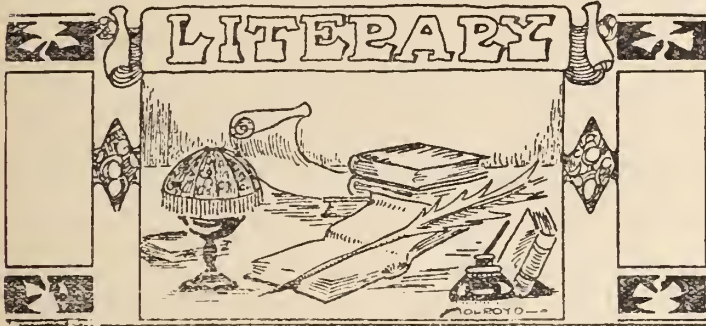
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX. Clemson College, S. C., December, 1921 No. 2

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22. R. W. COARSEY, '23
B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

GRANT US CHRISTMAS ONCE EACH YEAR

Christmas when the Christ was born,
Holy, sacred, Christmas morn!
Should it not be put aside
To stop the flow—to break the tide
Of everyday monotony?
Which causes life so dull to be.

Oh! grant us Christmas once each year,
A holy day, yet filled with cheer
A day when dear ones meet at home.
To worship there again as one.
'Tis thankful we should always be
For Christmas cheer and jollity.

J. W. K., '24—*Columbian*

CHRISTMAS IN THE THATCHER COTTAGE

It was the night before Christmas, and all was quiet in the little village of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The joyous throng, who in the earlier part of the evening had filled the streets with their gay chatter and laughter had been driven indoors to the warm firesides by the cold driving sleet and rain, the semi-liquid element falling upon the streets and sidewalks with a pattering, clicking, monotonous sound. The occupants of the stores and markets which were still open huddled around red-hot stoves, and the belated Christmas shoppers, with coat collars turned up and umbrellas open, hurried through the streets, anxious to escape from the dreary, comfortless outside to the cheer and warmth of their homes.

In a small, weather-beaten cottage on the outskirts of the village, Pattie Thatcher and her invalid mother sat in silence before the bed of red-hot coals in the grate. The room in which they sat was small and poorly furnished, and the general atmosphere was that of poverty. The chairs and table were old and battered, the rug, which covered a central square of the rough floor,

was faded and worn, and the ancient sofa in the corner evidently had seen better days. However, these facts passed unnoticed by the observer, who was impressed only by the almost painful neatness and order of everything, from the few pictures on the wall to the frayed rug upon the floor.

Patty was nineteen, and on that night as she sat before the fire, under the soft rays of the oil lamp on the table, she was beautiful. Possessing a slim, well-rounded figure, smiling, yet determined red lips, a small, tilted nose, and blue eyes, set wide apart beneath a broad forehead, crowned with a mass of golden hair, she had long been the object of the admiration of the beaux of Scranton. Many people said that Patty was beautiful, and all who knew anything of the Thatcher family history agreed that she and her mother had had a hard time.

"Easy John" Thatcher, Patty's father, had died three years before, leaving to his wife and Patty only Jackie and Doris, one and three years of age, respectively, and forty acres of run-down, mortgaged land. After his death, Patty and her mother had set out bravely to work the little farm in an effort to keep the wolf from the door, but they had met with little success. The barren acres yielded only scanty returns for their labors, and each succeeding year saw them poorer and poorer. Finally, Mrs. Thatcher's health had broken under the strain of over-work and worry, and now for over a year she had been an invalid, confined to a roller chair and unable to do more than pray and cheer and encourage Patty in her doubly heavy labors.

Matters had gone from bad to worse, until on this Christmas night they had reached the limit. Not a cent was in the house, and barely enough food was left for the next day. Jackie and Doris had been tucked into bed and were sleeping soundly, their little patched stockings hanging on either side of the fireplace giving mute testimony as to what they were expecting the morrow to bring.

Patty stopped her sewing upon the bits of cloth, which had begun to take on the shape of a rag doll, and listened to the long lonesome sound of the night train, blowing for the village station. Then, dropping her work listlessly in her lap, she gazed into the firelight with a sad, wistful expression in her large blue eyes. "Oh, mother," she cried suddenly, looking up into that worried but patient, pale face, "I can't stand it! My heart almost breaks when I think that we have no more than this to give them. Last year they didn't get very much but, with only a rag doll and a yarn ball, how can we make them keep faith in Christmas? How can God let them go with so little when other children have so much?"

"My child, don't talk that way," admonished Mrs. Thatcher in her thin, sweet voice, at the same time laying her hand upon Patty's golden head; "God wills it that some must suffer more than others, and, if hardships fall our way, we should bear them without complaint. When He sees fit, He will make the way brighter for us."

"But, mother, how can he let little children be deprived of the greatest joy in their lives? Why will he let those little torn stockings hang there empty—?"

"Hush, Patty," said the mother calmly; "you have no right to question God's will. He knows what is best. Finish the doll, dear; we will do the best that we can for the children."

With tears in her eyes, Patty resumed her sewing, and for a while all was quiet, save for the continuous pattering of the rain and sleet upon the roof and the measured ticking of the clock over the fireplace.

Then, suddenly, the stillness was broken by the sound of a heavy footstep upon the porch and a knock upon the door. Patty, startled out of the reverie into which she had fallen, glanced uneasily at her mother: "Who can it be out in this weather?" she asked in a low voice.

"I have no idea," replied Mrs. Thatcher, "Open the door and find out who it is."

Patty crossed the room and timidly opened the door. "Who is it?" she asked.

"Just a wet, cold stranger who would like to find some place to spend the night," answered the strong voice of a young man from the darkness. Then he came into the light which shone through the door onto the porch; and Patty and her mother saw a tall, handsome young man of about twenty-five, clad in the uniform of an overseas soldier. "Can you accommodate me, ma'am?" he asked smilingly, though his teeth chattered as he spoke.

Mrs. Thatcher hesitated. "I don't know," she began "we are not prepared to entertain anyone."

"I can sleep anywhere, just so it is out of this weather," answered the young man; "I've got to get inside somewhere pretty soon or I'll freeze," he added, looking longingly at the fireplace with its bed of hot coals.

Patty stood still, holding the door and looking from her mother to the man in the door. Mrs. Thatcher hesitated a moment more. Then, it might have been the wet, cold appearance of the man, or the look of honesty and straightforwardness in his handsome, strong face, or both taken together, that caused Mrs. Thatcher to make the decision. "Come right in to the fire," she said; "we have an extra bed upstairs, and we will do our best to make you comfortable for the night. No one should be out on such a night as this with no place to stay."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered the young man as he entered the door. He set his suitcase down and removed his dripping hat and overcoat and then turned towards the fire.

"My name is Frank O'Brien," he said, bowing to the two women. "It's bully of you to take men in on such a night as this."

"I am Mrs. Thatcher and this is my daughter, Patty" answered the mother. "I notice that you have been in France. May I ask if you are a stranger here in Scranton?"

"Yes'm; this is my first visit here. I have been in France for the past three years; just got back about a month ago."

Patty placed a chair near the fire, and Frank sat

down and stretched his cold fingers out to the warmth of the coals. "I'll tell the world this feels good," he exclaimed as his fingers began to regain their feeling. "Makes me think of my home when I was a kid, before mother and father died," he added as he looked around the room.

"Have you no home now?" asked Patty, sympathetically.

"No, ma'am, no real home. I've been living at different places in Philadelphia since I was a kid. But somehow the city doesn't appeal to me since I came back from across. I have left it, and am not going back if I can help it. I didn't go as straight as I should have gone before the war, but I came back resolved to go straight from then on. It was awfully hard to do there in the city, though, with all my old pals and the same surroundings that I left. I came away today because my pals were going to throw a party tonight, and I knew that, if I stayed, I would get drunk, and then all my good resolutions would be gone. It was too hard for me to make them over there in the trenches for me to risk them like that, so I decided to hunt a quiet place where I could spend Christmas as a man ought to spend it." Then, looking at Mrs. Thatcher, "May I spend it here with you, ma'am?" he asked with almost pathetic eagerness; "I could stay here forever and go straight too, because it seems like home."

Mrs. Thatcher hesitated. "It would be rather unusual and besides we have never kept any boarders. We are not prepared."

"But I can make out on anything. I'm not particular. I've got plenty of money and can pay my board."

Still, Mrs. Thatcher hesitated. She was thinking of the empty larder, and wondering what she would put before the young man to eat, should he stay. However, she reasoned, if he wanted to say as badly as he said, and had the money—something then very much needed by the Thatchers—she saw no reason why she could not give him a trial, or, rather, let him give them a trial. "We shall be glad, then, to have you stay, though you will have to make out on a rather slim Christmas dinner. Are you willing, Patty?"

"Yes'm," answered Patty confusedly, startled out of her silent observation of Frank, and her wonder as to how a tall, broad-shouldered young man with such direct brown eyes and strong features could ever have been very bad.

"Thank you both," answered O'Brien, happily. Then he settled himself comfortably back in the chair and let his eyes wander up towards the clock over the fireplace. His gaze stopped upon the patched stockings hanging on either side of the fireplace. "Kiddies here?" he asked.

"Yes; two, a little girl and a boy," answered the mother "they are in bed now."

Frank continued to look at the stockings, his eyes growing dreamy and full of longing. "Little stockings hung up for Santa Claus," he mused, "makes me think of when I was a kid," he added, turning to Patty and her mother; "Mine was filled every Christmas before mother and father died, but after that, they weren't. I'll never

forget how I felt on the first Christmas morning after they died, when I awoke and found my stockings hanging empty—just like those.” His voice grew sad: “It was the most bitter and crushing disappointment that I have ever felt in my life.” Then Frank brightened up: “May I help fill them?” he asked eagerly, “I would just like to help make the kiddies feel happy.”

For a moment neither Patty nor her mother spoke. Then Patty began slowly, “They will feel almost as badly as you did, Mr. O’Brien. We have always filled their stockings before this year, but—” here she stopped.

“You don’t mean to say that the kiddies are not going to have any Christmas!” exclaimed Frank, in a pained voice.

“It’s almost that bad,” spoke Mrs. Thatcher. “We didn’t have any money with which to buy anything for them, and therefore had to do the best that we could at home. Patty baked some cookies this afternoon, and made a ball for Jackie out of some yarn. These, with a rag doll that she is making for Doris, are all that we have for them.”

Frank sat staring into the fire. All the memories of that Christmas morning long ago and his empty stockings came crowding upon him. How well he recalled the disappointment that had almost crushed his small-boy heart; and to think that here were kiddies who would have to experience almost the same feeling on the morrow. Suddenly, he turned to Patty and her mother: “Say”, he began eagerly, “let me be Santa Claus for them; won’t you?” Then, without waiting for an answer from the astonished women, he jumped up and grabbed his overcoat and hat.

“No!” cried Patty, “you mustn’t!”

“No, Mr. O’Brien,” said Mrs. Thatcher; “we couldn’t think of allowing you, a stranger, to do that.”

“But listen, you don’t understand,” cried Frank, coming back to them; “I haven’t got anyone to do anything for, and nothing would give me more happiness than to keep some kiddy from feeling as I did that time. You’ll spoil my Christmas and theirs too if you don’t let me. I can’t bear the idea of knowing that they will be disappointed in the morning. I’m going back to the village and buy something to put in those stockings,” he added with determination, “and the only way that you can keep me from it to lock me out when I return.” So saying, he rushed through the door and into the night, leaving the mother and daughter gazing after him with blank amazement stamped upon every line of their faces.

“What does he mean mother?” asked Patty, weakly. “Can we let him buy Christmas things for the children?”

“We might as well; he is going to do it anyway,” answered Mrs. Thatcher, smiling as she regained her composure. “Poor boy; it seems to mean almost as much to him as it will to the children. He is undoubtedly a nice young man, and it’s a pity that he has no home.”

In about half an hour the heavy step was again heard upon the porch, and Patty flew to the door. In came Frank, dripping and cold, but with his arms full and the large pockets of his overcoat bulging with packages.

“Well, I got it,” he exclaimed exultantly as he piled the bundles upon the table, and began to empty his pockets. “The kiddies won’t be without Christmas this time.” Then growing serious, “You may think I’m doing something I oughtn’t, ma’am, but I just couldn’t help it. I would want someone to kick me the rest of my days if I let the kiddies be disappointed in the morning. I know what a feeling it is, and all of my life I have resolved that some day I would help to keep some kiddies from having that same feeling that I had.”

“It is very unusual, but we can appreciate your feelings,” answered Mrs. Thatcher. “We shall never be able to repay you for what you are doing, but may God bless you for it.”

“Let’s fill them up,” said Frank, looking at the stockings.

Together, Patty and Frank untied the packages. “Just the things I wanted to buy for them,” she said softly. Jackie will be tickled to death over his air rifle, and Doris has been crying for a doll like this for over a month, but we didn’t have the money to buy it.”

They filled the stockings to the brim with the toys, fruits, and nuts, and then piled the remainder upon the floor under the stockings. There was an air rifle, a drum some toy soldiers, a whistle, and a cap pistol for the boy, and a large doll, a toy stove and piano, and a set of small dishes for the girl, and with these an abundance of fireworks, fruits and nuts, which all go to make Christmas the happiest time of the year for the children.

The task of filling the stockings completed, the three drew close around the dying coals of the fire. A spirit of silent, happy thankfulness seemed to fill the heart of each, and for a while, no one spoke. Then Patty turned to Frank with a warm glow in her eyes and with a voice full of feeling, said, “You have made a happy Christmas possible for two children, Mr. O’Brien. It would have been a dismal one for them had it not been for you.”

“I’m glad,” he answered simply. “Every kiddie has the right to be happy at Christmas time. I feel better for having done it than I ever imagined that I should feel at this time. When I got off the train in the cold at the depot, I was the ‘bluest’ man that ever hit this town. I felt that I didn’t have a friend on earth, and I’ll tell the world that’s a mighty bad way to feel at Christmas time. I had broken away from the city where I was born and reared, and from all my friends, but, if I hadn’t found some place where I could feel just a little at home, the chances are that I should have gone back to-morrow.”

For a long time he talked, telling them of his life and of his experience in France. Patty in turn told him much of her’s and her mother’s life, dwelling upon the death of her father, but saying very little about the three years of unremittent toil which had been theirs in the years following. As she finished, the tears again came into her eyes. “We have been getting poorer and poorer, until now we haven’t anything left. We didn’t have a penny with which to buy anything for Christmas, and after tomorrow

I don't know where the next meal will come from."

"The Lord has taken care of us this long, Patty," the mother said, "and there's no reason why he should not continue. We should be thankful that He has been thus good to us."

"Do you mean to say that you have been running a farm all by yourself since your mother was taken ill?" asked Frank, incredulously, of Patty.

"Yes," answered Patty, "but you see it isn't a large farm, and I didn't mind the work."

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" slowly returned Frank, looking at her wonderingly; "and yet they decorated some of us poor devils over there for bravery. Patty—I mean Miss Thatcher—you deserve a thousand medals: I don't see for the life of me how you did it."

"It was hard at times," answered Patty, "but I didn't mind so much."

Later she showed Frank to the room upstairs where he was to sleep. He went to bed, feeling more at home than he had felt in many a year. "She is some girl," he mused as he lay and thought of Patty.

Patty, downstairs, knelt and prayed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for sending Frank to them on this Christmas eve.

It seemed to Frank that he had hardly fallen asleep before he was awakened by the sounds of merry childish laughter, and the "rap, tap, tap" of a drum. Jumping out of bed, he dressed hastily and rushed downstairs to where the children were having the time of their lives.

"Oh, look what old Santa brought me!" exclaimed Jackie, trying to gather all his toys in his arms at the same time.

"Juth look at my dollie," begged Doris, tugging at this sleeve. "Come and thee her. She's gone to thleep."

Frank was never so happy in all of his life. He sat down upon the floor, and did everything from rocking Doris' doll to taking a shot at the wall with Jackie's air-rifle. The two children, with unquestioning faith, climbed over and about him, filling the air with their cries of joy and laughter at his antics.

It was thus that Patty, coming in from the kitchen, found them. For a moment she watched the three with smiling eyes; then she assumed an air of severity. "Mr. O'Brien;" she said, "did you have that load of groceries sent over from the store?"

"Yes," meekly answered Frank; "I didn't know whether or not you would like it, but you said that you didn't have much; and, as I was going to stay for dinner, I thought I would buy the things if you would cook them. Please do? I had plenty of money, but money won't buy happiness; and a Christmas dinner will mean happiness for all of us. I owe you a thousand times that much for this," he added, pointing to the happy children.

"Well, as you want so much to be happy, I will," answered Patty as she returned to the kitchen.

Frank looked after her in consternation for a moment; then he understood and smiled as he went back to the children.

Frank was there for dinner; and such a dinner it was!

The rickety table seemed ready to collapse under such a load as it had not had to bear in a long time. Mrs. Thatcher, in her rolling chair, presided over the meal, and Patty and Frank, sitting on either side, made merry while they ate and piled food upon the frequently emptied plates of the children.

Later in the afternoon, they were seated around the fire, cracking and eating nuts, when Frank spoke up: "Mrs. Thatcher," he began, "you and Miss Thatcher need a man to stay here and work the farm, and I need a home and a job. Let me stay and work for you."

"But we have no money to pay you for your work," answered Mrs. Thatcher, "and you couldn't work for nothing."

"That doesn't matter. We can settle that when I make a crop," argued Frank. "I've got to work somewhere, and I would rather do it here than anywhere else, pay or no pay."

After some discussion, in which Frank exhibited the gifts of a lawyer, he won out, and it was agreed, much to the delight of Jackie and Doris, that he should stay.

After the Christmas season was over—the happiest he had ever spent in his life—Frank went to work in earnest upon the little farm. He knew very little about the art of farming, but, under Patty's guiding hand, he prepared the land and planted the crop. Both worked hard every day, and luck favored them on every hand. With the prospects for a good crop ahead it was not hard for them to secure credit, and once more times were good in the Thatcher family. The barren acres began to show that they were not so infertile after all; that all they needed was the hard work of a man to make them produce good crops.

The summer came, and with its coming both Patty and Frank seemed to have taken new lease upon life. Hope once more filled Patty's breast, and the future no longer seemed dark and hopeless. Frank no longer felt the call of the city and the gang, for a new life, filled with wondrous possibilities, was opened up before him.

Frank had fallen in love with Patty. The longer he stayed in the cottage, the stronger grew this love, until, by the early part of Autumn, it had grown to such a passion that he could hardly keep from declaring it to her. However, he kept silent; for neither by word nor deed did Patty give him any grounds to believe that she considered him more than a friend and a member of the family.

Then, in the early autumn, Mrs. Thatcher suddenly became very ill. She had been growing steadily weaker during the summer, and it was now evident to both Patty and Frank that she could not live very long. The best medical attention available was secured, but without avail. The doctors shook their heads as they departed, leaving very little hope for her recovery with the two who loved her so much.

It was then that Patty came to depend upon Frank. It was he who saw to it that no stone was left unturned to secure the best medical attention for the mother. It was he who sat by the bedside night after night and ad-

ministered in his awkward way to her every need and want. And it was Frank who, with gentle words of encouragement and hope, kept Patty from giving way to her grief and despair. "We must smile for her sake," he would say to the weeping girl. "It will never do for her to see us looking sad."

Then, one afternoon the specialist who had been called from Philadelphia took Patty aside. "Your mother will not live through the night," he said sadly.

Patty paled, and the tears came into her eyes, already red from weeping. "Is—it—as bad as that?" she cried brokenly.

"I am very sorry to say that it is," answered the physician; "she has been fast growing weaker all day, and now the end is very near."

Frank came in at that moment, and, noting the expression upon Patty's face, understood all. He crossed the room to her side. "Tell me," he asked the physician simply.

The physician then repeated to him what he had just told Patty.

Frank stood for a moment as though stunned, his strong, sunburned face drawn with sadness and fatigue. He had, during his few short months in the little cottage, come to love Mrs. Thatcher as his mother, and it was hard for him to realize now that she was to be taken away. He turned to Patty: "Shall we tell her?" he asked huskily.

"Oh! I can't", cried Patty, bursting into sobs; "Oh. Mother, Mother, how can we do without you?"

"Patty, please calm yourself," begged Frank, the tears swelling up into his eyes as he looked sadly upon her convulsed form.

"It will not hurry the end to tell her," said the physician, "and she should know."

"Come, Patty," said Frank, as he placed his arms around her shoulders and led her into the room.

Mrs. Thatcher's face lay white against the pillow. As they entered, she turned to them, her eyes bright with the strength that precedes death. "Come to the bedside, children," she said; "I am going to die soon. I feel it. Before the morning comes I shall be gone. Patty, dear," she cried, placing her thin hand upon the head of the weeping girl kneeling by the bedside, "what will become of you after I am gone? I haven't been anything but a burden upon your shoulders for the last two years, but I hate to leave you to fight the world alone. Frank, we owe you much. You have been a son to me. Will you see that Patty and the children are taken care of? It is my last wish."

Tears sprang into Frank's eyes. "Mrs. Thatcher, he said, "you have given me a home and a love which was for a long time denied me. I wouldn't be true to you and to myself if I failed to carry out your wish. I must tell you now—you and Patty—I love Patty. I am not worthy of her, but I love her!" Then turning to Patty, who wept silently by the bedside, "Patty, dear, will you marry me, and let me take care of you and the children the best that I know how? Patty, you need me, the

children need me, and I need you most of all."

Patty looked up at him with brimming eyes: "Frank," she said simply, "I love you; but don't you think you've done enough for us already?"

Frank, in answer, stopped and planted a kiss upon her forehead. Then he turned to Mrs. Thatcher: "Mother," he said, "would it make you feel more happy if we were married right here, now?"

A smile came over the thin pale face upon the pillow—a smile of peace and happiness: "Yes, it would enable me to die happier; for then I could give you my blessing before I go."

Frank hurried out and soon returned with the license and the village minister.

There, by the bedside of the dying mother, they were married; and Mrs. Thatcher smiled happily as she placed her hands upon their heads and blessed them as they knelt by her bedside. Then she lay back upon the pillow, and, with that same happy smile upon her face, her soul passed into the great beyond.

* * * * *

Christmas came again to the Thatcher cottage, and found only peace and happiness there. Time had healed the wound of bereavement in Patty's heart, leaving her supremely happy in her love for Frank. They had just finished filling the little stockings, hanging on either side of the fireplace, and were dreamily looking into the fire. "If mother were only here," mused Patty, a trace of sadness in her voice.

"She is here," answered Frank; "I can almost feel her presence. She is happy too tonight." Then he put his arms around Patty and drew her close in his embrace. "Seems only a short time since I strayed in here last Christmas out of the sleet and rain, and yet so much has happened; so much that meant all to me."

"No more to you than to me—and the rest of us," answered Patty happily, smuggling close in his embrace. "God directed you here. It was His will that you should come. Mother told me that when He saw fit He would send happiness to us, and He sent it in you."

T. W. M.,—'22, *Columbian*.

—o—

"FIGHT FOR WHAT IS RIGHT."

Don't stop and be discouraged
When hard knocks come your way;
For each jolt makes you stronger
To endure a much harder day.

First think of what you want to do,
And be convinced that you're right;
Then like a strong and mighty tiger
Plunge forth, determined to fight.

People will scorn and laugh at you
When some good deed you try to do;
But be the man and have the grit
To fight for all that's good and true.

T. L. V.,—'24, *Columbian*

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

The civilized world has come to observe the twenty-fifth of December as a festival in memory of the birth of Christ. It is a great day in the pompous old churches of Europe; it is celebrated from the plains of Argentina to the wilds of Northern Canada; it is observed among the inhabitants of the land of Norway, and the half-savage natives of South Africa. It has come to be one of the three greatest of all church festivals.

The day was first celebrated at Epiphomua by the Eastern church on January the sixth and at Natalis by the Western church on December the twenty-fifth. In all probability, Christ was not born on this date, yet the significance of it remains unchanged. The twenty-fifth of December was a great festival day among the Pagans for centuries before the birth of Christ. On this day, they gathered in great numbers to pray to the winter solstice and to worship the new sun. The Christians began the observation of the nativity on this day so as to influence the Pagan observers to attend their own celebration, and thus desert the heathen gods. Some time during the fourth century, through the influence of Chrysostom, the Eastern Churches changed the date of its celebration from January the sixth to December the twenty-fifth, and the observance became universal in occidental Christian civilization.

The first Christmas celebration recorded in history was the result of the work of the seventh bishop of Rome in the second century. For this proclamation, and for other minor offenses, this venerated old bishop was put to death by the Romans. Though the originator was punished as a martyr, the observance continued, and during the reign of Diocletian, we read that a great number of Christians who had assembled in a building to observe the mass of Christ, were held at bay by the Roman populace and burned to death. Six hundred years later the instigator of the first Christmas tree met a similar fate to that of the old Roman bishop. At this time also, the persecution was being carried on in Germany.

The legend of St. Boniface and the first Christmas tree has been preserved. Bands of Teutons had gathered around the foot of a great hill to celebrate the day in honor of Thor. It was a cold night in December and the stars shone brilliantly overhead. A great tree stood on the summit of the hill and a fire, which blazed high into the air and threw off countless numbers of sparks, was burning at the base of this tree. There was a long row of white-clad warriors around the hill, and in an opening before the fire stood the high priest and a small child who was to die for Thor, "the Hammerer" god. At the critical moment, when the priest raises the hammer to end the child's life, Saint Boniface appears and turns the force of the blow with the cross, thus saving the infant's life. At this, the great tree is felled, and St. Boniface relates the story of the Christ child. Near the fallen tree the saint sees a small fir which raises its head towards Heaven. He appoints this tree as the symbol of their worship and orders them to remove it to their

place of abode and set it up as a Christmas tree.

The scale on which Christmas celebrations are carried on varies with the temperament and characteristics of the inhabitants of different nations. Christmas in Madrid or Paris is very unlike the Christmas of Berlin. The most elaborate, the most gorgeous festivities are observed in Constantinople. Here, where Occident and Orient meet the two civilizations vie with each other in the elaborateness of their preparations. Here, the day is brilliant beyond comparison. The Mohammedans, though hating all Christians, are lenient on this day, as the Koran teaches them to respect Christ. The celebrations reach their height in the Roman Catholic church of this city. Decorations are unsurpassed. Both the interior and exterior of the cathedrals are changed into masses of vines and flowers of every hue. The devout spend the morning at church and the rest of the day is given over to social activities.

Next in order of grandeur comes the Greek Churches. This church is oriental in its civilization and Christmas is observed on the old sixth day of January. The Greek church is louder and noisier in its celebrations than is the Catholic church. The entire congregation chants and marches over the Constantinople streets. Every where, draped statues of Mary and Christ are prominent. This practice is common and is a characteristic of this branch of the Christmas faith. The nativity is observed, on a less magnificent scale, by the Armenians and by the Bulgarian and Slavic churches, which are themselves branches of the Greek organization.

There is much folklore handed down concerning Christmas. In England, it is thought that a person who turned a mattress on Christmas day would certainly die during the ensuing year. It was praiseworthy to bake bread on this day as it would not mould. In Scotland, a dark haired person must be the first to cross the threshold, since Judas was red headed. According to tradition, as a sign of thrift, all bee-hives are decorated with holly in portion of Lancastershire. The people of Wales felt positive that a person dying on Christmas was certain of salvation. The whole family in Germany prepares for church. Each person proceeds with a candle and, as the congregation increases, the church becomes more brilliantly illuminated. The era of peace, or "Juesfred," is publicly proclaimed in Norway and Sweden. Presents are bestowed upon babies at Lyons, France. In Serbia and Bulgaria, no one crosses a strange doorway. Stockings are filled with corn, and meal is sprinkled before the door to insure a plentiful season during the next year.

Christmas has now come to signify peace. It is called "Noel" and the Yuletide season. The idea of Santa Claus has become synonymous with it in all Teutonic countries. It is only in these countries that presents are bestowed. It is a wonderful day. Few are the persons who can gaze over their childhood experiences of Christmas without a feeling of delight. It has come to be national in its observance and may it remain so.

B. F. R.,—'23, *Palmetto*

THE HOBO'S TALE

Into a barroom hobbled a hobo
One night when the hour was late.
His cronies gathered around him
To hear what he had to relate.

"What's the news? How's the road?" they asked him,
"And how goes life with you?"
The hobo sat himself wearily down:
"Boys, I'll tell you I'm feelin' blue.

"To-day the mail brought a letter
From my old pal, good and true:
He said 'Old pal, I've got some news
That tonight I must tell to you.

'We've been pals a long time,' he said;
'We've taken our lives as they came:
We've stuck together through thick and thin,
But no more we can do the same.

'You've been true and square, old pal;
I've tried to be the same with you.
You've stood up for me against all odds,
Though often it was hard to do.

'We've done many things which were wrong,
And left out things which were right.
We've traveled life's road with a smile,
And a heart both joyous and light.

'But we've hit our last trail together.
To roam without a single aim.
I've come to the end of the hobo road,
And a dear little girl's to blame.

'I wish you could see her, right now;
Just as pure as the angels above.
God curse me if I fail, old pal,
To be true to her innocent love.

'When I think of the good times I'm leaving,
I almost weaken at heart;
But I've got to settle down, now,
And live straight from the start.

'But the memory of the joys and the griefs
Which together we have shared,
Will live forever in my heart, old pal,
Where love to enter has dared.

'Don't forget your buddy, old pal;
For though she has my love,
There's a place in my heart for you
That's as sacred as heaven above'.

"That's why I'm feelin' so blue, boys."
Said the hobo as he rose to go:
"I knew that the boy would quit the road;
He's got bigger things to do.

'I'm blindin' the night mail out, boys:
No, I won't drink another drop.
The call of the road is on me,
And God knows where I will stop.

"Somehow I'll try to forget, though;
Yet my chance of forgettin' is slim.
But I'll take life alone and see it through,
For I'll never find a buddy like him."

T. W. M.,—'22 *Columbian*.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

It is indeed a task to estimate the price of success, because each individual pays in a different coin. Yet, there are a few underlying principles which if followed, will bring, perhaps not immediately, but eventually, that for which we all strive—success.

Success cannot be measured by the material things which an individual accumulates, but rather by the degree in which one enjoys the confidence and the respect of his fellow creatures, and the degree to which one is able to render a service to mankind. Sometimes I feel that one can be a success, without even being able to supply the actual necessities of a normal family, because the accumulation of wealth is an art, and one can be successful without being an artist. Many of our great characters, in art, in literature, and in politics were poor financiers—yet, it cannot be said that they were failures, because they rendered a service to their generation and to posterity.

No one has ever attained success without meeting and overcoming obstacles. If there were no obstacles in the way, every one would stand on the top round of the ladder. But there are obstacles in the way; obstacles that make strong hearts falter; obstacles that suggest the question, "Is there any use?" Every man who has ever attained success has had moments, perhaps days, of such reflection, and so every man who attains success in the future will go through similar periods of disappointment.

Abraham Lincoln once said, "If all the misery that I feel were equally distributed among all the people of the world, there wouldn't be a pleasant face among them." That was one of the dark moments of the man who afterwards became President of the United States and who after the Civil War, made that admirable statement: "With malice towards none and charity for all."

Napoleon made this statement: "Why, forsooth, am I in the world? Since I began life in suffering misfortunes and since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I endure these days when nothing I am concerned in prospers." A few days later, he began his journey towards the east.

Europe—The most sensational military achievement in history.

Woodrow Wilson made a failure as a lawyer in his early life. His position in the recent World War showed him to be one of the foremost, if not foremost interpreter of International Law in the world. Some of his pet ambitions, perhaps, have not been realized, but he is adjudged a success.

Success comes in an equivalent measure to the price one pays, and the price is the fixing of one's energies on an ideal and working towards that ideal as a goal, irrespective of the hardships or sacrifices such a course entails. Energies thus applied, will bring a measure of success.

R. W. C.,—'23 *Calhoun*

GIVE ME MY YOUTH

Never take away my youth;
 Let my merry life be long;
 Let my soul be built on truth,
 But don't neglect the love and song.
 Fill with cheer my cup of woe;
 Place upon my head a crown;
 Let my cares and troubles go;
 Snatch away my doleful frown.
 For do not these days of youth
 'Bide short time, take wings and fly?
 Then I'm left alone with truth—
 Nothing left to do but die.
 That's why I say, "let me live;
 While I may I'll have my fun;
 Then I'll be content to say,
 I've had my youth and now I'm done.

J. W. K.,—'24, *Columbian*

DREAMS BY THE YULE-LOG FIRE

A lonely old man by the fire-side sits
 On a Christmas eve, cold, bleak, and stormy.
 Alone he sits, no companion he keeps
 Save only fond dreams of his memory.
 The dancing flames of the Yule-log fire
 Cast a soft, warm, flickering light,
 And touch with ruddy and cheerful glow
 The bent old form—'tis a touching sight.
 He's a dear old man, long past his prime;
 Old age has sprinkled his hair with snow:
 He stares with eyes, made dim by time,
 At the dying flames, as the fire burns low.
 But never a thought of the fire he has,
 For his thoughts are turned back over life's way
 To those happy days of his youthful past,
 When he was gay and life's work was play.

He is living once more, a child, carefree;
 And again it is merry Christmas eve,
 And he's writing a note at dear Mother's knee
 Telling good Saint Nick what toys he must leave.

Listening to tales retold and old songs sung,
 'Till visions of candy and toys he can see.
 Once more by the chimney his stockings are hung—
 Hung there in innocent and childish glee.

All the loved forms of the unforgotten past
 Come thronging his mind, so sadly alone,
 For of the dear ones his heart held fast
 He alone remains, life's journey to roam.

Dream on, old man, your dreams to you so sweet;
 Live in your past, 'till there shall come about
 The time when life, like the fire at your feet,
 Glows warm, then flickers, and quietly dies out.

F. E. T.,—'22, *Columbian*

GREAT MEN OF THE SOUTH

Foremost among the great men, not only of the South, but of the world, is George Washington, the "Father of his Country." Under the now standing and preserved historic Elm tree in Cambridge, on July 3, 1775, he took command of the Continental army, and upon himself a yoke with which he pulled into history a new free, and independent nation. No other American, however illustrious, can attain the distinction which came to him as commander-in-chief of the Colonial American army, as president of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and as first president of the United States under that Constitution. Through his military genius, his undying patience, and his courage, we received out national independence. He was above taking the "Crown or rule" upon his head and establishing himself king. He would have no power which the people did not bestow. He was equally great in civil as in military achievements. 'Twas he that first directed liberty into the world. Upon the foundation which he laid we have developed from a mere scattering of people into a strong Republic. The words of his old friend and companion, "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," were without question literally true.

Out from the heart of the Southland, in the last half of the eighteenth century, came a group of men who were inspired by the love of humanity, freedom, and independence. They drafted and set into operation the greatest governmental document ever known in the world.

Worthy of first mention is Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence. He was opposed to all forms of aristocracy; was a firm believer in the common people, and even strove to uplift them. We are indebted to him for instilling into the government the spirit of democracy, the vital spark that makes a government endure. The greatest event by all odds of Jefferson's administration, was the purchase of the Louis-

ana Territory from the First Napoleon. It was his wisdom and foresight that enabled the sturdy pioneers under the guidance of Sam Houston, in the Southland, and Lewis and Clark in the Northwest, to extend the borders of the free and independent government.

James Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," succeeded Jefferson as President. It is for the part he took in the drafting and ratification of the Constitution, rather than for his career as president, that he is honored today.

Next came James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States and the fourth Southerner to be elected president. During his administrations the United States took its place among the nations as a country whose independence could not be questioned. It was sufficiently strong to announce a new foreign policy; that the United States would protect democracy in the American continents from European aggression. The establishment of the Monroe Doctrine, as this policy is called, is undoubtedly one of the greatest events of American political history.

These noble Southerners and their constituency were the first free and independent people on earth that formulated a written complete Constitution. The fundamental principle of that constitution was the Bill of Rights drawn by George Mason. The first suggestion of the more perfect union came from the group of Southerners in 1776, and the Federal Constitution is construed upon the lines laid down by Edmund Randolph, and phrased as the basis of the "incomparable instrument of government," as Mr. Gladstone says.

During the eventful period from 1830 to '70, six worthy Southerners attained the high office of Chief Executive. First in order is Andrew Jackson. If not one of the greatest Presidents, he was one of the most forceful men who ever held that office, and in his own day his personality made a striking impression equal to that produced by such men as Clay and Calhoun. During his administration the spirit of democracy was given a tremendous impulse throughout the country. He is noted for introducing the now infamous "Spoil System." His motives deserve less censure than his method, however, for he sincerely believed he was working for the good of his country by appointing Democrats to take the place of "Aristocrats."

The next Southern administration was filled by William Henry Harrison, a great warrior, who died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler, the first "accidental" president. Tyler is noted for his strong opposition to the second United States Bank. The most important event that occurred during his administration was the signing of the Webster-Ashburton treaty.

James K. Polk succeeded Tyler. He served but one term in office, but in his administration there were notable additions of territory to the country, and the foundation was laid for the marvelous development in the Far West.

Next ascended Zachary Taylor, a military man, known to fame as "Old Rough and Ready." He frankly admitted

his poor qualifications for the presidency. But he had been for forty years a leader of men, and he possessed much common sense. He succeeded in securing good advisers, and set to studying to transform himself from a fighter into a President. When his second term was fairly begun, he died after a short illness.

Andrew Johnson came into the White House accidentally after the assassination of the Great Emancipator. The momentous task of directing the reconstruction of the seceding states fell to his lot. It was a task that would have taxed the ability of Lincoln, especially as Congress was opposed to the moderate attitude announced by the martyred President shortly before his death. The first step that he took in reconstruction was to proclaim general amnesty and order the establishment of provisional congresses in several states. Then came the opposition of congress which resulted in his impeachment. It can be said of President Johnson, however, that he upheld the independence of the presidential office, and as a result the well adjusted balance between the legislative and executive branches of the government was not destroyed.

In 1861 the States of Secession chose Jefferson Davis, the recognized leader of the Southern party, as president. Mr. Davis' memory is cherished in the South with unceasing devotion. Like Lee he typified in a way the ideals which inspired those who fought for the Southern cause. During the war he acted with good judgment, dignity, and devotion to principle, and was especially anxious to mitigate the suffering and sorrow caused by war. In 1881 he published "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," giving his view of the controversy.

Immediately previous to the Civil War two great statesmen came forth from the South and played no small part in American politics and history-making. First, was John C. Calhoun, the greatest Southern expounder of the Constitution and the most important Southern statesman after the period which carried through the Revolutionary War. Mr. Calhoun strongly opposed the protection of tariff, and championed states rights and nullification. Under his counsel Texas was brought into the Union. His name is associated with one of the most remarkable events of political history—that of one republic being annexed to another by the common consent of both. Second, was Henry Clay, so-called the "Great Pacificator" because of his sincere effort to avert war in the United States over the Slavery question. His unalterable views so influenced his career that he failed to attain the presidency. He realized that the honor would never come to him, but he said, "I would rather be right than be President."

The Black Hawk, Seminole, and Mexican wars were practically a training school for the many competent Southern leaders and soldiers that engaged in the fierce struggle between the States. The most famous of these, and beyond question one of the greatest leaders the world has ever produced, is Robert E. Lee, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. Lee's personal bravery, his irreproachable life, and his splendid ideal-

ism have made him a commanding figure in American history, and today his name is revered in the North as well as in the South. He believed when he took up the sword of hostility against the federal Government that he was doing his duty, and he was willing to abide by the consequence.

General "Stonewall" Jackson is considered the ablest leader who served under General Lee. Jackson is frequently compared with Napoleon. The wonderful marches and the great rapidity with which they were carried out by Jackson were never surpassed by Napoleon. He was accidentally shot by one of his own men at Chancellorsville. His loss was a severe blow to the Confederate cause, for he had been a tower of strength in every campaign.

Next in order of prominence of Southern Generals is Albert S. Johnston. During the winter of 1861 he exhibited marked ability in the defense of Tennessee and Kentucky. He was killed at Shiloh, in April, 1862, while leading a brilliant charge against Grant and Sherman. He won the esteem of military critics on both sides for the management of large forces of men and for his courage in battle.

Joseph E. Johnson was a soldier of no small renown. He took part in the first Battle of Bull Run, and for a time had full charge of the Confederate forces in Virginia. He was wounded at Fair Oaks and was succeeded by General Lee.

Joseph Wheeler, another one of the South's great fighters, took part in the battle of Shiloh, rendered distinguished service at Chicamunga, and impeded Sherman on his "march through Georgia." In 1880 he was sent to Congress from Alabama and later entered the United States army as Major General to the delight of all America.

Despite the great political questions that impaired the Southerner's mind in the earlier days, and the Civil War and Reconstruction Periods with the poverty and disaster that accompanied them, the South has furnished many great poets, authors, and novelists. It is inspiring to trace the names of Southern men of letters, and learn the lofty heights they have attained, struggling against the shackles of poverty and misfortune.

Sidney Lanier is numbered among the few great poets of America and, with Edgar Allen Poe, represents the South in that profession. Lanier's works have three characteristics that make him not only a Southern but as a National possession: first, great vitality; second, numerous mental pictures suggested; and last, the beauty and thought expressed in words. Poe's work leave sentimentalism aside, and deal with the antique, the odd, the gloomy, and the marvelous. He was passionately fond of mysteries, and was drawn irresistibly to the supreme mysteries of life and death. Poe is probably better known abroad than any other American poet.

A more prolific writer has never been produced by the South than William Gilmore Simms. He was the head of a coterie of writers—Timrod and Hayne being associated with him—which had for their organ *Russell's*

Magazine, one of the best periodicals ever published in the South. Simms showed great ability in writing poetry, drama, criticism, biography, history, and fiction. Timrod, besides his contribution to *Russell's Magazine*, and *The Literary Messenger*, rendered great service to the Southern Cause by some excellent martial lyrics; such as, "Carolina," "Charleston," and "The Cotton Boll." Paul J. Hayne, like Timrod, voiced the aspirations of the South in lyrics which were very popular, although some of them, such as "Vicksburg," "A Ballad," one decidedly meritorious, it can scarcely be said that he rivaled Timrod as the Lyrist of the South.

Henry W. Grady struggled through poverty and adversity to prominence as a writer. He is also noted as a public spirited man, who never ceased to advertise the South. He was, to quote Joel Chandler Harris, "the prospective, if not the pioneer, of the new spirit of activity that was sweeping over the section."

There are many minor miscellaneous writers worthy of mention; such as, G. W. Cable, John Esten Cooke, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, James Lane Allen and Samuel Mintum Peck.

Latest of the Southern men whose names have adorned the pages of history is Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson probably is claimed by other sections, but he was born reared, and partly educated in the South, and he possesses all the characteristics of a true Southerner. He is strongly religious, deeply sympathetic with the common people, and laborers. Of Scotch-Irish decent and in politics a democrat, he is the only democrat to hold two consecutive terms since Andrew Jackson. His administrations were linked with such stupendous changes in democratic and international history, and with events and problems of such vast import, that it is difficult to arrive at a just estimate of his part in history. No man of outstanding importance can be rightly judged by his own generation. It is clear, however, that he ranks with the greatest of American Presidents. It happened that the greater part of his administrations ran parallel with a terrible world struggle in which tradition, laws, and organizations, centuries old, were swept away. The miraculous way in which he swayed the Americans into the war, and the able leadership to a great victory for democracy are almost beyond comprehension. President Wilson's fame as the spokesman of the Allies and the interpreter of American ideals is unquestioned. He figured prominently in bringing the war to a close; and for this achievement he must remain a great unrivaled figure.

B. S.,—'25 Wade Hampton

MEBBE

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter,
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after—Selected.

A PLEA

Our thoughts now turn to Christmas,
The joyous time is close at hand—
The time for great rejoicing
In every Christian land.

Just a few more days of working
And we'll be happy on our way
To the dear old home and loved ones,
And boyhood friends so bright and gay.

It will be a glorious feeling
Late in the eventide,
When we talk with friends and loved ones
Gathered around the glowing fireside.

Let us, in our great rejoicing,
Whatever our lot may be,
Reverently remember this holy day
The day of Christ's nativity.

W. T. F.,—'22, *Carolina*

MOTHER BROWN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

Somehow, the Brown family just hadn't been together for four years. John had been in the army for the last three years and had not been near enough to get home for the Christmas holidays. Frank and Joe, the two married sons, had their families to care for and hadn't been to the old plantation for more than a year. They spent a quiet holiday at their homes with the children. Sarah had been married two years, and her first Christmas she spent with her husband's family. Now she had a little girl to care for—"the finest little girl ever born", as Mother Brown expressed it. Lois, however, still spent her holidays at home, and now that she was in college she even counted the days and hours until Christmas. She was the youngest, and all of her brothers and sisters said, the family pet, but at least she was faithful to her mother and kept the old Judge in good spirit by her good disposition and lively manner. Harry, the eldest, went to Alaska last year as a mining engineer, and was becoming prominent in engineering circles. He wrote that he was home on business and would remain for Christmas. Mother Brown heard this, was overjoyed. Now, that Harry was coming home, she hoped to be able to have a family reunion, even if all the children couldn't be there during the holidays. Surely, since they had been separated so long, the time was ripe to make the old place seem like the happy home it was in days gone by.

Mother Brown and old Judge Brown were both beginning to show age. The Judge had once been as spry and jovial and hale-fellow-well-met a man, and at the same time as stern and just a judge as any man could be. Now though he was still as fine a man as ever, he liked to be petted, and any small disappointment set him wrong with the world. Mother Brown, as everyone in the community lovingly called her, because she was always doing

some one a good deed, or making them happy in some way, was still the same good mother, but, once she set her head, was hard to change. This Christmas she set her head to have a family reunion.

Some of the neighbors suggested that all of the children could not get home without causing her considerable inconvenience, since she had no domestic help. Others argued that all of them could not get home without a great deal of expense. But Mother Brown was not satisfied. She wrote all of them letters telling them just how she had arranged for them to come home, as if it were understood that they were coming. To her surprise, all of them, except John replied that they would be there. He was on his way to the Philippines, and could not get a leave for any length of time. The grandchildren wrote that they were "just prancing to go to grandfather's."

It was just two weeks before Christmas and Mother Brown had just started her Christmas preparations. Of course, she had stored away the nuts and apples, and sealed up the cider, besides baking several large fruit cakes; but she did that as part of her winter's duties. As she began to make arrangements for the crowd at Christmas time, she realized that all of the dusty rooms must be set to rights, fresh linen put out everywhere; and, in short, the whole house must be rearranged. But she set to the task with a willing heart, for it was for her children, wasn't it? Judge Brown set for himself the task of decorating the place for Christmas. "Nature," he insisted, "is the most experienced and skillful artist ever known, and provides abundantly." Therefore, he brought great armfuls of the most exquisite holly, mistletoe, and vines which he had himself gathered. He found also some big hickory logs that he laid away to put on the open fire so that there would be plenty of coals to roast the nuts and marshmallows over during the afternoons and evenings of the Christmas holidays. But he was more proud of the small Christmas tree that he selected, than anything else. It was as near a perfect specimen as could be found anywhere. It had large clusters of berries and was shaped as though nature had carved it for the purpose of making a Christmas tree of it.

In the midst of all of the preparations a telegram came from Harry, saying that the boat he was on was held up by rough waters and that he could not possibly get home until after Christmas day. It seemed that this was merely a starter for the others, because a few hours later a long letter from Sarah came, saying that she found that an intensive drive for relief of European children, which she was in charge of, would cause her to have to stay in the city during Christmas, but that she would be at home for the New Year holiday, and that she knew all the others would be there, so she wouldn't be missed much. "You, and Father must make it a happy Christmas without me this year" she wired.

Preparations went on, but Mother Brown could not persuade herself that it would be a happy Christmas with her youngest grandchild away from her. On top of

her other disappointments, a letter came two days later saying that Joe and Frank were going on a big deer hunt that their club was having and that they would be obliged to miss the good times with the homefolks this year. They had decided that the kids had better stay at home too; so they wouldn't bother the older folks. "All of you at home must have a good time and think of us while you are doing it," was the greeting they sent.

But the climax came the next day when another letter from Sarah came, saying that she was going to keep Lois at her home Christmas eve to attend the holiday ball that was being given the young folks. Sarah declared that she would take good care of her little sister and bring her home later.

Mother Brown couldn't stand the blow. Her baby girl away from her at Christmas! Why, she wouldn't know what to do without Lois. And the dear little lady burst into tears. The Judge came to comfort her. "After all, it is their Christmas holidays, and we must let them spend it as they please. They are grown now, and we must bow to their whims."

The days passed off slowly until the twenty-fourth: then Mother Brown prepared the Christmas gifts that she always carried to her neighbors and the negroes who lived on the plantation. She and Judge Brown never gave expensive gifts, but they had a knack of giving simple presents in such a manner that all the neighbors looked forward to receiving them. All the colored folks were happy when they saw Mother Brown's Christmas gifts. "And the old Judge brought 'em hisself," they would boast to each other. When Christmas eve came, Mother Brown and the Judge started on their rounds, distributing their presents. They locked the door and put the key under the door mat just as they had done for the past ten years.

Neither of them were very happy as they jogged down the road in their buggy, but both wore a pleasant smile and had a happy wish for everyone they met. After making their rounds and wishing everyone a "Merry Christmas," they started back home to a fireside that would not be so merry this year. The thought of the absence of the usual merriment, made both of them a little sad as they rode home. It was just about dusk, and the crooked road that led to the mansion from the main highway was rough; so they hurried a little.

As the buggy rounded the last curve leading to the house, the Judge exclaimed in a strident voice, "Look Mother, someone is in the house and has made a light; surely no burglar would be that bold."

"No; but look at the man out in the front watching; hurry up or they will have taken all the silver and all the old family jewels, because I left the safe open and the silver out on the table."

As they hurried up the steps the man who had been watching threw his arms about his mother and she was saying between embraces, "Why John, I thought you were in the Philippines. And look! What is the meaning of these gold leaves on your shoulders?"

"Mother, I begged for a leave so hard that I finally got it, and the gold leaves merely mean that I have been promoted. I am now a major. You must both come in now, because the girls have supper almost ready. And say, you know those bone-head brothers of mine were about to go off on a hunt instead of coming to the dearest home that ever was; but I rounded them up. They are in the back yard now having the best time of their lives getting pine knots for the big fireplace tonight. Here, Little Sis, account for yourself."

The Judge and Mother Brown were almost carried into the house where the big fire-place was roaring warmth and welcome. "I just couldn't be away from you and Father, especially, Mother, when John came by and told me he was coming; so I let the dance take care of itself and came to have a real merry Christmas," chimed in Lois. Then in walked a big husky man who might just have stepped out of a lumber camp in the north. "Harry!" was all that Mother Brown could say, as he caught her in his strong arms.

Then they all sat around the big fire, and the grandchildren roasted chesnuts while the older folks listened to John tell how he had worked his leave; now he had gone to see every brother and sister and found the same answer at every place: "I was just about to decide to go home anyway." He told of how he had heard of Harry's arrival at the last minute and had gone to him all the way to Capitol city in a car; and of how they had all decided to surprise the old folks by a grand home coming and reunion. Frank's and Joe's wives and their children and Sarah's husband and their little girl were all there, making the family reunion complete.

"Since we are here in full force, let's make Mother and Father the guests and give them a merry Christmas," suggested Harry. However, that was an easy task, because everything in the house was prepared for Christmas. Even the kitchen was full of goodies that Mother Brown had made, and it had been but a few minutes work for the girls to serve a most delicious supper. The self-appointed task of decorating the tree was a pleasure to the grandchildren, and they had fun putting gifts for grandfather and grandmother on the tree.

"The happiest fortune of the whole affair is the gift of all my loved ones with me on this day of giving," said Judge Brown. He then took up his Bible and read the story of the birth of the Babe at Bethlehem, just as he had done at every Christmas since his children were old enough to understand. Then they all bowed their heads while the Judge humbly gave thanks for the family which was assembled to celebrate Christ's birthday, and assured the Great Giver that there was one family in which dwelt "Peace on earth, Good will toward men." As he spoke, his voice became husky, and one might have detected a tear in the unusually stern eyes of the Judge; and Mother Brown's face fairly beamed with happiness, while her eyes were wet with tears of pure joy.

W. J. S.,—'22, *Columbian*

Life

The era of our boyhood days is passing. We are now passing through the tempestuous days of college life, striving to gain the knowledge, ways, and actions of men, capable of going into the world to erect new standards, and improve the old.

Our state and our nation are preparing a place for us. There are not any assignments to these places: they are left entirely to our choice and ability, and our choice and ability are determined in part by our career as college students.

Stop for a moment and think: for each one of us to whom the opportunity to gain a college education has presented itself, there are fifty to whom this opportunity has never come. Only two percent of the boys go to college. The fact that they have been denied this opportunity does not mean that they are barred from success; but it does mean that the obstacles that are in the road to success must be removed by their hard toils. The obstacles that are in our road are being removed by great institutions, and we have only to climb the smooth ascent to the higher planes of success. Our roads were marked for us by those who made it possible for us to come to college. Notwithstanding these advantages, many of the college boys become weary and fall by the wayside, and upon the midplanes content themselves.

Many of our great men whose works stand as a light to guide our footsteps, were not men who had spent four years in college, neither did they have the success of others as a guide, nor trained instructors to advise them. Such great men as Euclid, Erastosthenes, Aristarchus, Hipparchus, and Aristotle, who originated the sciences which are stumbling blocks to modern scholars, are good examples of men who by their works made a great success. Are we succeeding in the proportional ratio in which we stand to our advantages, as they did to their advantages? We should ask ourselves: (1) Are we doing what the outside world expects of us? (2) Are we awarding ourselves to the extent of our advantages? (3) Are the efforts that we are putting forth based on a better America? (4) Does our work justify our being the two per cent number? (5) Are we considering the welfare of our fellowman as well as our own? After we have considered these questions and found some defective points then it becomes our duty to correct them.

The great institutions are comprised of a body of students. The record of these institutions depends entirely upon the individual students. It was only by the hard toil of those who have gone before us that colleges were made possible, and their standards, of which we like to boast, were raised high. These standards are now in our hands, and we have the power to make of them something the future youth will be proud of.

Our conditions and our advantages should be considered. Their offerings should be accepted, and made as great by us as we feel that they could have been made, had someone else received them. Our minds should be constantly recalled to the fact that our lives are what we make of them.

C. B. K.,—'25, Palmetto

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

The time we've been longing for
Is approaching very fast;
Tis good old Christmas time
That is almost here at last.

Let us stop for just a moment
To think what Christmas means.
We are living in such a onrush
We sometimes forget, it seems.

Nearly two thousand years ago
A star served as a ranger;
To guide and lead three wise men
To where a babe lay in a manger.

This babe had come into the world
To die for you, and for me
That we might not be forever lost
But saved through all eternity.

King Herod sought to kill the infant
By killing all the children in the land;
But this dear child was saved from death
By God's omnipotent hand.

Then when we are giving our gifts
To friends on Christmas every year,
Let us not forget the gift God made
Of an only son so dear.

-- T. L. V.,—'24, Carolina

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Next session opens September 20, 1922.

For Catalog and Information address

W. S. CURRELL, President, Columbia, S. C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

The CHRONICLE wishes to extend to each and every student and member of the faculty the best wishes for a happy Christmas and a happy New Year. May the joys and happiness attendant upon the season be yours in the fullest measure, and may the brief recess in your work prove beneficial in that it will enable you to resume your work with renewed determination and purpose after the holiday season is over. May the year 1922 hold for you a boundless store of happiness, the highest success, and a full realization of your every worthy dream and aim.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS

The Christmas season will soon be here. For the nineteen-hundred-twenty-first time, the Christian nations of the earth will pause to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, the son of God.

Since the time of Christ's life upon the earth, the great system of affairs of the world has been changed many times. Mighty nations have risen and fallen, great men have lived and died, and beliefs and creeds have been adopted only to be later rejected and finally discarded. Yet, out of this chaos of affairs, one cause has remained unchecked; the cause of Christianity, for which Christ gave his life, has stood the test of time, and it has proved good.

Then, while we celebrate the Christmas season with joy and merrymaking, will it not be fitting for us to remember the great event which has rendered this season holy? And will it not be to our credit to pause in our happiness and do homage to Him who suffered and died that we might be free?

CONTINUE IN COLLEGE

In view of the acute financial condition existing in the State at the present time, it will be hard for many students to return to college after the Christmas holidays, and many will in all probability not return at all. However, before a student drops his work, he should think seriously over the step that he is about to take. He should consider the fact that he is taking a step which will influence his whole life, and a step which he will live to regret.

A story is told of two wood-choppers who started out each with a dull axe, one morning to chop wood. One man stopped to grind his axe, but the other went on to work without doing this. The first man lost time grinding his axe, during which the second man cut a large amount of wood. However, the first man then came with his sharpened axe and, before the day was over, cut a much greater amount of wood than the man who started first with a dull tool.

The man who starts out in life without an education is working with a dull tool, and the man who sharpens his intellect by securing an education is going to surpass him before the race of life is run. It may seem to many that they are not getting anywhere by going to college, and that the men who finished high-school with them and are now at work have far outstripped the college men. Consider the story of the wood-choppers, and make up your mind to sharpen your axe, whatever the cost, and in the end you will win out.

THE COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

It was the privilege of two members of the editorial staff of the "Chronicle" to attend the annual meeting of the College Press Association of South Carolina, held at Greenville Woman's College and Furman University on November 30 and December 1 and 2.

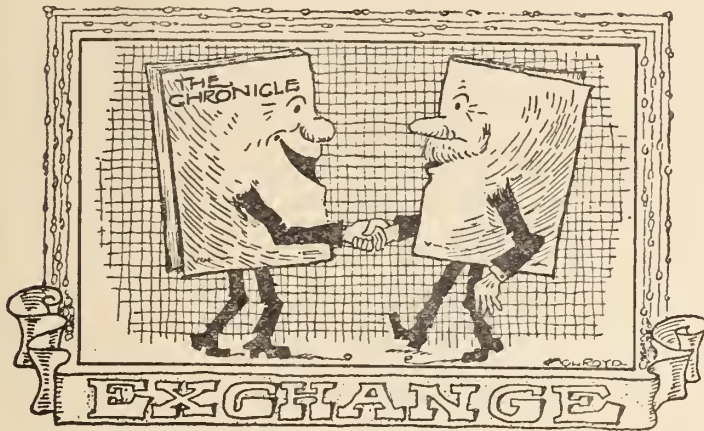
Practically every College periodical in the state was represented at the conference, and the event proved both entertaining and instructive. The delegates representing various periodicals came to Greenville with the determination to carry away something of value which could be applied to the betterment of these publications during the remainder of the year.

The meetings held at G. W. C. and Furman were well attended, and were literally crammed with helpful suggestions and information for the college journalists. Some pet illusions with regard to the publishing of college magazines and weeklies were dispelled, while many excellent ideas and plans were strengthened, approved, and passed on to the others present.

Much credit is due to the members of the periodical staffs of G. W. C. and Furman for the success of the conference. The program, which was interesting and delightful in every detail, represented the product of untiring labor and thought on the part of those who were really interested in the success of the meeting.

While the more serious part of the program was conscientiously carried out, the social side claimed its

share of the attention of the young journalists. The reception and the dinner at G. W. C. were delightful affairs, and, together with the drive over the beautiful city of Greenville and the brilliant banquet at the Otteray Hotel, served to stamp indelibly upon the minds of the delegates the memory of three happy days.



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

EXCHANGE

Quite a number of praiseworthy magazines came to the desk of this department last month, and we are glad to comment on these magazines.

The November issue of the *Concept* is up to its usual high standard. If all of our magazines were as well balanced and as full of good material as is the *Concept*, we would have more to boast of. The author of "The By Path" has a well developed mystery story and shows ability in sticking to the theme throughout the tale. The Wild Thyme department contains some good verse. "To Little—" has a pleasing rhythm and seeing that makes it easy to read and repeat. "At The Manse," because of the lack of definite plot or plan, fails to grip the reader's attention and he loses interest in the story—or rather the description.

The *Wake Forest Student* voices quite a loyal tribute to John Francis Lannan in the November number. We think it is very fitting that the students dedicate an issue of their magazine to a man who occupies such a place in their hearts.

The story, "In an Assylum," in the October issue of *The Pine and Thistle* is very cleverly written. The author leads up to the climax, then allows the heroine to bring herself to safety in an artful manner. "Ambition of The Freshman Class" embodies an ideal that is worth while if really carried out. We think the joke editor did her department full justice in this issue.

The lack of poetry in "*The Erkinian*" is very noticeable. We suggest that this defect be remedied and also that less space be given to departments in order that more may be given to other literary efforts. We know that Erskine can put out a better magazine than the November number.

We observe several articles of real worth and literary value in the *Emory Phoenix*. "Remember Mary" is a story well worth mention. "The Window" is well written; the author shows fine discrimination in selecting words that leave exactly the desired impression on the reader's mind. The verse can be better appreciated when read over and over again.

The November *Georgia Cracker* is far from being up to the standard set for itself in the humorous issue for October. We believe the editor is correct in saying that he lacks contributions for his literary issue. Better luck next time, Mr. Editor!

The *Furman Echo* has a well balanced October issue and reveals the possession of some able literary men as contributors. However, the lack of an exchange department makes us believe that they are not getting the full benefits from the magazines which their exchanges send them.

The *Winthrop Journal* is one magazine which seems to have a hearty support in the form of contributions. The October number contains much literary work that is a credit to Winthrop students. It seems to be a more serious-minded journal than most of our other exchanges.

We were very glad to receive the football issue of the "*Technique*" this month.

Clippings and Comments

H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

The bluebirds no longer bring happiness. Nowadays it's the swallow.—Life.

Joy Killers: People who won't smile.

The average woman prefers being idolized to being understood.—Boston Transcript.

The Starting Crank—Just because a crank can start something, he thinks that he is the horse power. (Baltimore Sun) Literary Digest.

Amusement to the observing mind is study.—Beaconfield.

Prejudices are merely other people's opinions;—Way-side Tales.

Modern style may have interfered with deposits in woman's favorite bank, but it has caused no decrease in interest.—Boston Transcript.

Few men have such tricky memories as the Englishman who asked his wife at breakfast; "My dear, who was that chap that was telling us the other day about—er—let me see—what was it?"

Altho, of course, there was the well-known artist who said, "I have such a wretchedly poor memory of late; in fact, there are two things that I always forget: one of them is names, and the other one is—er—I forgot what the other one was."

This era has no corner on clever men. Eumenes, an ancient Greek borrowed money from his enemies to keep them from killing him.—Atchison Globe.

WORTHY IDEALS

When I die, call me "a good sport"—a sport in all that it implies: cheerful, willing, ready to serve, anxious to do right, never content when the day is done—impatient for the new chance on the morrow—Selected.

COMPENSATION

The man with a narrow mind usually has a wide mouth—Boston Transcript.

The painter, the sculptor, the composer, the epic rhapsodist, the orator, all partake of one desire; namely, to express themselves symmetrically and abundantly, not dwarfishly nor fragmentarily.—Emerson.

Unusually love is two fool things after each other—Selected.

A WINTER SONG

For me the winter old,
The live star's splintered light,
The shrill winds cold that scour the world
Through the wild tempestous night.

I love the rattling hail,
And the snowflakes tempest-sown,
The woods in mail that creak in the gale,
And the night's wind baritone.

Now songs that the soul inspire,
And tales as the twilight falls,
While the crackling fire leaps higher and higher
And the shadows dance on the walls.

Or ho! for the frozen streams,
And a sweep on the silver floor
That, winding, gleams 'neath the stars' white beam
Far into the woodland hoar.

Where the great owls call to you
From deep in the hooded pines,
"Tu-whit, too-whoo," where the witches brew
And the moon belated shines.

Season of strenuous mirth,
Hail with your wealth of cheer!
Your deepest dirth dost hold the birth
Of the boyant brave New Year.
—Henry Jerome Stockard.

Speaking of enemies, don't have them. Don't fight, don't get even. Ignore. Life is too short for grudges and vengeance. Go on. Let the other fellow stew. You keep sweet. Nothing can punish him worse. If a man doesn't like you, keep away from him. It's a large roomy world. And, thank God, there is always another side of the street.

—Dr. Frank Crane, in American Magazine

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UNBLEMISHED LOVELINESS

Beauty Specialist: For the Autumn Modern, eye-brows will be worn high, cheeks sunburnt, while cupid-bow lips will give way to the passionate.—Town Topics (London) Life.

—o—

 THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE

When wintry days are dark and drear
 And all the forest ways grow still,
 When gray snow-laden clouds appear
 Among the black horizon hill,
 When cattle are all snugly penned
 And sheep go huddling close together,
 When steady streams of smoke ascend
 From farm-house chimneys in such weather,
 Give me old Carolina's own,
 A great log-house, a great hearthstone,
 A cheering pipe of cob or briar
 And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary days draw to a close
 And all the salient land is dark,
 When Boreas down the chimney blows
 And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
 When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
 And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
 With hounds asleep about your feet,
 Then is the time for reverie.
 Give me old Carolina's own,
 A great log-house, a great hearthstone,
 A cheering pipe of cob or briar
 And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

—o—

He sat on the bridge at midnight,
 Disturbing my sweet repose.
 He was a big mosquito;
 The bridge, the bridge of my nose.—Selected.

—o—

A man should never be ashamed to say that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

—o—

 HIGH LIFE

The dame, resolved on suicide, sat down and wrote some parting lines, explaining why, before she died, and took in all her divers signs. "Too much high life," and here's the end; I've fractured man's and nature's laws;" and then she shot a lady friend, and killed herself without a pause. You read it in the public prints, and doubtless have little thought, so many tales of crimson tint are to our doorsteps brought. The words of moralists seem vain; the folks must have their gaudy time;—"too much high life"—that will explain one half of the carnival of crime. Too much joy riding in the night, when sober men are in their coops; too much pursuing cheap delight, and letting their duty loop the loops. Too much

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Cliff Crawford

—
CLEANING
and
PRESSING

of crazed and fevered love, of wedding pledges cast aside; and now the thistle grow above the slayer and the suicide. The wave of crime still sweeps along, and every hour some victims fall; right seems submerged beneath the wrong—"too much high life" explained it all. "Too much high life" has filled the jails with delegates bereft of hope, with foolish dames and jingled males who face the hangman and the rope.—Walt Mason, Greenville Daily News.

Don't cary a joke too far, you might have to carry it back.—Selected.

Full many a hero has lost his crown through waiting for a time to be heroic.—Universal Leader.

A smile is the trade mark of a happy soul.—Selected

J O K E S

H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

Every dog has his day ,and boys have their week-ends.

Many a girl who sits on a Man's knee before marriage has to sue him for support after marriage.

Lives of old maids all remind us
They have not made their lives sublime;
And departing see behind them
Places where they have "marked time."

You can string bean, and kid gloves, but you can't bull-frogs.

Her pretty knees' were unsocked,
As into the garden she walked,
The spuds in surprise,
Shook the dirt from their eyes,

And even the sweet corn was shocked.—Exchange.
.Since all the new style dresses are getting longer, I suspect that most lines of sight will be elevated.

"Dew Drop" Wallace: "Buck, How is the cotton Market?"

"Buck" Armstrong (who was reading The State) : "Still above the knees."

A little glass of near-bear,
A little drop of ether;
Will make the world spin merrily
In any kind of weather.—Exchange.

Her petticoat was georgette blue
Her dress was cheese cloth red;
When she passes 'tween me and light
I always turn my head.—Exchange.

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The Place to Buy

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If Tom would Taylor,
Chalmers would Butler,
And Wilbur would Booze(he)r,
Would H. Steel(e)?

If Ed were Savage,
"Kid" were Fuller,
And Joe were Moss,
Would Moris How(el)l?

If "Daddy" were a Cannon,
Rabit, a hair (hare),
And T. H. a Rope,
Would Chester B. King?

—o—
Eve had no Christmas,
Neither did Adam,
Neither wore socks,
Nobody had 'em,
Never got cards,
Nobody did.
Did they enjoy Christmas? —
We'll say they did.

—o—
GOOD FILOSOPHY

Its easy enough to be pleasant with a lass and a glass
and a song,
But the man worth while is the guy who can smile,
When he's got the old woman along.—Exchange.

—o—
Courtship is preface to hardship.

—o—
Spinisters believe marriage are made in heaven; Marri-
ed men know better.

—o—
It is just as well that some husbands are not under-
stood by their wives.— Selected.

—o—
It alarms a girl to be kissed suddenly, but it is a still
alarm.

—o—
If marriage is a lottery, then the unlucky number is
drawn in a perambulator.—Exchange.

—o—
Merimaids lured men to the rocks, but the modern
woman lures his rocks from him.

Because a woman shuts her eyes when she is kissed,
it doesn't follow that she dare not meet the kiss face to
face.—Selected.

—o—
SAM'S GIRL.

Sam's girl is tall and slender:
My girl is fat and low.
Sam's girl wears silks and satins
My girl wears calico.

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Sam's girl is swift and speedy.
My girl's demure and good.
Do you think I'd swap for Sam's girl?
You know darn well I would—Selected.

He: "You were no spring chicken when I married you."
She: "No I was a little goose."

The kiss is a peculiar proposition. No use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. It is the baby's right; the lover's privilege; the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid, charity.

Burning kisses always go with sparks.

A girl with a good figure, wavy hair, a smooth complexion and pretty teeth never has to worry about brains.—Exchange.

HOT DOG

It doesn't extinguish the conflagration in a man's burning brain when a pretty girl turns her hose on him.

Some women get red in the face from modesty, some from anger, and some from druggists.

There is one Gal in Galveston, but there are more in Baltimore.

When a man gets his hair cut, his wife loses her strongest hold on him.

The timid girl appreciates the sympathy that makes a man feel for her in the dark.

Age and her little brother will always tell on a girl.

Girls now-a-day are very much like salads—a great deal depends upon the dressing.

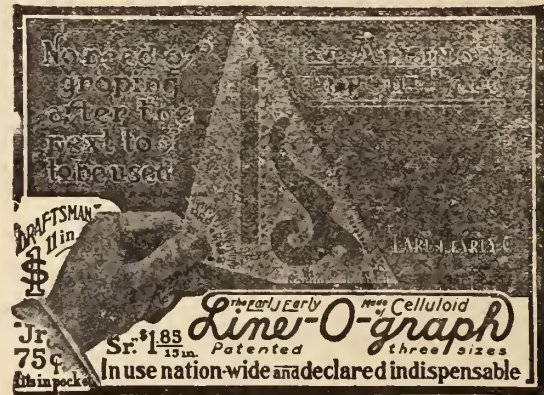
Professor: "Mr. Auten, what is your idea of capacity?"
"Tea Hound" Auten: "When you are hugging a fat girl."

Excerpt from a mother's letter to her son in camp:
Dear Willie, don't shoot the little craps; remember they love life as well as you do.—Tar Baby.

Kutie: "Agnes slipped on her veranda last night."
Simp: "Well did it fit her?"

Women and music should never be dated.

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CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

THE CHRONICLE



*The College Library
Campus*

"Safety and equal government are things

Which subjects make as happy as their kings."

—Waller.

Faculty Number

VOL. XX /

Clemson College, S. C., Jan. 1922.

No. 4

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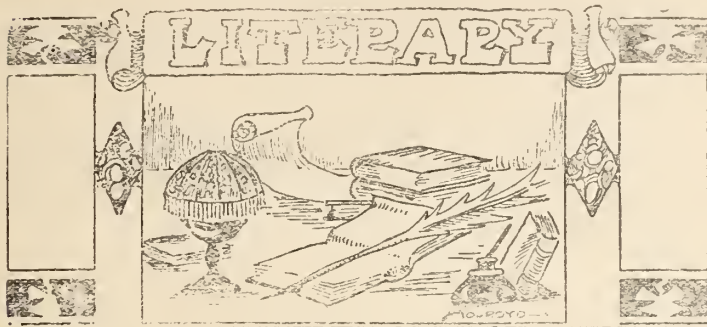
PRESSING

The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX.

Clemson College, S. C., January, 1922

No. 4

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22.

R. W. COARSEY, '23

B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

A NEW YEAR THOUGHT

J. W. Kirkpatrick,—'24

Now with Christmas past and gone,
 Gone the days and nights of fun.
 Phantom memories they do seem,
 Like a pleasant ending dream;
 Which receive a timeworn heart,
 Which is of life a pleasant part.
 Yet cast aside these tho'ts so dear,
 We must, and fill this whole new year
 With joy, with love, with work, and cheer.

—o—

TEN YEARS OF GROWTH AT CLEMSON

W. M. Riggs, President.

I wonder how many Alumni come here, and after a day spent on the campus think they have "seen" Clemson? I wonder if they have any idea of the magnitude of the work carried on by their Alma Mater, or how it has grown and matured during the past decade?

ATTENDANCE & RESOURCES.

When I came into the President's office January 1, 1910, the student attendance was 653, and the annual expenditure for college work was \$169,024.86. The faculty numbered about 48 teachers and officers and the value of the college property was inventoried at \$1,025,183.16. The total annual expenditure for all purposes was about \$345,000.00.

The attendance now averages around the 850 mark, (this session it will reach 1,000), and the faculty number about 65. The inventory value of the college property July 1, 1920, was \$2,375,074.02. Today the expenditures for collegiate purposes alone are about \$300,000.00, and the total for all purposes is nearly a million and a half.

NEW BUILDINGS AND ADDITIONS.

The addition of a fourth story to old barracks in 1911 made possible an attendance of 200 more cadets, and this added capacity was immediately taken up. The top story of the main college building was made into additional class rooms to provide for the increase. The dairy building and the dairy barn were erected and many small additions made to shops and laboratories.

The Y. M. C. A. building finished in 1915, with its swimming pool, bowling alley, games, movies, and reading rooms, is a social and recreational center badly needed in the old days. It may be interesting to some to know that one day, on a venture, I wrote to Mr. John D. Rockfellow, asking him for \$50,000 to help build a Y. M. C. A. at Clemson. After nine months he answered saying that he would give that amount if the college, its faculty, students, alumni and others, would raise \$25,000.00. This was done. The building, designed by Prof. R. E. Lee and built by Mr. T. W. Cothran, both of the class of 1896, is one of the finest in the South. It is easily worth today \$150,000.00, although it cost only \$78,000.00 in 1915.

The new athletic field, costing about \$10,000.00, and probably the largest in the South, was completed in 1916.

During recent years our beautiful campus has been given greater attention. Much of the 21 miles of road on the college property has been hard-surfaced, and about 4 miles of concrete walks put down.

CHANGES IN MILITARY AFFAIRS

In military lines there have been many changes. The military work itself has been greatly changed in the past ten years. In the old days drill came after regular class periods from four to five, or even from five to six in the afternoon. Football practice had to go on by electric lights. Now all military work is embraced in the regular schedule, which for most classes, is over at 4 P. M.

The R. O. T. C. course gives students of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes part commutation for uniforms, and in the Junior and Senior Classes, about \$150.00 each year in cash as commutation for subsistence.

In 1916 section roll-calls and section marching to classes were abolished, and marching to and from churches was also done away with.

Beginning last session, week-end privileges were granted to all cadets who had a clear class record and not more than 20 demerits during the preceding term, or a proportional number in the preceding "month." On Friday nights call-to-quarters was extended to 9 P. M. By these means the rigors of military discipline have been relaxed without loss of efficiency. Before last session there was no such thing as a cadet leaving the college except on holidays or in an emergency. There was no policy of pleasure permits.

IMPROVEMENT IN TEACHING

In educational matters it is the invisible more than the visible that is important. Great as has been the improvement in physical equipment and even more important in

the improvement in the curriculums and teaching work of the college.

The curriculums have been greatly extended and enriched. Today Clemson gives, I think, the best agricultural instruction in the South, and the equal of the instruction in engineering and textiles. Many new lines of work have been added in recent years, such as Chemical Engineering, Agricultural Education, Architecture, Rural Sociology, Psychology, Business Law, Spanish, etc..

Further mention should be made of the instruction in Agriculture. The "Agricultural Course" in the old days was regarded as the "path of least resistance" to graduation. Now there are seven major courses in agriculture, each strongly organized, and including some of the strongest students in college. Agricultural instruction has suffered in many an agricultural college because of the emphasis placed on agricultural research and extension. To guard against this danger Dr. Calhoun in 1917 was made Director of Agricultural Teaching. This put the agricultural teaching on a parity with agricultural extension and research, with a capable leader to look to its special development.

CLEMSON'S PUBLIC SERVICE

But *teaching* is only one phase of Clemson's work. It is the most important, but measured in dollars, not its largest phase. Clemson is a great public service corporation—its campus embraces the whole state of South Carolina. It is the fireside university of our agricultural and industrial workers everywhere. Ten years ago the total expenditures for public service was \$65,457.95; now the total reaches over \$600,000.00 annually. This public services includes Fertilizer Inspection and Analysis, Live Stock Sanitary work, Crop Pest and Disease work, Agricultural Research and Agricultural Extension.

In addition to the 1,571 acres of property of the college, the Coast Station near Summerville has 600 acres, and the Pee Dee Station at Florence 200 acres. These two branch stations are part of the work in agricultural research.

THE CADET FUND

With increased numbers and costs, the expenditures in the Cadet Fund have steadily grown from \$89,383.64 ten years ago for board, laundry, uniforms, etc, to \$239,798.18 last session.

In connection with the mess hall, it might be remarked that its present standard is not to be compared to the days when the board was fixed at the "penitentiary figure" of \$6.50 per month. A matron in the messhall is an innovation of the past ten years that would seem strange to the graduates prior to 1912.

REVOLVING ACCOUNTS

Also a large group of interests operated on a commercial basis, and supported by their receipts, have sprung up during the past decade such as the farm, the dairy herd, the creamery, swine husbandry, the sale of hog chelera serum, the education of disabled soldiers, the college hotel, etc. These accounts represent a total annual expenditure of about \$245,000.00.

ADEQUATE SUPPORT

Yes, Clemson College, with its two and a third million dollar plant administering over a million and a half dollars for all purposes, is a much larger institution than a few hours spent on the campus will reveal. It is by no means perfect or complete, but with its efficient military discipline and excellent faculty, it is about the smoothest running educational machine to be found anywhere. What it needs now to grow rapidly into a really great college, maintaining its efficiency as well as increasing its numbers, is more money for maintenance and nine hundred thousand dollars within the next five years to complete its plant and provide for an attendance of 1,500 students. When that is done the cost per student to the state will be reduced at least 35 percent.

None of the federal or state money for extension, research and other public service can be used for collegiate purposes, and the college proper—the heart of this great enterprise—is starving in the midst of comparative plenty.

The fertilizer tax will never be more than an uncertain and inadequate maintenance fund, and must sooner or later be substituted or supplemented by a direct appropriation from the legislature. Our building program must be financed either by a bond issue or direct annual appropriation. For five years now, Clemson has stood still without the money to continue the completion and enlargement of its plant. The time is not distant when our people—85 percent of whom are engaged in agriculture—will demand a certain and adequate support for the one state institution contributing directly to that one great business on which the prosperity of the state depends. The time is at hand for the legislature to come to our aid and see to it that no son of South Carolina, prepared for college, knocks in vain for entrance into the agricultural and mechanical college of his state, or after admission, lacks those faculties to fully justify the expenditures of his time and money.

This session 1,000 students; in three years 1,200 students; in five years 1,500 students, will be a reasonable goal even in a state as small as South Carolina, and blessed with as many state and denominational colleges as is our state. With money and the help of the alumni this goal of attendance can easily be reached. It will mean an united pull to put across a campaign for more money and more students, but when the word goes out through the Alumni Association as to the plans of the Trustees, we expect every Clemson man to "buck the line" in earnest.

NEED OF A WINNING FOOTBALL TEAM

Along with more money, Clemson needs also a great football team. Everyone will readily admit the importance of money, but some will question the emphasis put on this second need. Some people still regard intercollegiate athletics as merely the sport of college boys. They fail to realize its vital connection with attendance and public favor and support.

To such let me suggest the following reflection. The

public knows little, and cares less, about the curriculum of a college and its standards of admission. Sad, but true! They have little inclination and no means of judging fairly of the efficiency of the college teaching. They judge the unseen by the seen, the unknown by the known. A good football team is something they are able to appreciate and appraise, and whether we like it or not, the general public in a measure forms its estimate of a college by its success on the gridiron. Then too, preeminence in athletics is one of the most effective forms of advertisement to attract students.

Up to a few years ago, Clemson was the *big college* in the eye of the public—not only because of its numbers and its good collegiate work, but because of its athletic prowess—its ability to defeat and and all football rivals in South Carolina. Let us not underrate the seriousness of “falling down” in intercollegiate athletics, for it may cost us our place in the public mind as the *first college* in South Carolina. That would be indeed a serious consequence,—a loss in comparison with which a football defeat is a mere bagatelle. Within another year Clemson must again be the big *one* in South Carolina, and one of the “big three” in southern football.

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“WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.”

R. T. Halstead,—22

My ship set sail one pretty day
And sped to lands far away,
To sell its cargo and buy a store,
As has been done since days of yore.
I set my hopes on my pretty boat
I sold my house and sold my coat,
That pearls and silks and laces fine
Might come back on that ship of mine.

Many a day has passed away
Since my boat stole out of bay,
But nought have I seen or heard,
No passing mariner has brought me word
Of my pearls and silks and laces fine,
That would come back on that ship of mine.

Perchance the craft still sails the sea
And even now sails back to me;
Perchance even now my choicest store
Is lying on the ocean's floor,
Nought to the ocean, but all to me,
Entwined in the wreck of my argosy.

But never will I give up hope
Of seeing into the harbor grope
My heavy-laden treasure ship
Back from a long but prosperous trip:
Of seeing my ship come over the sea,
Bringing back treasure and wealth to me—
To me who have waited many a day
For my ship to come sailing into the bay.

WHY STUDY THE HUMANITIES?

D. W. Daniel, Head Academic Department

Did you ever see a beautiful young girl come down the aisle of a railway coach, take a seat just across from you, and then begin to chew gum vigorously? Were you shocked? If not, you don't know what good form is. Did you ever have the good impression made by a handsome young man, dispelled by the “have saws”, the “had wents” and the “ain't got nones” he slung around? If not, you likely sling around such expressions yourself.

A moving picture giving a panoramic view of all the physically weak, deformed, and crippled in the world, would present a depressing spectacle. A companion picture showing the mentally deficient, dwarfed, and sick would be shockingly horrible.

Every young college man should look well to his physical condition, to his personal appearance, and to his social manners, for they have much to do with his success in life. Without good health, neat appearance and agreeable manners, few men succeed. Nevertheless, that young man who gives more thought to gaining physical strength and grooming his person than he gives to securing mental vigor and clothing his mind, is making a monumental mistake.

In these practical times young college men are prone to look upon their academic studies as a necessary. Sometimes, they regard them as unnecessary evils to be avoided as far as possible. They make a mistake. The most practical thing in the world is a clear-thinking brain. The academic work of a college should equip a man for clear thinking and correct expression, both of which are essential to the highest success in any vocation.

President Nichols, recently made the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said in his inaugural address: “Amid the growing complexities and perplexities of technical education there has been, and is, a steady and strong temptation to introduce more detailed technical courses at the expense of other background-building studies. This temptation, weighty as are the arguments for yielding to it, must nevertheless be steadily and firmly resisted—we cannot afford to sacrifice the breadth of a man to create a too narrowly efficient machine.” These words from the president of one of the leading schools of technology in the country have weight. Young men who place little value on their cultural studies make a serious mistake.

Discussing the need for better training in English for engineers, Professor Frank Aydelotte, also of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says: “Language has weight in classifying a man, infinitely more than manners or dress.” No young college man believes that he can attain the highest success if he is uncouth or boorish in person and manner, and yet some seem to expect success in spite of correct mental habits and expression.” Continuing, Professor Aydelotte says: “Probably the majority of civil lawsuits are caused, not by trickery, or deceit or dishonesty, but by the use of ambiguous words and phrases, bad ordering of the matter, incom-

pleteness and other faults in the language of correspondence, specifications, and contracts." Discussing the same subject, John Lyle Harrington, an eminent engineer says: "Possessing a mastery of the English language, he (the engineer) may or may not rise to eminence; but without it, he certainly cannot."

An editorial in the December "World's Work" quotes approvingly from an article by Arthur Pound in the October "Atlantic Monthly" advocating the education of mechanics and other workers for the enjoyment of leisure, giving them "the knowledge of the gracious arts of living—literature, history, ethics, music and the like. Without these, we shall have hordes of undisciplined youth, with money in pocket, and with nothing to do during half their waking hours, except to gratify their appetites for excitement and sensory pleasures."

At the suggestion of Herbert Hoover, a committee of fifty engineers, appointed by the Federated American Engineering Societies, made a study of the Waste in Industry. They spent several months at the job and made a voluminous report, in which the statement was made that the great need of American business is "for men of trained imagination to guide technical processes and mechanical practices on their human side to an effective conclusion." The statement was also made that the great technological institutions have discovered that the graduates who got four years of Latin, history, literature, and philosophy before taking up specialized technical studies, succeed best. One of the chief reasons assigned for their pre-eminent success, is that the all-round man is better equipped for dealing with men.

The college man should prepare to be something bigger than a mere worker. He should leave the task of making things, high and noble as that work is, for those who are not prepared to think and plan. He should be an expert thinker. The mental experts not only provides jobs for those who must work, but he gives them a higher class of work, shorter hours, and more leisure. If only one college graduate out of every one hundred and seventy achieves distinction, the failure of the one hundred and sixty-nine is largely due to the lack of thinking or to lax thinking. It is not mere knowledge, but the application, the right use of knowledge, that counts. The world needs more thinkers, clearer thinkers.

"Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought.
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.

But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the Job—the Dreamer,
Who's making the dream come true!
—Berton Braley.

Success in business is greatly to be desired. Every college man should strive for it. The successful business man serves humanity. But there are other worthy accomplishments. A college man should be able to move, unembarrassed, in the highest social circles. To do so he must be a man of broad sympathies and wide and varied knowledge. He must disagree with Henry Ford in his claim that history is mostly "bunk". He ought to know by what processes civilization has come to its present stage. He should be reasonably well acquainted with the hopes, the fears, the ambitions, and the loves of the races of men as they are recorded in the best literature. He should know something of the great artists and their work, of the customs of other countries, of the religions of races. Such knowledge broadens a man's views, deepens his sympathies, and raises his ideals.

Every man makes his own world. To some men the world is a one-horse farm; to some, a bank; to some, the four walls of a store. And yet a tinker in a dirty jail made all mankind his world.

"The world spreads out on either side,
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the earth is stretched the sky,
No higher than the soul is high."

—o—

RICHERS OF NATURE

F. E. Taylor,—22

The rich man in passing cast a pitying look
At the rugged farmer tilling his soil.
"What dreadful work, what a life he must lead,
Always without hope, unceasingly to toil.

"Surely his must be a hard, weary strife,
Fighting the soil for his poor daily bread.
How much more blest am I in life:
No work, no toil; ease and pleasure instead."

But the tiller of soils in his fields worked on,
With no envy for gold nor its glittering lure,
For his brave heart was glad and attuned to a song;
The beauties of nature set his whole soul astir.

He felt, as he sang, how glorious the day:
What joy in living, how sweet the fresh air;
What privilege by working a tribute to pay
God's plans: with Him the work of this day to share."

Far better to enjoy nature's riches untold,
Than be blinded by money and pleasure;
Far better to open the windows of the soul
To the rich truths from nature's own treasure.

WHAT IS THE R. O. T. C.?

Major Madison Pearson, Commandant

This is a question I am frequently asked. I know that many Clemson men are also asked the same question. I shall attempt to give an epitome of its aims and conceptions in the hope that you will have a keener appreciation of the benefits to our citizenship which are derived from its existence.

Our national Government has never had a definite military policy, and in the absence of such policy the emergencies of war have found us totally unprepared in material, organization, and personnel. For this unpreparedness we have paid in human lives and treasure. In order to remedy these defects, Congress wisely enacted legislation, the aim of which is very aptly expressed in the language of President Harding: "Our present National Defense Law establishes an economical and democratic military policy thoroughly consistent with our national traditions. It provides for a small Regular Army, to be augmented by great citizen forces in the event of national emergency. This is our traditional military policy. But whereas in the past these larger war forces have been extemporized after the occurrence of an emergency, the new law wisely provides that the framework of this organization shall be established and developed in time of peace, in so far as this is practicable through the voluntary service of our patriotic young men. The Army of the United States, as defined in the new law comprises the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves. Every patriotic citizen should encourage the development of these forces, each within its sphere."

It will be seen that we rely upon three agencies for our national defense; viz, the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves. The largest, and in the end the most important, is the Organized Reserves which draws upon our patriotic citizens for its personnel.

The backbone of the Reserves is the commissioned personnel, for around the officers, who supply the brains of an army, revolve the intricacies of organization and upon them devolve the responsibilities of leadership. To supply the necessary leaders, it was but natural that our National Congress should look to our colleges and universities as a reservoir of constant supply. The premise; viz, "No man can prepare himself to serve his country in war without making himself more valuable for all the relations of civil life," is the anchor to which the foundations of the R. O. T. C. are firmly established.

The course, as now given, gives a mental training in conjunction with the physical development, the results of which are applauded by recognized authorities.

Our government is not selfish in its demand upon the student. While he is preparing and fitting himself for the public service, the government on its part renders to the student a service which cannot be over estimated. An outline of what the government does for the student in return might not be out of place:

It furnishes him with uniforms sufficient to last during his college course and provides the necessary equipment.

It pays for his subsistence during his Junior and Senior years.

It sends him to Camp, where his railroad fare to and from is paid; feeds and clothes him and pays him one dollar per day while there; and through the agencies of civic bodies in nearby cities he meets in a social way the best people of the community.

To recapitulate in dollars and cents the value of the R. O. T. C. to each student is as follows for his four years in college:

Uniforms -----	\$ 72.00
Subsistence -----	292.00
Pay while in camp -----	45.00
Railroad fare to Camp -----	40.00
Sleeper -----	7.50
Total -----	\$456.50

This means that every man enrolled in the R. O. T. C. receives \$456.50 for his participation in the organization. At the present time there are 727 cadets enrolled in the R. O. T. C. at Clemson College and when every man shall have been graduated the citizens of South Carolina will have received from the United States Treasury the sum of \$331,875.50 (Approximately.)

We hope that the future will be so kind to our country as to render unnecessary the calling to the colors of our Organized Reserves, but should the infamous double headed god, Janus, again open his gates the response to the call by R. O. T. C. graduates will be one which will make our country proud.

HIDE THAT FROWN AN' SMILE

J. W. Kirkpatrick,—'24

'Most the time, we are a wishin'
For a somethin' we ain't got,
Always findin' room to grumble,
Whether the trouble is real or not.
All time fussin' at someobdy
Never fully satisfied,
An' I spec' twould be lots better
If 'bout half the tongues was tied.

How come we can't try the wearin'
Of a broad ole smilin' grin
For things ain't never quite as bad
As they have often been.

Jest pull that frown from off your face;
Replace it with a smile,
An' every day from now till June
Will surely be worth while.

THE HOW AND THE WHY.

F. H. H. Calhoun, Head of Agricultural Department

It has often been claimed that agriculture is the oldest art and the youngest science. The art of agriculture has been practiced for thousands of years—perhaps tens of thousands, while the science of the subject is less than fifty years old. In all professions based on science the art has come long before the science and in between has intervened a period of superstition when the mind was really seeking for the true explanation of phenomena. Then as science began to replace superstition, we find for a time the commingling of both, and in agriculture, the science is young enough to have shreds of superstition still clinging. For example, belief in the influence of the moon on the time of planting has persisted to our day.

When one speaks of an art and a science he means simply the how and the why. For the first few thousand years of man's existence he was concerned only with the how. Progress was slow. Man groped his way. So far as we know, no scientific law or fact has been revealed to him. He has had to find out for himself. Man had to discover the use of fire; what plants were poisonous and which were good to eat; what animals were dangerous and which could be utilized for his own pleasure and profit; what metals could be won from the earth and to what purposes they could be adapted. Man has always been an inquisitive animal. The literature of early people is filled with explanations of natural phenomena; much of which is not true, but nevertheless it was an attempt to understand the why of things.

Our universe is an orderly one. It is governed throughout by inevitable and immutable laws—the laws of physics, chemistry, biology, and geology. Throughout the ages these laws have been one by one discovered and formulated by man, each discovery making it a little easier to wrest the next from nature. Man has been learning for centuries, but he still stands at the threshold of knowledge looking through an open door into the midst of a new and undreamed of world.

Man learned how to do things very early in his existence. He fashioned stones into weapons and domestic utensils. He drew pictures upon the walls of caves and made rude statues. Knowledge of this kind was handed down from father to son, and trade secrets were family possessions. Later the apprentice system was followed. A boy was bound out to a certain master or to a guide. He spent years in learning his trade and in his old age passed it on to the youths of the next generation, but it was passed on practically as he himself had learned it. With such a system progress was necessarily slow. Occasionally important secrets of a certain trade were guarded so jealously that through the death of the one man who knew, they became lost to the world. It was not until men began to understand why certain actions always caused certain reactions that industry found itself upon a firm foundation.

The last half century has brought a great change in the conception of education. The universities and denomina-

tional schools have flourished and grown strong. The apprentice system has given place to trade schools and the A. & M. colleges have forged to the front, fostering a new kind of education. On the one hand we have the college of liberal arts, a descendant of the university of the middle ages, concerning itself with things cultural, confining itself to the "why." On the other, stands the trade school are content to know only the "how". Between them, the exponent of the new education, is the A. & M. college, a combination of the two asking both how and why.

The first agricultural colleges were established about fifty years ago. They were either consolidated with the state university, or established as independent schools. At first such schools were looked upon with very little favor. Great difficulty was experienced in outlining a four-year course of study which would be entirely agricultural or mechanical, or even related to these subjects. Graduates could not find positions, and the institution as a whole was looked down upon. Today we have difficulty in crowding into four years even half of the material that should be taught; our graduates are in great demand; and few have the audacity to criticize our educational standing.

During the past fifty years agricultural science has grown with the colleges and in great measure because of them. There has been a remarkable increase in production. The amount of cotton raised has increased nearly five times, wheat four, and corn three. Food has been both plentiful and cheap. The same interval of time has seen the settlement and the agricultural development of the west and the reclamation of the vast areas of swamp land and deserts. New varieties of plants have been produced and the four corners of the earth have been searched for plants adapted to our climate and soils. Plant and animal diseases have been studied and remedies suggested. The dairy industry was placed on a firm footing by the discovery of the Babcock test, and scientific breeding has revolutionized animal husbandry.

At the present time new problems confront the college. The farmers must feed more and more people, for the cities are gaining and the country losing in population. Farm lands are bringing high prices and must be made to return a greater income. Problems of distribution and marketing must be solved. Farm labor is not as plentiful as it once was, and farm machinery must be perfected and its use become more general. The agricultural colleges are meeting these new problems in four effective ways:—by teaching men laws already discovered training them to reason and to think, and giving them a profession; by establishing research departments in agriculture, engineering, and science, where every facility is given to aid and encourage the discovery of new scientific facts; by maintaining extension departments whereby all new and useful discoveries are immediately put into circulation; by training men who can teach agriculture and related sciences, and in this way carrying this information into the secondary schools.

Let us remember then that the agricultural college is

not a trade school. Those who object to studying English the sciences, economics, and other subjects which at first glance may seem unrelated to their profession, should go to the trade school. A college could not justify itself if it taught only the art of the various professions. No progress can come until the sciences involved are thoroughly understood. It is the mission of the agricultural colleges to teach men and women to work both with brain and hand, to make every farm home prosperous and happy and to graduate a few picked men who can help in hastening the time when all laws which can be discovered by the finite mind of man have been formulated and at least a scientific millennium has been reached.

TWO IN THE MOONLIGHT

J. W. Kirkpatrick,—'24.

The moonlight beamed down brightly
As he fondly gazed at her,
And it seemed they cared but little
As to where or what they were.
But a more contented couple
I'm sure I've never seen,
As they sat there in the moonlight,
Upon the grass so green.

His arm stole snugly 'round her;
He touched her shapely head,
And they were so still for a minute of two,
You'd think that they were dead.
Then all at once she hopped right up:
He chased her 'round and 'round—
He was a little farmer boy, and
She his old red hound.

ALUMNI INTEREST IN STUDENT ACTIVITIES

D. F. Folger, '16, Alumni Secretary

What activities of the students are of interest to alumni? That is not an easy question to answer. The Alumni Secretary has not questioned alumni directly. Replies to a questionnaire on this subject would be interesting and valuable no doubt. But since we do not have this source of information, we will have to look elsewhere for our data.

The letters received in the Alumni Office indicate many of the interests of alumni. Judging from the number of communications received on different subjects, we must conclude that the greater number of the men are interested in athletic teams that represent Clemson. And because of the greater expression of this interest in many ways, some may think that alumni are not interested in anything other than athletics. This is certainly an erroneous conclusion.

There are many alumni who are interested in the military life of the students. They watch the changes in regulations. They are glad when the Old School gets on the distinguished list. Many of the alumni did not like military discipline while they were under it. They

kicked about reveille and taps and all that went between. But now that they can look back upon it all, they see the wisdom of it and in practically every case they are glad that they had the training.

There are those who are interested in the curricula of the college. They are anxious to see the college keep in pace with the times. Many would like to see the students take more interest in modern languages. Those who have felt the need for a knowledge of some of the modern languages have been especially anxious about this part of the work.

A large number have been watching the efforts of the students to establish an honor system with the hope that the spirit of honesty and fair play will so permeate the life of the students that dishonesty in any form will not be tolerated.

Of the student publications, THE TIGER is most interesting to alumni. It tells them of what the boys are doing. It has a personal appeal that the others lack. And this interest in THE TIGER might be used as evidence of what alumni are interested in at the college. It would indicate that alumni are interested in all that happens in barracks and about the campus and this is true to a large extent.

We believe that alumni are anxious to hear of all that happens at Clemson which affects the life of the students.

MEMBERS OF THE "INK SPLASHERS CLUB"

T. W. Morgan, President,
W. T. Fripp, Vice-President,
R. W. Coarsey, Secretary and Treasurer,

H. S. Altman
L. H. Doar
R. N. Graham
R. T. Halstead
J. L. Havin
C. B. King
J. W. Kirkpatrick
J. V. Martin
A. A. Rittenburg
B. F. Robertson
H. E. Robinson
W. A. Sloan
B. Spencer
D. K. Summers
W. J. Stribling
F. E. Taylor
T. Taylor
J. C. Townsend
T. L. Vaughan
C. T. Young

Editor's note—These men have become eligible for membership in the "Ink Splashers Club" by contributing one or more articles since they entered college that were published in the "Chronicle", or by being elected to a position on the "Chronicle" staff. Names of new members will be published as they become eligible under these rules.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

THE NEW YEAR

Another new year filled with potential possibilities lies before us. What shall we make of it? Will the end of the year 1922 witness us nearer success, or will it find us wandering farther along the beaten paths of aimless inactivity and misdirected efforts?

The results we obtain from the New Year will in a large measure be determined by what we put into it. While we know that it holds a different lot in store for each of us, we can to a certain extent modify or change our individual lots to suit ourselves. By honest and concentrated efforts in the right direction we can accomplish much to our credit and add bountifully to our store of happiness and satisfaction ere the year 1922 comes to a close, while, on the other hand, by simply drifting along in lazy indifference and inactivity, we shall in the end find ourselves farther removed from our goals than we were in the beginning.

We cannot pierce the veil that hides the future from us, and it is a blessing that this is so. However, we can look with retrospect over the past and see where we have fallen short of our plans and ideals, and resolve that we will not make the same mistakes again. It is well for us to make mistakes if we can see them and profit by them.

Let each of us resolve to make the year 1922 count towards a life of success and happiness, and so live up to this resolve that the end shall find us stronger and better men than we were at the beginning.

Start the New Year right by contributing something to the *Chronicle*

THE FACULTY NUMBER

In publishing this the January issue of the *Chronicle*, the staff is carrying out the plan of making one issue during the year a faculty number.

An effort was made to secure for this issue, articles representing every phase of strictly college life at Clemson. However, it was impossible to carry this plan out in its entirety, as contributions could not be secured from all sources. The staff regrets that an article upon college activities, one of the most important phases of college life at the present time, could not be obtained, though we have the promise of one in the near future.

The *Chronicle* takes this opportunity to thank the men who have paused from their work and honored its pages with contributions, and to extend an invitation to other members of the faculty to contribute to the magazine at any time they so desire.

The *Chronicle* wishes to extend to every student and member of the faculty at Clemson the best of the season's greetings. May the New Year hold for you a boundless store of happiness and success.

THE INK SPLASHERS CLUB

An organization which promises to be of great benefit to the *Chronicle* as well as to the other local college publications, as a source of material, has recently been perfected under the name of "The Ink Splashers Club."

The "Ink Splashers Club" is founded for the purpose of developing literary taste and ability, especially in the field of writing, among those who, by having had one or more articles published in the *Chronicle*, are eligible for membership.

The *Chronicle* has long felt the need of such a club which will serve as a nucleus for material, and the staff thoroughly commends the spirit behind the organization.

PROCRASTINATION

Who is not guilty of putting off until tomorrow that which should be done today? Are we not all guilty of this fault at some time or other? And yet, would we not be much better off if we never practiced postponing? There is a more or less natural tendency for us to put off anything until a seemingly more convenient time. Especially is this true if we can find an excuse, or if some little interruption occurs. Tomorrow or the last moment appeals to us as the most opportune time, but NOW should be the accepted time. Time is abundant with most of us, but it never occurs that the present is soon to be gone forever. Never were two adages more true than these: "A stitch in time saves nine", and "Don't put off until tomorrow, what might be done today." Tomorrow may never come. In many cases it does never come, so far as a task being accomplished which has been put off until tomorrow.

Every day brings its tasks for each of us. Opportunities are also presented on every hand. It has been truly said that the greatest trouble with golden opportunities is that they do not tarry long enough. The great crime here is that we cannot realize this fact until it is too late. This is repeatedly emphasized by graduating classes at the end of the school year as well as elsewhere. We hear one senior after another admitting in deepest regret that he has fallen far short of the tasks and opportunities which have been his. It is the same way in athletics: there are many men who could be developed into great athletes if they would only apply themselves.

Let us take a concrete example of procrastination. We put off work day after day until it is piled up on us, to such extent that it will seem almost impossible for us to complete it. We are much more easily discouraged and disheartened in this case, and the work seems twice as hard as it formerly was. A term's work, looked at in bulk, would discourage almost anyone. But, who would let a day's work give him much discouragement? And, too, work is never as thoroughly or as satisfactorily done when we are behind. It becomes, when crowded upon us, much more complex and difficult.

Who knows but that the task put off today to be done tomorrow, likely never to be done, may mean success or failure in life? It might have been an act which, if done today, would save a life tomorrow. Many an IF has been uttered which meant that something was left undone. It might have been the golden opportunity of our life, which we had within our reach, but which we failed to grasp, and now it is gone forever. When procrastination resolves itself into success or failure, or life or death, then it has become a serious question. Is it that we are just slack and careless, that keeps us on a low rung of the ladder of success? There is plenty of room at the top of the ladder if we would only take time by the forelock, seize every opportunity, and exert the energy necessary to climb? A man never knows what he can do until he tries; therefore let us make the best of every opportunity that comes, so that we shall not have to realize a dismal failure because we have let the opportune time go by.

B. P. Waters, '22

WHEN IS THE BEST TIME TO THINK

When is the best time to think, to have truth enter our minds? Thought along a particular line can best come when the mind is unwearied and unoccupied with other thought—the time of day has nothing to do with it.

The tired mind or the mind that is already active is not in condition to think. Often you have tried to read a book and been unable to follow the thought of the writer. Either your mind was tired or other vexing or more interesting thought held the ground.

Have the mind untired and undisturbed and you can think at one time as well as another. —Selected.

Clippings and Comments

H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

WHEN THE FAIR ONE SMILES

A man smiles because he feels that way, but a woman, with instinctive cunning, smiles for various reasons, and many of them are deceptive, though she claims that she deceives only to be kind.

The smile with which she greets another woman is rather different from the smile that she bestows upon a movie actor, a soldier, a traffic officer, or a prospective husband.

She can smile the smile that you think is worth while. She can make her smile perfectly "nice", and yet, my boy, there may be certain reservations to that smile which, if you or any mere man could only know, would surprise you indeed!

When she is young and falls in love the first time her smile is a song and a sonnet. When she is a widow and smiles the song is there, but it lurks in the background, as the disillusion has taught her the protective art of reservation. Sometimes a very clever woman sits very still and reviews life, especially her life, and smiles sadly. There is a pathos in that smile "too deep for tears," as the poet said.

The smile that she bestows upon the helpless mite of humanity, her first born, is a glorious poem. She may smile to deceive her rival, she may smile to encourage herself, her smile may be false to her lover, but when she smiles at her first born all the love of her heart and all the spiritual beauty of her soul goes into it, and the angels in heaven rejoice.

A woman with pretty teeth doesn't smile, she laughs; a woman with ugly teeth smiles carefully. There are women with dainty rosebud mouths, and when they smile at a man he forgets the high cost of livin' and extends an invitation to a movie.

How interesting it is to watch the smiling woman! How it flatters a man to have a woman smile at him—but if he knew she laughed at him afterwards!—Philadelphia Ledger—

FIGURE IT OUT

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve eight and Adam two—a total of ten only.

Now we figure the thing out far differently: Eve eight and Adam eight also—total 16.

We think the above figures are entirely wrong.

If Eve eight and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163.

Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81

and Adam 812 the total was 893.

I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve—8938.

Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total 82056.—Selected.

Wonder why most big-mouthed people are always long winded.

College Philosophy: A bright future cannot always be predicted for the chap who makes it a practice of getting "lit up."

There is always room at the top of the ladder because so many people get dizzy and fall.

Courses at college are not too hard for us; we are just too sap-headed for them.

Mrs. Jones had been regarding a second marriage with favor since the death of her husband, and was all a-flutter when the sheriff, with whom she was slightly acquainted, came to the door with some evidence of embarrassment.

"Madam," he began diffidently, "I have an attachment for you."

"Sir," she replied, blushing, "it is reciprocated."

"You don't understand me. You must proceed to court."

"Ah, now, do you think it's Leap Year? Do your own courting."

"Mrs Jones, this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting."

"He is? Well, I suppose I must be going, 'though this is so sudden, and really, I'd prefer a minister."—Selected

Maybe you don't have to buy hunter's lincese to go DEAR hunting, but what about the cost of ammunition!

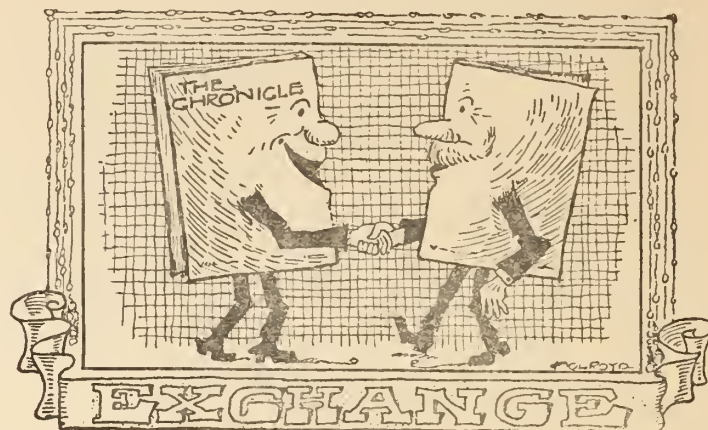
Let's take better care of the new year than we did of the old one.

Leaders do not follow the crowd.

Some men think that it is better to have loved and married than never to have loved at all.

The Clemson College Chronicle

T. W. Morgan	Editor-in-Chief
J. L. Harvin	Business Manager
W. T. Fripp	Circulation Manager
F. E. Taylor	Literary Editor
B. F. Robertson	Junior Literary Editor
R. W. Coarsey	Jnnior Literary Editor
W. J. Stribling	Exchange Editor
C. T. Young	Assistant Exchange Editors
H. S. Altman	Joke Editor
H. E. Robinson	Co-operating Editor



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

Reading the exchanges for December has been a great pleasure. The Christmas spirit must have inspired the contributors of the various magazines last month. Certainly, it was the finest lot of magazines that we have received this year.

Now, the first milestone is passed, and we hope that in this, the last lap, we will be able to put out magazines which will be better than ever before. *The Chronicle* has profited by the comments that have been made upon it, and we hope that our criticisms have been taken as they were sent, and that some material good has been derived from them.

As usual, *The Winthrop Journal* was one of the very best literary magazines our department received last month. All of the articles in the December number reveal commendable work. "Eternal Joy" is exceedingly well expressed. The theme is so carried thru the story that it is interesting thru the last sentence. In "The Passing of The Milestones" the author pictures a clear-cut view of present day progress.

There are many splendid contributions in the November *Orion*, but the magazine is not as good as some of the other issues. "Realization" has the common fault of being built upon a plot that we think has already been worn out on the motion picture screens. The "Slipsheets" seems to be rather out of place, and the paragraphs are rather vague and indefinite.

The editors of the *Erothesian* evidently do not have the proper backing in the form of contributions from the student body. Their November issue is in sad need of poetry. The editorial department is very interesting and gives the impression that much clear thinking and sound reasoning has been done. Coupled with this is a fluent presentation of the ideas.

The November *Pebble* is rather thin, but it is well balanced, and the contributions are all interesting.

The Davidson College Magazine for November has a well proportioned make up, and all of the contributions are worthy of favorable comment.

One of our new exchanges is *The Right Angle*. There is room for expansion in the volume of this magazine as

represented by the December number, but as a whole, the first impression is favorable. "Martha's Poem" is rather childish to be published in a college magazine.

The November *Wofford College Journal* is, in the main, a good issue. "A Circus Ballad" describes a circus arrival well. The writer's words are carefully selected to suit the theme. "The March of The Night Dragon" is a little disappointing.

We think that devoting one whole volume of *The Erskinian* to the memory of Paul Livingston Brier is an admirable tribute to his memory.

The fall number of *The Chicora Magazine* embraces literary material of genuine worth, and there seems to be an abundance of contributions. We dislike the absence of an exchange department in the magazine.

The *Carolinian* keeps up its good reputation in the December issue. "A Silent Tragedy" is a good expression of actual conditions. "The Settlement of Columbia" has, we are informed, left out several steps in the actual settlement of that city. The essay is rather short for such a subject.

The Concept always contains good literary material, and the December issue is fully up to our expectations. "The Masquerade" is quite entertaining, to say the least. The reader is kept guessing all through the narrative, and this lends attraction to it. In the Wild Thyme department, "Cousin to Tithonus" caught our eye as a bit of verse worth favorable comment.

The Collegian shows better form in the December number than in previous numbers. This is probably due to the fact that there are some poems and short stories to supplement the continued story which has been making up most of the content. The exchange editor, local editor, and athletic editor appear to have ceased to function.

The Christmas number of *The Georgia Cracker* has some good articles in it. The "coeds" have proved themselves capable editors.

The Nautilus is a magazine that Greenville High School should be proud of. Some of us who publish college periodicals could well take lessons from the high school editors.

"A Quest for Friendship" in the Thanksgiving *Bessie Tift Journal* has real depth of thought and the author displays unusual taste in presenting the article. We like the one act play, even if the plot is old.

The Wake Forest Student for December is on the top shelf of our exchange, among the other best ones.

We are glad to get *The College of Charleston Magazine*, because it always shows good work. The December *Magazine* is up to standard.

The Newberry Stylus has most of its space taken up by the departments in the December issue.

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H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

I love to sit on autumn nights,
Watching the bright stars shine.
The stars I mean are those in tights,
And I am in the bald-head line.

—Widow.

He put his arm about her waist,
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It stayed about a week.

—Wake Forest Student.

Old Lady: "Oh! conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station." —Selected.

Last term the professors evidently graded on the Centigrade scale. We are hoping that they will realize the fact that the Farenheit scale is in popular use when they start grading on this term's work.

Learned by famous moonshiners:—that yellow corn makes the most quarts per bushel.

A little girl named Irene
Wore a dress of crepe de chene:
You could see more Irene
Than you could chepe de chene.

—Selected.

"Pot" Morgan: "I can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."

Kirkpatrick: "Oh! I see; something the matter with the meter."

A KISS.

A kiss is a pronoun because it always stands for something. It is masculine and feminine gender, therefore, it is common. It is a conjunction because it connects. It is a verb because it signifies an act. It is plural in number because it calls for another. It is usually in apposition with a hug, at least one is sure to follow. A kiss may be conjugated, but never declined. —Exchange.

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If Plato could shimmy, could Aristotle?

—0—

There are two things that every student of Public Speaking should learn: (1) how to pop the question, and (2) how to question the pop. —Selected.

—0—

A SOFT ANSWER.

New Office Boy: "A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."

Editor: "What did you say to him?"

New Office Boy: "I told him I was sorry that you weren't in." —Selected.

—0—

THE GREAT HANGOVER.

Flub: "Was your bachelor supper a success?"

Blub: "I'll say it was! We had to postpone the wedding two days."

—0—

She: "Why do you believe in free love?"

He: "Because I'm broke." —Boston Beanpot.

—0—

HERE'S HOPING.

Hee: "The more we criticize short skirts, the shorter they become."

Haw: "I never thought of that. Let's keep right on knocking them." —Judge.

—0—

No bridegroom measures up to the collar ads: no bride to the stocking ads.

—0—

Prof. Clarke: "Mr. Williams, what kind of tape is used in the topographical survey?"

Ned Williams: "Mostly red tape, sir."

—0—

Tommy Seabrook: "Colonel, I want permission to grow a mustache: I think that it will help me to hold my military prestige."

A flrit is a rose from which every one takes the petals and leaves the thorns for the future husband. —Selected.

—0—

Rub: "What caused the motor accident?"

Dub: "A short skirt and a windy day."

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 See a pair
 Of lips
 That wouldn't
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GOOD NIGHT.

You sing a little song or two,
 You have a little chat;
 You make a little candy fudge
 And then you take your hat.

You hold her hand and say "good-night."
 As sweetly as you can—
 Ain't that a heluva evening
 For a great big healthy man? —Selected.

ALL ABOARD.

Love is an intoxicating automobile ride.
 Alimony is a fine for speeding.

Helen is neat,
 Cora is sweet,
 And Clarice is a bit of all right.
 Peggy is pretty,
 And Betty is witty,
 But Annette can forget overnight.
 —Voo Doo

Noknees: "Which are the most destructive, worms or caterpillars?"

Bolegs: "I don't know, old citron, I never had caterpillars." —Purple Crow.

Rastus: "What fo' you-all got yo' pants on wrong side out, niggah?"

Sambo: "'Cause, Ah's goin' to de ball tonight and Ah wants to git de bag outer de knees," —Orange Peel.

Eve invented the first loose leaf system. —Selected.

Some men are so honest their arms never steal around a girl.

Did you ever think what a lot of good you might have done in the world if you hadn't made up your mind to begin tomorrow?

Experience is the surest guide—but if all men learned only from their own experience the world would still be back in the dark ages.—Rock Hill Herald

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THE CHRONICLE



Clemson College Library

*But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat and freezes there.*
—Addison.

VOL. XV. Clemson College, S. C., Feb. 1922. No. 1

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- (b) Extension Service includes county agent work; agricultural club work; specialists' work; agricultural publications; agricultural lectures; and advisory correspondence. The home demonstration work is directed by Winthrop College.
- (c) Fertilizer Inspection and Analysis.
- (d) Live Stock Sanitary Work includes cattle tick eradication; tuberculosis eradication; hog cholera control; and investigation, control and quarantine of contagious diseases.
- (e) Crop Pest Work is a protection against importation of diseased plants, seeds and nursery stock.
- (f) Miscellaneous includes scholarships; building plans for rural schools; and manufacture of State flags at cost for schools.

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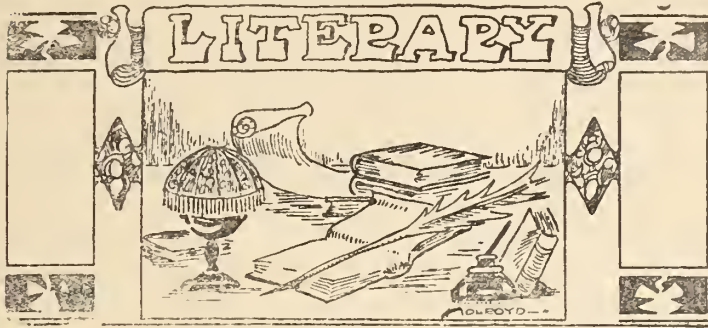
Cliff Crawford

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and
PRESSING

The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX. Clemson College, S. C., February, 1922. No. 5

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest



EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22.

R. W. COARSEY, '23

B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

THE DREAM HOUR

R. T. Halstead—'22

When you sit on your door-step at sunset,
The work of the day being done,
And there watch the gloom of the darkness
Chase out the light of the sun,
You build from the gold and the amber,
From the dying splendor of light,
Air-castles of hopes and ambitions
Built on a plane of great height.

There in the unbroken solitude,
Where with no eye to behold,
Thoughts scarce dreamed find utterance—
Thoughts scarce dreamed and yet so old.
And when as you sit on your door-step—
But alas! The day has gone!
The hour of dreams has departed;
The reign of the night is on.

PEDIGREE VERSUS DOG

T. Taylor,—'22

"Hello, Uncle Jake. Whose fine setter are you trying to steal?"

"Is dat you, Mas Jeems? Well, I do declare. Yo' sho' is lookin' well. How is de fambly an' de res' ob 'em down yo' way?"

"Oh, they're just as fat and fine as ever; but you havn't answered my question about that dog."

"What's dat? You call dis here critter a dog? He ain' no dog. He's a pedigree. I don' know what dat is, but Mas Calhoun says he's got one mos' a mile long; an' I says to maself, says I, 'If dis heah critter is got a pedigree a mile long, he mus' be all pedigree, because dere is no' pedigree den dere is dog.'"

"How do you know this, Uncle Jake?"

"How I know dis? Well, I jes' tells yo' Mas Jeems, I ain' nebber seed a dog run 'way fum a rabbit befo."

"Run away from a rabbit! What do you mean, Uncle Jake?"

"Jes whut I says. Dat's jest whut dis high-breed dog done. Mas Calhoun bought dis heah dog when he wuz up to Columbia las' spring. Well, sir, jes as soon as I laid eyes on him, a struttin' 'roun' de street like a turkey gobbler an' actin' lak he's too good ter soshate wid de oder dogs in town, why, I knowed right den dat he wasn't no dog."

"W'en bird season come in, me an' Mas Calhoun tuk dat dog out ter his place fo' to see how he hunt. Well, suh, jest as soon as Mas Calhoun got dat dog out ob de cah, he run straight out in de broomstraw an' pinted. Mas Calhoun, he say, 'Jake, jes look at dat. Didn' I tell yo' blood would tell! Well, suh, I didn' say nuttin. but I was jes' 'bout ter b'lieve Mas Calhoun was right. Den Mas Calhoun, he walked up to de place where dat dog wuz pintin' an' up jumped a rabbit! Mas Calhoun he cut loose wid both bar'ls ob his shotgun, an' neber touched a hair. Dat dog! w'en he seed dat "cotton tail," he jes took one look at Mas Calhoun an' lit out fo' parts unknown, an' dem parts wuz in de oder d'rection fum de rabbit. Atter Mrs Calhoun got done cussin' I up an' axed him how fur dat pedigree would go befo' he quit runnin'. Wid dat, he flew up in de air an' lowed dat he didn' kere ef it took 'im to hell. I speck de dog mus' hab went nealy dere, 'cause we wuz mos' night gittin' 'im back."

"Well, Mas Jeems, take keer ob yo'self. I speck i'd bettah be mosin' on to'ds de house, fo' dat yaller nigger up dere eats up all de vittles."

THE WANDERER

J. F. Smith,—'25

I would I were this lonely day
Down where the pickaninies play,
Along the banks of Edisto,
Where soft the Southern breezes blow,
And where the dainty jasmine vines
Lift up their gold among the pines.

There's where my blue-eyed sweetheart dwells,
And something in my bosom tells,
That she's still waiting there for me;
Then mother's face I long to see,
And her sweet voice I long to hear;
For these are joys I hold most dear.

I hope to be in Dixie soon,
To see the cotton fields in bloom,
And hear the mocking bird's glad trill
From the sycamores on the hill.
The great, wide world is all some say,
But give me Dixie Land for aye.

THIS THE OPPORTUNE DAY

N. Williams,—'22

One hundred years ago in the old First Parish Church at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the Great Webster began one of the most notable public addresses of his life with the simple words, 'Let us rejoice that we behold this day.' These words and the matchless eloquence of the famous orator grasped and held the attention of the vast multitude which had met to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Forefathers.

Today, altho three hundred years have passed, the heart of every true son of America swells with pride at the mere mention of this heroic band of our ancestors. The hardships and adverse conditions suffered by this humble group of men and women show the valor which has been characteristic of our American people for the past three hundred years.

The inscription placed in the grove at Burial Hill is representative of the sacredness of the memory of the gallant Pilgrim forefathers. The inscription reads:

"The leaves that whisper softly overhead,
The graves where sleep so quietly
The dead!

Can tell us nothing of the olden days.
The Pilgrims lived and loved and
Went their ways.

The Summer sunshine and the moonbeams play
Among these time-worn headstones where
The Pilgrims lay.

And brooding peace is visioned in the sacred spot
To warn the tho'tless that they must
Disturb them not."

If the noble fathers of this great country could have awakened at the time when its freedom and existence were threatened by the tyranny of Great Britain, no doubt they would have been highly pleased to see their courageous sons heroically rallying to the aid of the government which they had originated and which now had expanded to embrace thirteen colonies. They would have seen a marked degree of similarity between the first winter of their struggle on the newborn continent and that awful courage-testing winter of George Washington and his brave men at Valley Forge.

I am sure that all of us who claim the title of Americans can feel the blood pulsate warmer thru our veins when we remember that they contain some of the blood of George Washington and his comrades at Valley Forge.

And so the thirteen small colonies prospered and expanded until the true sons of the Pilgrim Fathers enjoyed the liberties and freedom of home life from the stormy Atlantic to the great Pacific. Then this bright light of prosperity was momentarily hidden by the cloud of an internal disturbance. But the cloud soon passed over and everyone of us is proud to boast of the fact that we are entitled to the same name which Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson claimed and heroically fought to defend—that is, the name of Southerner. The heroism

shown by our fathers, mothers, grandfathers, and grandmothers during the War between the States is hard to duplicate.

Again an internal menace swept our beautiful South. The safety of our pure and innocent women was threatened by an ignorant and unscrupulous race of people. A call for true and worthy men spread over our entire South. Did they respond to the call? Yes, a hundred times, yes! When we hear our fathers tell the story of Reconstruction days; when we see the conditions of those days shown in the picture entitled 'The Birth of a Nation,' as true Southerners, and as true South Carolinians we cannot help appreciating the fact that we are sons of such men as Wade Hampton and his comrades.

Passing a period of fifty years we come to the next great test of the sons of American—the next urgent call for true manhood. All of you know the story. How the gallant heroes rushed eagerly to the rescue of Democracy and fought bravely for the triumph of Right. Certainly, our Pilgrim fathers would have been highly delighted if they could have seen their kinsmen fighting for the principles which they themselves believed to be right in the sight of Almighty God.

Now we arrive at the present day in the career of a nation. We are standing with our backs turned upon three hundred years of the history of this government, and with our faces turned toward its future. What of its future history?

You may say that this is an era of ordinary happenings and that there is no opportunity for showing valor. You may argue that there is no more undeveloped country on which to plant a great government such as the Pilgrims had. You may say that we aren't threatened by Great Britain or any other outside nation. You cannot play the part of a George Washington. You may say that there is no friction between the sections of this country that you may be a "Stonewall" Jackson. You may contend that the women of today are not in jeopardy and that, therefore, you haven't the chance of proving yourself the hero of a Klu Klux Klan. And again, you may argue that Germany has been defeated, and that there is no call for heroism today.

But I contend that this is the opportune day for proving real valor. This Republic must exist! Yea, it must progress. The Stars and Stripes must wave over our State institutions forever. Our resources must yet be developed. Civilization must crowd out barbarity in every nook of this country. Education must defeat illiteracy in our own State. Christianity must be the victor of heathenism over the entire world.

College men of today, your opportunity is tremendous. You are responsible for the principles of our Pilgrim fathers' being promulgated to the nation's posterity. Are the men of today worthy of their title "Americans"? Shall they prove competent to perpetuate the sacred principles for which this nation has stood for three hundred years? American Ideals must be kept high. It is our opportunity as well as our duty to help keep them high.

THE FLOATING MEMORIAL

T. W. Morgan,—'22

Out on the dark, cold Atlantic,
Where storms blow the white-capped waves—
Just off the steep coast of old Ireland,—
On a raft alone,
Floats a statue of stone,
That marks the Lusitania's grave.

Marks the place that was consecrated
On a starless night years ago,
When the foe, armed with hell's own weapons,
Sank the ship in glee,
And laughed to see
Children struggle and sink below.

No rescue, no mercy, they granted
To little ones who fought and plead
For their lives; their pleadings were scorned,
As they sank down deep
With the wreckage, to sleep
'Till the ocean gives up its dead.

The place where the children met death
At the hands of the ruthless foe
Is now marked by a stone on a raft,
Which floats on the waves,
Anchored deep to the graves
Of those children who sleep below.

The stone is carved as a woman,
Who stands for Lusitania's ghost.
She holds high toward the heavens a child,
In prophesy dumb
Of a day that will come,
When the sea shall give up its host.

CAPTAIN McRAND

R. T. Halstead,—'22

The Arms Conference has finally resulted in the resolve that the fleets of the world should be destroyed. A squadron is steaming out to sea where the men will be removed and the war vessels sunk.

The grim gray ships steam past the head—
Each for its final port is sped;
The smoke hangs low, forms a mourner's crape
From the stern of each craft to the distant cape
And the waves spread spray which has the shape
Of a tear—shed for the living dead.

A sea faring man was Captain McRand;
His fathers before him formed a sea faring band.
At his mother's knee he had learned of the sea;
How his father had died in its company
Rather than leave his ship in the lea
Of a treacherous storm-swept coral strand.

'Twas with anguish, dismay, disgust,
McRand got orders that he must
Bide his time till a certain day,
Then lift his anchor and steam away
And sink his ship forever and aye
To the bottom—to rot and rust.

And now as he gazed at the distant land,
A sob escaped from the stricken man.
The gods alone could break his grip;
His true fidelity to this, his ship,
Would not in this dark hour slip—
They would meet death hand in hand.

His ship to him was dearer than life,
This craft to him was more than a wife.
Rather than see his ship go down,
Rather would he with it drown
That they might share the same death mound
As before they had shared the strife.

For his ship the seven seas had ploughed
And from their face each foe had scoured;
And now they bid him sink her deep
That she might sleep a wakeless sleep,
For wars no more of men would reap,
And to their bidding, his head he bowed.

The sea was calm, the moon shone bright,
The white-scrubbed decks showed up in the night
'Twas the last time the guns would shoot,
And each gunner fired a last salute;
Then, pausing neither for guns nor loot,
The ships were flooded and the men took flight.

Craft after craft departed in flight,
A squadron of ships sank down out of sight
And but one sonld to its Maker went,
The papers called it "an accident
Caused by a mistake that none could prevent,"
For McRand went down with his ship that night.

MEMORIES

R. W. Carter,—'22

When in the far distant future
Our thoughts back to Clemson roam,
Oh, may they be full of rapture
For the place we knew as home.

When in some far distant land,
Her walls no more we can see,
May we say, "I'm a Clemson man,
And I'm justly proud to be."

If we can't see them with our eyes,
Still in our hearts we shall find
Her gifts to be a great surprise,
And know she's been most wondrous kind.

THE JOKE FARM

W. T. Fripp—22

One evening in the late autumn of the year 1915, in the little village of -----, South Carolina, a family sat around a blazing fire in their cozy farm home discussing the day's happenings. Eventually, the father brought up the subject of finances. He said that due to a loss of considerable money on a saw-mill project, it would be necessary for the family to cut down expenses. Furthermore, he said it would be necessary for him to sell one hundred acres of land. He had been offered fifteen hundred dollars for the area—a low price even for uncultivated and undrained land.

At this juncture Joe, the youngest boy of the family: a quick-thinking, quick-speaking youngster of fifteen, said, "Why, Father, you're crazy if you sell that land! I could raise two thousand bushels of corn on it in one year."

"Well enough, my young man," the father answered. "I shall give you that boast as a task, and you shall have ten years to carry it out; that is, you shall have to grow two thousand bushels of corn on this land in one of the next ten years, and, if you succeed, the land shall be yours."

Joe thought for a moment and then answered, "All right, Father; that is a bargain. I will take you up on your offer."

At that time Joe probably did not realize the seriousness of the agreement and even forgot, for a short time, that he had made such a bargain. However, the following Christmas, the subject was jestingly brought to mind by an elder brother. Joe answered all his taunts with a haughty, "All right, I'll show you what I can do. You just watch and see if I don't have that land planted by next year." Joe then determined to do or die and, consequently, he began working on the land immediately after the holidays.

It seemed an unsurmountable task, but he with four men began working to take out the few trees and stumps on the land. The men's wages were paid from Joe's bank account. Within two months fifty acres of the land was clear of trees and ready to be plowed. Then, as fate would have it, a rainy season set in, and in a very few days the whole body of land was covered with water from one inch to two feet in depth. Work was impossible for several months. A new problem had to be faced by the young agriculturist. If he could clear the land and plant it, what would be the use? He could probably get a crop planted and growing, but then the rain might ruin all of his work. In order to plant this land successfully, he must drain it at the cost of a small fortune. It was a hopeless task, and it seemed as if Joe would have to admit defeat; but, no, he was not a quitter. Everybody would say that he was crazy, but he had ten years in which to work, and not until those ten years had passed would he admit his defeat.

In June, 1916, Joe accepted a salaried position in Columbia, and with his first month's pay he began work on his farm again. Every cent that he earned he spent

it in paying men to work on this seemingly useless land. In a short time the remaining fifty acres had been cleared of stumps and trees. In the fall months and winter months, Joe utilized the idle laborers, animals and implements from his father's farm; those that his father would let him have. Every day a few men could be seen at work plowing and harrowing. Often an idle passer-by would stop to watch the plows turn the soil up in large clods and then see the harrow cut them up into smaller and smaller lumps, and then with a laugh at the "Joke Farm" he would go on his way.

By March of 1917 the land was in a fairly tillable condition, although it was still rather rough. Under Joe's directions, the men plowed the land up in rows three feet apart, a very narrow width for corn rows. Joe now came home to see to the proper planting of his one hundred acres. When anyone attempted to joke with him about his foolishness, Joe would answer with a smile, "I'm going to plant that land regardless of the rain, and, if it rains too much, 'll plow the water under." The farmers all soon found that Joe meant to carry out his planting, and several of them offered to sell him his corn seed. Joe declined their offers because he had already purchased a new variety of seed from a seed house in town.

Joe and his men worked steadily and by the last of April every acre of the land was planted. Until this spring, there had been no rain of any consequence, and all of the farmers were too busy on their own farms to take any notice of the "Joke Farm." Joe's crop came up and began to grow. Oh, if he could only have a dry season! But, alas, nature must run her course, and again the rain began to pour. By the fifteenth of May Joe's farm looked like a lake. Again the neighbors began to laugh and make fun. Joe laughed too and said he would invite his friends to go canoe riding on his farm but for the fact that the corn stalks would prevent the canoes from moving freely.

The rain finally stopped, except an occasional shower, and the "Joke Farm" emerged from under its watery cover. Before the doubting eyes of the neighbors, there lay row upon row of a green, fine leaved crop. Joe answered all their unspoken questions with these words: "You people know that rice likes water; I know it too; so I pulled a good fake."

The crop grew and grew and developed into a field more beautiful than any that had ever been seen in that county. Then came the harvest and the total yield was found to be almost three thousand bushels.

After the harvest Joe went to his father and said, "Dad aren't three thousands bushels of rice as good as two thousand of corn?"

The answer was, "Joe, my boy, you win. I'm going to build you a house on that land if it can ever be drained."

A drainage system was completed in this coastal county, a part of it, in 1919. At the present time Joe's one-hundred-acre farm boasts of a good house and good farm buildings, and Joe boasts of the best little house keeper in the world. The "Joke Farm" is a model that is followed by many men who make a success of farming.

A WINTER REVERIE

C. A. Quattlebaum—'22

How dark the dismal dreary day,
When sweeps the rough and boisterous play
Of frenzied winds o'er field and hill,
With winter's rain and winter's chill.

The rabbit hovers in his bed,
And leafless branches sway o'er head;
While swallows rise from earth and fly
Swiftly across the cloudy sky.

All nature now is sad and pale,
Scourged by the torrent of the gale;
While human hearts are rent with pain,
And lasting joys are sought in vain.

But lo! This wintry storm shall cease,
And succumb to the joy and peace
Of glorious Spring when nature wakes,
And into flowery beauty breaks.

The mating songster, all day long,
Will sing his thrilling joyous song;
And youthful thoughts will turn to love,
While skies are bright and blue above.

Oh Earth! how changing is thy mood.
What passions in thy bosom brood!
Yet human hearts will ever be
Attend to every mood of thee.

—o—

THE UNCONVENTIONAL LOVER

R. W. Coarsey—'23

He was thirty, handsome, successful, and unmarried. He had given himself wholly to his work after finishing college—so much so, in fact, that the thoughts of love and marriage had never entered his mind. And now he was in love. He knew it, and he also knew that the object of his affections apparently cared nothing for him. She seemed to enjoy his company, but, beyond that, her interest ceased. J. Ruleford Paige bit a fresh cigar and settled back in a comfortable easy chair to continue his musings.

Mrs. Robertson, his sister, had given a Christmas dance and it was at this dance that he had met her. Neither of them liked to dance, but usually did to keep from being conspicuous. So it was this evening after one or two dances they spent the remainder of the evening in a cozy little corner of the reception room.

She had large blue eyes and light golden hair, and when she smiled, the prettiest little dimples he had ever seen formed on either cheek. Her evening gown was a pale pink, which harmonized with the color of her hair and skin.

Ruleford could not recall ever having spent such a delightful evening. And now—yes he remembered how he had asked her as she was leaving, if he could see her again. She had handed him a card on which the name Grace Hamilton was engraved, along with a telephone number—6637-J., written in pencil.

His sister had rebuked him severely for having behaved so badly towards the other guests, but conventionability was an unknown quantity to Ruleford, and his conscience didn't bother him about his rudness.

After that evening they had seen each other frequently. Grace gave several little informal week-end parties at which Ruleford was always a guest. They took long drives into the country and to the seashore, which was only twenty miles away. As they rode along they talked about commonplace wayside objects, the scenery and other ordinary topics, never dreaming that their friendship was growing into a deeper affection for each other.

When Ruleford first experienced this attachment, he was not sure that it was love; so he went away to see what effect his absence would have on his feelings towards Grace, and, perhaps to see what effect his absence would have on Grace's feelings towards him. He regarded love as serious and sacred and for the sake of their future happiness, he didn't want to fool himself by thinking that a mere passing fancy was the real love. Such a mistake would ultimately result in unhappiness for all concerned.

But all the so-called symptoms of love developed after he left her. The gay crowds at a distant summer resort held no interest for him. Ruleford had never felt ill at ease before. No matter what he did, where he was, or what he said, his thoughts constantly reverted to Grace or to some little witty saying of hers.

He returned home two weeks earlier than he had planned to return.

Fear filled his heart as he wondered how Grace felt towards him, since he had never given expression to his tender regard for her. Grace had no cause to think that he was in love with her, and she surely had never given him any cause to think that she loved him. He longed to declare his love, yet he hesitated because he doubted the outcome.

J. Ruleford Paige was afraid. He who had defied the laws of convention and laughed at public opinion was now afraid of a little winsome girl—afraid that she would laugh when he asked her to marry him.

Ruleford threw away his cigar, which he had smoked until it burned his lips.

He reached for the telephone. Something had to be done. This state of suspense had been sapping his strength and vitality until he had become simply a collection of shattered nerves.

"6637-J" he called in suppressed excitement.

"Hello" came a soft feminine voice over the wire.

"Grace—this is Ruleford. I came home this afternoon. May I come around this evening?"

"Yes, I've just been thinking about you."

Again Ruleford did the rude unconventional thing. He

hung up the receiver without a "goodbye". He glanced at his watch—seven o'clock. She wouldn't expect him until eight.

In the quiet room, the beating of Ruleford's heart drowned the ticking of the big clock that stood over the fire place. The hour seemed a year. It was one of those hours into which the events of a whole life can be crowded, only to be pushed out by the air castles of the future.

At one minute past eight o'clock Ruleford found himself sitting in a wicker chair facing Grace in the parlor of her home. He hurried over absolutely necessary conventional talk and then with characteristic abruptness he began:

"Grace I went away to see if I really loved you. I've found that I do. I wish I could tell you how much I love you, but I cannot. I do love you, though, and it will make me happy beyond words if you will let me try to make you happy. Will you marry me?"

During this time, Grace sat with her big blue eyes wide open looking at Ruleford. The light from the chandelier made a halo of her hair.

She replied; "Ruleford, I love you, but I cannot marry you. I know that it pains you to hear this because I know that you really love me. Believe me when I say that it pains me more to tell you than it does you to hear it."

Ruleford listened as one in a trance. His heart had ceased to beat so violently. In fact, it seemed as though it wasn't beating at all. He felt a painful weakness such as he had felt once when he was knocked out in a football game.

"But, why?" he asked. "You say you love me and that you believe me when I tell you I love you. Why do you say you cannot marry me? If it is in my power to remove the cause, no matter what the cost, I will remove it. Answer me Grace—say yes."

"Ruleford, I do love you and I believe you love me, but I just couldn't stand to be kissed by a man who wears a horrid mustache."

Ruleford sprang from his seat and caught her in his arms and—no he didn't kiss her. He set her back in the chair and again he did the unconventional. He grabbed his hat and without a word he rushed to the nearest barber shop.

MY TRIP TO THE RANCH

W. J. Stribling, '22.

Just as Frank and I drove into Denmark, I noticed some cattle acting strangely and called his attention to them. "That means that this good weather won't last long," he replied, "When you see cattle bunch together and turn their tails in, you may look for bad weather."

I laughed and asked him how far away cattle could smell storms and other such wild animals. Really, I had reason to laugh, because the weather was just as balmy and pleasant as any day in January could be. In fact, I was rather too warm in my heavy clothes.

However, by the time we had transacted our business and had bought a few articles we had come in to buy, I saw that there might be some ground for the fears of my companion. The sky was getting gray and the wind was beginning to rise a little. I was fast coming to the belief that Frank was a good weather prophet.

Frank Howard had been in Wyoming for ten years as a rancher, and now he owned the ranch just below and adjoining my own. In fact, he had written me the information of my ranch before I bought it, and was instrumental in my becoming a rancher. I was learning to regard his judgment as authority on numerous matters concerning the life in the West.

Since I had not yet attached myself to one of the fairer sex, I was living in the "sweet little nest, somewhere in the West" all by myself; the "nest" was a little bungalow half way up the south side of the mountain on the left trail that wound through twelve miles of huge trees and bush and rocks before it came to the shack of the nearest neighbor towards the North. Frank, my nearest neighbor below me was one mile down the trail from my house.

Hence, as we drove out of Denmark just about sunset that night, I began to dread the cold desolate place that I would have to go to sometime before night. Frank asked me to stay with him for the night, but I wanted to be at home to make an early start to my sawmill the next morning; so I declined, saying that I had better go home and feed my chickens.

Before we had gone a half mile out of town, the blizzard crashed down upon us. Unless you have been out in one of those sweeping, twisting, blinding, snowstorms which are not so uncommon in Wyoming and several other states in that section of the country, you cannot realize the God-forsaken feeling that came over me as that torrent of snow and wind rushed down on us from the mountain. The elements which a few hours before were calm and seemingly harmless, now seemed bent on ripping and tearing the whole mountain and valley from the face of the earth.

I quickly changed my mind and told Frank that I would be delighted to stay all night at his home—if the grace of the Almighty allowed us even to get so far as that. For some minutes we completely lost our bearing and thought we should be completely covered up by the snow. After a few minutes of floundering the horse found the road again and thereafter we let him follow his own sense of direction.

It seemed hours before we covered the five miles from town to Frank's ranch. It was night when we reached there. When we went to bed the blizzard had abated a little in its fierceness, but the snow was still falling and I feared the worst—that there would be several feet of heavy snow before morning.

The next morning when we awoke the storm was still rough, so rough that I decided to wait until afternoon to make the trip home. By noon the storm had just about ceased. There were a few straggling flakes coming down but the falling snow was not the problem that confronted me now. It was the four feet of soft snow that already

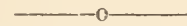
covered the ground. It was so soft that snowshoes were useless. I was obliged to go up to my ranch because the cattle and other livestock had not had any attention for more than a day. Besides, I had a large flock of pure bred chickens which would be entirely lost or frozen if I didn't look out for them. I decided to leave my horse and bundles. I took several loaves of bread in a package under my arm, because there was no bread nor even flour at my house.

‘əpɪw ɛ jo ɹəpɛnb ɛ ɪnoqə pəpələɪ pɛɪ I sɛ noos sɪ
I began to get tired. The snow was up under my arms and walking was almost impossible. At every step I sank almost to my neck. I had to pick each foot up and swing it as high as my shoulder in order to get it over the surface of the snow for another step. This lasted over half way; then, as I got higher up the mountain, the drifts of snow became deeper and more numerous. The only method of getting through them was to plunge through like charging a football line, only it was one plunge right after another. This was laborous and slow progress and even though the outdoor life of the ranch had made me as tough as a hickory, the strain soon began to tell on me. I had just about reached the point of exhaustion. The house was not two hundred yards away, but I just could not find the strength to go farther. In what I thought was a final effort, I rallied courage and ploughed through the snow for several hundred feet more, then stopped to get my breath, but I realized that in my condition of overworked exhaustion if I would let myself rest, I would not be able to go any farther. I thought of the loaves of bread under my arm and wondered why I had brought them all this long distance. I dropped them at my feet, and even that little weight seemed to relieve me of an enormous burden. Thus I was able to struggle and push on until I was within a hundred feet of my front door; then my limbs refused to move. I tried to brace myself up and make one more plunge, but I had rallied my reserve energy so many times that I was in the last stages of exhaustion. It seemed that I stayed there hours in the same position. I wanted to look at my watch to see how late it really was. My watch was in my trousers pocket, but I could not gather enough strength to look at it and had to abandon the idea. Then I began to get sleepy; it would be so nice and warm under the snow, I thought. Suddenly I asked myself the question. “Am I within a hundred feet of my own door and not able to push forward that far?” Through nothing but the sheer farce of will power I called forth a gigantic effort and drove myself forward. Finally, after several mental arguments as to whether I was a quitter and whether I was still alive, I fell against the door and with a final effort managed to raise the latch.

The next thing that I knew, I was lying in the middle of the hearthstone in front of a weak blaze of fire in the fireplace. How I managed to build a fire, I never knew. As soon as I came to my senses I got up, went over to the cupboard and got out a bottle of old whiskey that I had been saving for a long time. After drinking all of it, I was warmed up so that it was possible for me to

build up a good fire out of some pine knots that I had in the house. I was so cold that I made a scorching hot fire, and, before I realized it, the thermometer was registering a hundred degrees. As soon as I was warm enough, I cooked some meat and ate a warm supper even if there was no bread. By this time I was getting strong enough to undress and go to bed.

The next morning I was as well as ever except for being rather weak. It was several days before I fully regained my strength. All of my cattle fared well enough during my absence, but about two dozen of the best chickens froze to death before I was able to rescue them. Before I would take another such trip, I would willingly let the whole outfit freeze to death.



THE OLD STONE CHURCH

B. F. Robertson,—23

About two miles from Clemson College, and about half a mile from the main public road, there stands an old, time-worn structure built of rock, named the Old Stone Church. The design of the edifice is one of extreme simplicity. It is rectangular in shape with a low sloping roof overhead. The cornerstone is inscribed with the date 1797. The church now has a deserted air, yet in its day, there were no places of worship in South Carolina, not even St. Philip's and St. Michael's of Charleston, that could surpass it in the power and fame of its congregation. If the Old Stone Church had been endowed with the power of reason, think how proud she would have felt back in the twenties and thirties of the last century, when, within her walls, sat men that would do honor to any age of history. Within her walls, worshiped men that are regarded as South Carolina's greatest productions, and of whom the whole nation boasts with pride. Here came Senators, governors, statesmen, and ladies of the highest standards of culture and refinement. Think what a pompous scene the old church must have presented when Andrew Pickens, the Governor of South Carolina, and John C. Calhoun, as Secretary of War and later as Vice-President of the United States, took their seats in the congregation. When Calhoun made his appearance, the church held one of three greatest men of his time within its sanctuary. The Old Stone Church was in the center of the wealthiest part of the upper country. Langdon, Cheves, John Taylor, Warren R. Davis, the Haynes, Pincyneys, Earles, Andrew Pickens, and his son, Governor Pickens, General Anderson, Blassingame, and Barnard E. Bee and most of the Calhouns, and Thomas G. Clemson, all have worshipped in this building at different periods of its existence. “Horshoe” Robinson, whose real name was Major James Robertson, frequented this region some years earlier during the Revolutionary days.

The property on which the church stands was granted by John Miller, the printer, who moved to Pendleton in 1785 and secured a grant of land on Eighteen Mile Creek. The church was constructed by members of the Hopewell congregation. The cornerstone was laid in 1797 and the

building was completed in 1802. Later records, dated after 1809, deeded sixteen and three-fourths acres for the purpose of building a meeting house and burying ground. John Miller created a remarkable stir in London, when he was brought to trial for printing libelous material. There was great excitement and it is said that, "Half the population of London were assembled in the streets surrounding Guildhall and remained several hours impatiently expecting the results. When Lord Mansfield announced that the printer had been found "not guilty," shouts of joy arose which reverberated to the remotest district of the English capitol."

The earliest records of the church have been destroyed, yet some of the later church books have been preserved. Several faithful slaves were "members in good standing" and their names are recorded. The slaves sat in the slaves gallery in the rear of the church.

In 1789, General Pickens and Colonel Anderson and Messrs Calhoun and DeSausure of Charleston, all prominent men, applied to the South Carolina Presbytery to be "under watchcare and to receive supplies." They became energetic and erected a log church which was completed in 1791 and replaced in 1802 by one of stone, which became known as the "Old Stone Meeting House." In 1792, Dr. Thomas Reese became pastor of Hopewell and Carmel, the only existing churches in the Pendleton District. Hopewell-Keowee was the first official styling of the Old Stone Church. It was of the Presbyterian faith, and has since remained so. Dr. Reese, was a native of Pennsylvania, and was the first man to be buried in the church graveyard. Dr. Reese was a widely known and well versed scholar, and was the first minister in South Carolina to secure a doctor's degree. The church was served by other famous cleryment during the next half century.

Here lie buried the remains of General Andrew Pickens, Governor Pickens and members of their immediate families. Veterans of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and around a score of old Confederates have been laid to rest in the cemetery. Two Clemson boys, Rembert who was an orphan and Martin, son of a poor widow are also buried here.

One of the most interesting graves in the churchyard is that of Turner Bynum. Bynum was a native of Charleston and was an ardent admirer of Calhoun and his nullification laws. He quarreled with Benjamin L. Perry, a later Governor of South Carolina, concerning his political views, and challenged him to a duel. As it was against the laws of the nation to engage in duelling, the two men met at Hatton's Ford in the Savannah River. From their peculiar position, they considered themselves free from the jurisdiction of both South Carolina and Georgia. In the encounter, Bynum was killed and some of his associates were removing him from the state for burial when, one night, being hotly pursued by the state authorities, they realized they would soon be overtaken, and as they were near the Old Stone Church, the men proceeded towards the cemetery, and, in the midst of a terrible storm, buried the remains of the un-

fortunate dulliest. They stuck the poles upon which they had been conveying the body at the head and foot of the grave, and strange as the incident may seem, these two poles grew into trees. These trees remained as the monument to Bynum until recently when an old negro, who had been commissioned to clear the cemetery, ignorantly cut them down.

The Old Stone Church has been a topic of much superstition among the illiterate folks of this region. There is a story related in "The Maid of the Foot Hills" which places the scene in this old church. It was just after the War Between the States, that some carpetbaggers had called all of the negroes from the surrounding plantations to meet at the church on a particular night. The renowned Mance Jolly, hearing of their plans went to the church with a few white supporters and there concealed themselves in the gallery. Just as the negro assembly was preparing to begin its session, these men, masked as Ku Klux ghosts rose from the gallery and began to moan in a deathly fashion. Instantly, the horror-stricken slaves left in every conceivable direction, and for years would not think of approaching the vicinity of the cemetery at night. Some old darkies have sworn that on certain nights, ghosts of the dead still ride through the cemetery.

During the decade from 1880 to 1890, the church was neglected and allowed to decay, but in 1893, a movement was instigated to repair the place and since then it has been maintained in good condition. A stone wall has been constructed around the cemetery and the church roof has been repaired. A granite shaft has been placed near the entrance of the cemetery in memory of a Clemson College boy who was killed in France during the World War. On every Memorial Day, exercises are held at the church and the graves of the old soldiers are covered with flowers.

The cemetery has again become a fashionable burying place, yet one is impressed with the air of great age which the place bears. The church seems still to be dreaming of the days when the Calhouns, the Pickens, and the Pickneys drove up in their stately coaches and communed within her walls. Through her vice presidents, senators, and statesmen are all dead, some sleeping in her own graveyard, the Old Stone Church still possesses the Spirit of the Lord. Let us hold the memory of this old church and her members as sacred, for it has been said: "A people who forget the deeds of their remote ancestors will achieve nothing worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

NEW MEMBERS OF "INK SPLASHERS CLUB."

The following men have become members of the "Ink Splashers Club" by contributing an article which was subsequently published in the *Chronicle*. Names of new members are published in the *Chronicle* as they become eligible.

J. E. Smith
C. A. Quattlebaum
P. B. Waters
N. Williams

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

FOR THE GOOD OF CLEMSON

G. H. Aull,—'18.

(To the editor of the Chronicle: The startling victory of the Centre College football team over the Harvard eleven last fall has set the whole country to thinking that there must be some new secret formula for this success, and has resulted in a mass of correspondence directed in inquiry. Naturally, "Bo" McMillan, star player of the team and lately All-American back, has come in for a full share of these questions. "How did a little college of 270 students down in the Kentucky blue-grass county manage to turn out a football team that could win over one of the greatest universities in the country, previously undefeated on any gridiron for five years?" This is what folks want to know, and, in view of our own athletic relationship with Centre, I thought all of us would be interested in parts of "Bo" McMillan's answer as it appears in the *American* for February. Since many of us will not see the *American*, I am reproducing here a few of the striking things he said, using as nearly as possible his own words).

"Life and football," says this famous player, "have pretty similar problems and situations. If folks can get inspiration out of Centre's story, I want them to have it. Certainly that is the only excuse for anything I may say here.

"I am reminded of something our athletic director, 'Chief' Myers, wrote in a letter he sent out last summer to every man on the squad. 'Speaking of our glorious record, (since 1917) said the Chief, 'don't forget that *somebody* is working at this thing. It didn't just happen. I want to say to you that brotherly love and team

spirit made us more than anything else. I am anxious above all things to keep that spirit sweet and clean and strong, because I know that without it we shall fall back among the second and third raters. Listen to me, old Animal Life,' the Chief still speaking; 'I would smoke a cigar under a gasoline shower to see you beat Harvard, and I would climb barelegged up a honey-locust tree, with a wildcat under each arm to have you hand the same kind of dose to the rest of them'. "If any man on the squad," says Bo McMillan, "was able to read the Chief's letter without tears coming into his eyes, he is made of different stuff than I am.

"This spirit of which the Chief talks is the big Keynote. It is a spirit that makes every man on the field outdo anything he ever realized he had in him. It is the same way on the sideline. You ask how did this spirit come about at Centre? To answer I shall have to give you a little inside history.

"Back in 1917 when I was a freshman the team had just passed thru three rather disastrous seasons. Meanwhile, we were trying our best, but things weren't 'breaking right!' We lost a game to De Pauw on some pretty bad mistakes. I was standing in the gym when the Chief came up to me and said, 'Bo, I've taught you fellows all the football I know. You need someone to pick up where I leave off, and the man for the place is Charlie Moran.' I didn't agree that the Chief had taught us all he knew, but anyway Uncle Charlie came, two weeks before the annual game with Kentucky State. The State players had been running roughshod over everyone and were hot favorites to beat us.

"While Uncle Charlie was driving us, bawling us out, slapping us on the back,—and teaching us more football than we ever heard of—the Chief was telling us that Fighting Centre men were more than a match for any team that could be thrown against them. We came to look upon that game as about the most important thing in life and we were all keyed up about the time the day arrived.

"As we were dressing to go to the field, an event happened that had more effect on the future fortunes of the team than any other single thing in the four years of triumph that followed. It was the incident resulting in our getting the title of the 'Praying Colonels.' We were in the gym, and Uncle Charlie had been outlining our battle tactics. Presently he stopped short, and when he spoke again his voice was low and serious. 'Boys', he said, 'I suppose I've been what some folks would call a rough cuss, but I've always played the game of life straight. You know that. I don't go in for religion, and I reckon most of you don't either, but I believe in God, and I'm sure he looks after folks who do their best. Won't one of you say a word of prayer?"

"There was a moment of dead silence. Then one of the fellows blurted out: "Damn it all, let me pray!"

"You never heard a stranger or a more striking prayer than the one that followed. It wasn't a prayer for victory. It was just a whole-hearted appeal that every man that day might give the best he had for Old Centre; that

he might play a clean game, and not be hurt badly enough so that he would have to be taken out.

"As he finished, I looked around the room. I think every man on the team was crying. We went out on the field and fought as we had never fought before, and just to illustrate how something above and beyond ourselves had got into us, I might mention that one of our men who had never tried a drop kick before stepped back to the 20-yard line in the third quarter on a fourth down and drove the ball between the goal posts for the only score either team made. Since that afternoon no Centre College team has gone on the field for a game without a word of prayer. We don't pray to win. We play to win and pray to play our best. We don't ask for the 'breaks' but ask instead that, whatever the outcome, we may fight like men to the last ditch. I wish that folks could see what this really means. Any of us might hand you a wallop if you charged us with being pious, but we believe there is a God who wants people to be square and give the best they've got to everything they go into. We have none of us broken any church attendance records, but I have noticed that there has seldom been any profanity or rough talk around the dressing room or on the field since we started this particular habit, and I don't think there's a man of us who doesn't feel that he's stronger and finer as a result of it.

"Another big influence in what we have been able to accomplish is the fact that we all work together without friction or jealousy. It's a case of each for all and all for each. On the field when one of us is tackled and thrown, and maybe buried under the heap, there's likely be two or three of the boys there to help him to his feet. When one man is forced out of the game because of injuries the rest of us feel that we have to play a little harder for his sake. Then too, our team knows that the College is behind us to a man. You just have to make good when you know that.

It takes more than all this. Bo McMillin says that everyone must work, and to illustrate some of the "pep" which loyal men exhibit, he quotes a letter from a friend of the institution to the old players and alumni: "If you find a likely looking prospect," so goes the letter, "put a rope about his neck and lead him in. We want nice boys who are willing to take an anvil in each hand and fight a shark at the bottom of the ocean, or ride a porcupine without a saddle." The letter continues, "We're going to do some of the sweetest little team work this fall you ever saw, and no one is going to slight his studies to do it. A fellow who isn't good enough to keep up his work in his classes and do what he is supposed to go to college for, doesn't belong on our football team. He isn't smart enough to hold a place on it."

"Dozens of people have asked me how I felt when I realized that our little college had beaten Harvard. To only two or three have I told the real story, because it isn't a thing about which a fellow likes to speak casually. But perhaps I can tell it here.

"Of course it was a big moment. When 'Tiny' Maxwell, the referee handed me the ball and said, 'You've

won the game', I was so excited I started to running around in little circles and yelling at the top of my voice 'We've beaten them; We've beaten them!' Then, before I realized it, the crowd had rushed onto the field and I was being borne away on the shoulders of a whole lot of people. Folks were pounding me on the back and raising a hullabaloo. But in a moment the whole shouting crowd passed out of the picture—just as if it had been wiped out with a sponge—and I seemed to see the face of my mother who died last spring. I remembered her interest and how proud she had been of every little triumph and I found myself saying over and over, 'Mother, if you were only here how happy this would make you. Sometimes since then I have wondered if she were not there—much, much more truly than I ever knew. Anyway, I like to think so.'

It's a great story men, told by a great man—greater because of his faith in God and his devotion to his mother. Such men are always great and none other can play football.

—o—

ILLITERACY IN SOUTH CAROLINA

"The Palmetto flag flies over more mental darkness and ignorance to the square inch than exists in any other State in the Union, save possibly one." Thus is our beloved State of South Carolina advertised to the entire world.

This condition of illiteracy is indeed deplorable, and the people of South Carolina cannot let it stand and keep their self-respect and pride of government.

There is no alibi for the fact that South Carolina stands in all educational lines almost the lowest of any state in the country. With her colonial traditions, her glorious history of military, political, and literary achievement, and her recognized standing as one of the oldest States in the Union, South Carolina should rank at the top in trained citizenship.

It is true that the large percentage of negro population adds greatly to the number of illiterates in the State, but this is far from a determining factor. The white people of the State have not been, and are not doing their duty towards the educating of their children. And until there is a general awakening to the true significance of our position, South Carolina will continue to occupy the bottom round of the ladder of intelligence and enlightenment.

The fact that loyal South Carolinians are awakening to the true state of affairs is evidenced by the rapid progress which the State has made in stamping out illiteracy during the last ten years. However, she has still far to go, and no true son of the old "Palmetto" State will rest satisfied until she takes her rightful place among her sister States in the matter of education.

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT?

"If by the time he is a sophomore or a junior, the student hasn't a pretty good idea of the career he wants to follow, his first few years in the financial world are apt to be lost. Jobs do not turn up as if by magic, the day after commencement."

Such is the observation of a business executive. It is based upon his experience with college graduate candidates for positions in the commercial and industrial world.

How many men at Clemson does this hit?

It is a fact that there are men, not only in the sophomore and junior classes here, but in the senior class as well, who have only a vague idea as to the career they desire to follow after graduation. Many of these men are expecting a job to turn up along with their diplomas at commencement, and almost that many are destined to be disappointed.

Every man who seeks a higher education should have a definitely formulated purpose in view, and should subordinate all other interests to that aim; not to the degree that he becomes a narrow, specialized machine,—that is undesirable—but to the extent that he develops into an intelligent, efficient, well-informed worker in his chosen line.

The college man who has no definite objective in view is usually only marking time. He has set up for himself no goal upon which to concentrate his interest and efforts, and, as a result, both of these necessary prerequisites to his success are being lost.

This matter of preparation deserves the earnest consideration of every college man. Let him select the career for which he is best fitted, and conscientiously prepare himself for that work which lies before him. In this way, as in no other, he will develop into a "worker who need not be ashamed," a greater asset to himself and to humanity.

CASH PRIZES FOR LITERARY WORK

The (Columbia) State is offering to undergraduates of the colleges of South Carolina cash prizes for the best piece of literary work, whether it be a poem, sonnet, essay or short story. The articles submitted must not be over 2,000 words in length, and no article will be considered which has previously appeared in print. No student will be allowed to submit more than one article. The judges, to whom these articles will be submitted, are chosen by the South Carolina College Press Association.

The prizes offered are as follows: first prize \$50.00; second prize, \$30.00; third prize, \$20.00; and ten other prizes of \$10.00 each.

The conditions of the contest place the prizes within the reach of every college student in South Carolina, and many should respond to the interest shown by *The State* in the raising of the standard of literary work in South Carolina. Besides the chance to win one of the valuable money prizes, the very nature of the contest itself should appeal to every student. This opportunity to uncover and gain recognition for literary ability is one of the best that has been offered to the college students of South Carolina in many years.

For further information of the details of the contest, address the Editor of *The State*, Columbia, S. C.

—o—

Don't fail to read the article, "For the Good of Clemson," in this issue. The article tells of the great experience of a great football team, and as we have had—as Centre had before success came—three disastrous seasons on the gridiron, it should be of the greatest interest to every man interested in Clemson's athletics.

—o—

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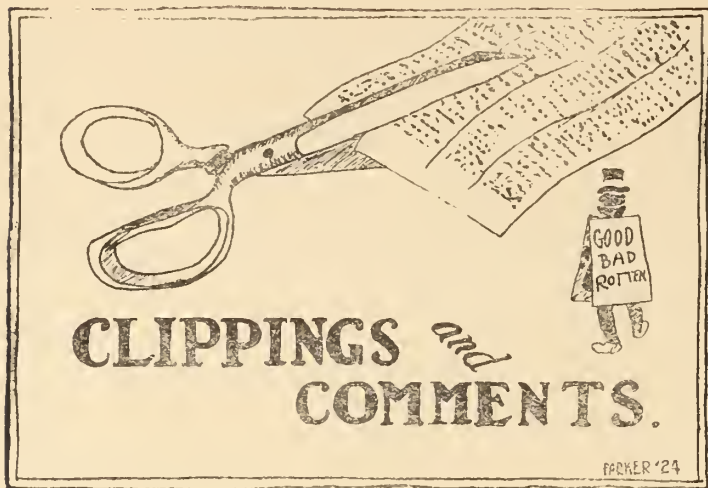
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H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

REALISM

Somewhere, at the present writing,
 On the world's extensive map,
 There's a gent and a lady fighting,
 Using knives and clubs mayhap.
 They may both be serf or peasant,
 They may be a king or queen;
 But their language isn't pleasant,
 And they make a dreadful scene.
 We could live our lives without them,
 But we'll see them both someday
 When a Realist learns about them
 And thy're featuring in a play.

Somewhere folks unprepossessing
 Rant and struggle, curse and rave,
 Suffer agonies distressing,
 Or spitefully behave!
 Snarling, stabbing, vitriol throwing,
 All their venom they reveal;
 It's their only way of showing
 How such wretched creatures feel.
 Just at present we don't mind them,
 We can let them bite and rage;
 But some Realist is bound to find them
 And to put them on the stage.

Somewhere life is smoothly flowing,
 Somewhere people laugh and play,
 Somewhere there are faces glowing
 With the pleasures of today.
 We would like to hear the laughter
 And to feel the joy it brings,
 But the Realist follows after
 Other harder, sterner things
 Catching all the mystic beauty
 Of the light and happy heart
 Isn't this dramatic duty;
 That is happiness—not art.

—James J. Montague, in the Washington Post.

SLANG

T. W. Morgan,—'22

Don't it almost knock you out
 To hear folks sling the Bull about?
 Good old English hits the pike,
 And people rag it as they like.
 It's nothing previous to a shame
 To hear some modern flapper dame
 Hand out loud a brand-new line
 O'er which wide-mouthed hash-slingers pine.
 Slang is rife on every tongue;
 The daily line of old and young
 Is jammed with words and phrases new—
 The old uns left are just few.
 The Pater talks it to his lad;
 Young Hopeful slings it back at Dad;
 The Mater sings, "Cut out the slang;!"
 When Daughter lets it go ker-bang.
 The hobo speils it to his pal;
 The tea-hound has it in corral;
 The tramp and bum both have it down,
 And little children know the sound
 Of all the words of latest style—
 They blab them out, and elders smile.
 The college prof. does not taboo
 The latest slang—he's wise there too,
 And uses it in trying to teach
 Wise studes who know no other speech.
 Where is our tongue arriving at?
 Some day we'll have a lingo that
 Is full of slang and recent words
 That we must sling like polly birds.
 Some hone for power and some for gold,
 But bring me back the gab of old,
 With all slang nil, and meaning made,
 And a spade ain't prior to a spade.

Bad handwriting covers a lot of the worst spelling.
 Much has been achieved by attempting the impossible.
 Study your good intentions as well as your bad ones.
 Two things are sure to make a girl laugh—dimples and pretty teeth.

It is better to be beaten in trying to do right than it is to succeed in doing wrong.

Cromwell said, "Paint me as I am." Women say, "Paint me as I ain't."

They don't have sleeping cars on the road to success.

One way of amusing people is to take yourself too seriously.

—Rock Hill Herald.

It pays to be harsh critic of yourself. Do not let a thing go until you are sure it represents your very best efforts.

No matter how proud a girl may be of her family name, she's seldom averse to changing it.—The Field.

—0—

Girls err who try to drink and work. The stewed chicken of tonight is the canned peach of tomorrow.
—Greenville News

—0—

You are writing a Gospel
A chapter each day,
By deeds that you do,
By words that you say.
Men read what you write,
Whether faithless or true.
Say! What is the Gospel
According to YOU?

—Selected

—0—

What we hate worse than anything else in the world, except, perhaps, actual sin, is having someone else decide what is good for us.—Ohio State Journal.

—0—

Don't worry if you stumble—a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.—Selected.

—0—

As a rule man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool.
When it's cool he wants it hot,
Always wanting what is not,
Never wanting what he's got;
As a rule a man's a fool.

As a rule woman's wise;
When she can't get what she wants
Then she cries.
Man cannot withstand her tears
So he wives it to the dears;
As a rule woman's wise.

—0—

PROVERBS OF THE NATION

Memory is life's clock.
Jealousy knows no loyalty.
Silence is lover's rhetoric.
Love kills with golden arrows.
Secrecy is the soul of business.
This tomorrow of yours lasts forever.
He who finds not love finds not nothing.
There is no tomorrow for an asking friend.
A wise man never says, "I did not think of that."
He whom it touches nearest always learns his injury last.

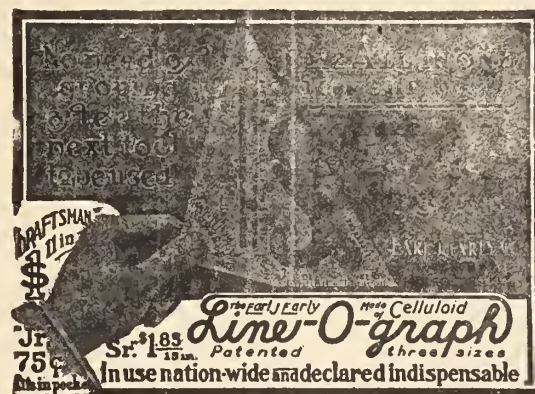
Nothing in the world is stranger than a man save his own passions.

He who would be rich has not to pile up money but diminish his wants.—Washington Post.

—0—

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he has means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things that he has.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

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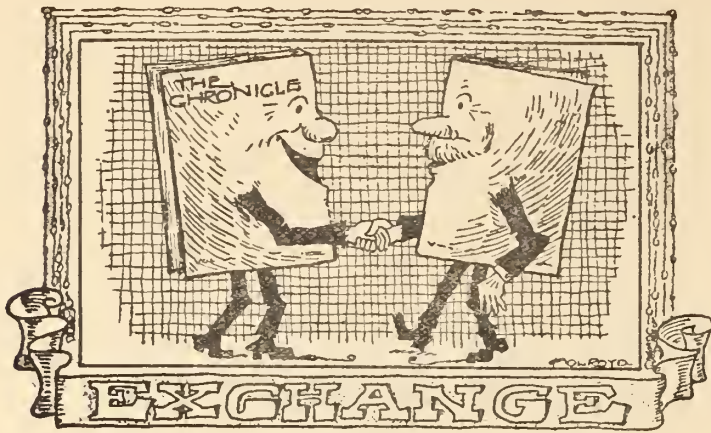
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For Sale By

The Cadet Exchange



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of so many exchanges this month. The majority of the magazines indicate that the students are doing serious and earnest work.

The December issue of *The Erothesian* is a well balanced magazine. It contains several especially good contributions. "How Tennyson Delights in Motion," contains fine criticism of the great poet. We are glad to see that the writer realizes that a true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellences than imperfections in order to show the concealed beauties of a writer.

The December issue of *The Newberry Stylus* shows a lack of material. The writer of the article "Heroes of Tomorrow" is to be commended. His vision of the future as portrayed in this eulogy to those who will strive for peace and to those who will serve mankind in other capacities, is true in every sense.

The December issue of *The Criterion* more than any of the other magazines represents the work of the student body as a whole. "The Chattering Girl and the Quiet Boys" is a story which contains types of which people could read with profit. The article, "Shakespeare's Love of Music," is both interesting and instructive. It can be said of the poem "Week (Weak) in the Infirmary" that truth is made to shine the brighter, when thus clad in verse.

The January issue of *The Nautilus* contains a number of good articles. The story "Worn for Life" is especially good. The writer is to be commended for the skill displayed in the development of this story.

The Pine and Thistle contains several articles of historical interest. The writer of "The Romantic Scot Country" portrays vividly the ruins of Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, and of Melrose Abbey, the abode of several famous monks of the fourteenth and first of the fifteenth century. The names of other articles which were especially good, are as follows: "After Culloden," "Flora MacDonald," and "The History of Scotch Music." Why not have a few more poems next time? Variety is necessary to a well balanced magazine.

We may say that *The Bashaba* ranks among the best of the magazines received by us this month. The editorial on "Scholarship," relative to the award made to those

"Caps" 22

The Clemson College Annual

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attaining a high standard in English for four years is good. The article, "Signs of Autumn," is a vivid portrayal of the changing of the forests and fields with the passing of autumn and the slow approach of winter. The play, entitled "Little Prince Earnest," deserves comment. This is the first work of this kind we have found in any of the magazines which we have received. We venture to say again that variety is a requisite to a well balanced magazine. The poem "I'se Jes' a Lil' Cullud Boy" contains a good idea. If a few of the pessimists in the world could look at things as the little colored boy did, the world would be a better place to live in. All the departments show that the students are doing serious and earnest work.

The Wake Forest Student contains a number of good articles. The story, "The Lone Trail," is especially good. The sense of right which made the boy return a silver loving cup which he had not won fairly is a good example of the moral battles that boys in all colleges are having to fight today. The article, entitled "The Teaching of English Literature in the High School," contains valuable information about such work. The editorial concerning the Literary Societies is in a way true of a number of other schools.

The Blue and Gray contains a number of short stories which are good. The fact that the magazine does not have an Exchange Department, however, makes it impossible for the publishers to derive the greatest benefit from literary work of this kind.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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J. L. Harvin	Business Manager
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H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

His countenance fell,
His voice broke,
His heart sank,
His hair rose,
His eyes blazed,
His words burned,
His blood froze,
But it appears, however, that he was able to pull himself together at the last moment and marry the girl.—Life.

Tom Halstead: "Sams, judging from your looks you have anthragnose."

"Blackjack" Rearden: "Was she up here to the last dance?"

One hand was all he used to steer,
The other arm hugged Myrtle.
They did a skid, and then, oh dear!
The beastly car turned turtle.—Judge

VEILED CONCEIT

"I love you more than anything else in the world."
"I regret that I cannot return it, yet I shall always respect your taste."—Exchange.

Some women are no more genuine than their blushes, while others are as true as freckles.—Selected.

We will now have a little sham-battle between the cats, (best five lives out of nine.)

Women who wear so few clothes should know that half the fun is in guessing.

The cheapest looking thing at a bargain counter is a man waiting for his wife to get through.

Life is full of disappointments. Look at some of the men who took first prizes when they were babies.

ECONOMICS IN IT'S MAKING

The man that married the widow Lizzie with two children undoubtedly must have had economics in mind. He got a second hand "Lizzie" and two "Run-abouts" for \$1.50. (The price of a marriage license.)

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Kind neighbor: "Is your son back from Clemson?"

Parent: "I presume so; I have not seen my car for a week."

—o—
The surest way to turn a screen star into an emotional actress is to cut her salary.—Selected.

—o—
The woman who doubts an honest man will believe every word a ten cent fortune teller tells her.

—o—
With her I've strolled down Cupid's street.

Inhaling summer air,

And I have come to love her neat

Abundant auburn hair;

But as I gaze with loving eyes,

I sadly sort of sigh;

For all her hair, I realize

That some day she will dye!—Judge.

—o—
Dig: "Can a girl dress on five dollars a week?"

Zee: "Judging by appearance, I'd say most of them dress on less than that."

—o—
"Hear Dorothy had an accident yesterday."

"Oh, well, it didn't amount to much."

"You mean to say that neither she nor the car was hurt?"

"No; only a little paint knocked off both."

—o—
Don't shoot the "bull". Remember that he wants to live as bad as you.

—o—
Are knot holes or are they not holes?

—o—
If all the world was apple pie,

And all the sea was ink;

And all the trees were bread and cheese—

What would we have to drink?

Fool! what do we have anyway?—Tar Baby.

—o—
The Ford is my car.

I shall not want another

It maketh me to lie down in wet places,

It spoileth my good clothes.

It leadeth me into deep mud holes.

It leadeth me into paths of ridicule for its name sake.

It prepareth a break down for me in the present of mine enemies.

Yea, though I run it through the valleys, I am towed up the hill.

I fear great evil while it is with me.

It's rods and it's engine discomforts me.

It anointeth my head with oil.

Its tank runneth over.

Surely to goodness if this thing follows me all the days of my life I shall dwell in the house of the insane forever

—Technique.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Then up rose pretty Ruth

And these words did she speak:

"I'd like a mustache on my mouth

And whiskers on my cheek."

—o—
Though some would kill the modern dance—

The Puritans and Quakers;

We know of two who'd let them prance—

The rouge and hair-net makers!

—o—
Love the only evening cereal on the market.

—o—
A woman will go to any extreme to be in fashion, which probably accounts for the popularity of fashion.

—o—
Prof. Godfrey: "Water is a mobile liquid."

Zeigler. "Then, would you call gasoline an automobile liquid?"

—o—
It used to be bad taste to kiss; now the taste of the kiss is bad.

—o—
A hand to hand contest—two deaf and dumb women discussing their husbands.

—o—
She is a wonderful queen, but I'm not the king who has the jack to go with her.

—o—
He: "Great heavens, woman! Do you think I am made of money?"

She: "I wish you were. I could get you changed then."
—Judge

—o—
Home Brew speaking: I know I'm pruny, but then I haven't had much raisin.

—o—
The girls nowadays aren't satisfied

To bob off just their hair.

It seems their scissors they've applied

To skirts, and hosiery got its share

Of hobbing off for girls wear socks.

Or roll their own which sometimes shocks

The conscience of the sterner sex;

At least, they follow us for blocks—Tar Baby.

—o—
"Well, I'm spreading out into the world," said little Tommy Willis as he tipped the scales at two seventy.

—o—
Lieut. Emory (inspecting barracks. Had just "busted" several men for "dirt under radiators"). "This hall is in a mess. Colonel must not have inspected under the radiators before. Who inspected this hall last Saturday morning?"

Kadet Escort: "Lieut. Emory, sir."

Lieut. Emory: Hum????!****

—o—
If everybody lived in glass houses, burlesque shows would have to go out of business.



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THE CHRONICLE



*Fain would my muse the flowing treasure sing
And humble glories of the youthful spring.*

—Pope.

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Clemson College, S. C. March.

No. 6

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- (b) Extension Service includes county agent work; agricultural club work; specialists' work; agricultural publications; agricultural lectures; and advisory correspondence. The home demonstration work is directed by Winthrop College.
- (c) Fertilizer Inspection and Analysis.
- (d) Live Stock Sanitary Work includes cattle tick eradication; tuberculosis eradication; hog cholera control; and investigation, control and quarantine of contagious diseases.
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX.

Clemson College, S. C., March 1922

No. 6

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22.

R. W. COARSEY, '23

B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

A PLEA

J. W. Kirpatrick—'24

O! Thou who guides me from above
 Directing with a heart of love
 Each kind move I ever make,
 Every thought while I'm awake,
 Always tender—ever kind,
 Even tho I'm often blind
 To the blessings showered down
 From a God of great renown,
 Do not let me from thy care
 Wander into deep despair, but
 Rather let me ever be
 Thine thru all eternity.

NOT CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER

M. C. Ellison,—'24

Zeke Andrews, glancing up from his work, noticed that he had only one more row of potatoes to hoe. This fact seemed to brighten his spirits, for he began to whistle merrily. Deep blue eyes and an ever-ready smile were the outstanding features of this country lad. There was nothing else immediately observable, but you would have to talk with him for only a few minutes before you would discover his personality and his mechanical turn. The neighbors called Zeke a Jack-of-all trades, for they always called on him when their reapers, mowing machines, and other farm implements got out of working order. This afforded Zeke an ample opportunity to exercise his mechanical skill.

Shouldering his hoe at the end of the last row, Zeke noticed a huge grey car moving laboriously along the near-by road, and finally coming to a stop, evidently from engine trouble. Zeke, always ready to do a good turn, started in a brisk walk for the scene of the trouble. When he came up to the car, he found a negro chauffeur hold-

ing up the hood and gazing at the engine. The negro raised up and said, "I don't know what could be wrong."

"Let me take a slant at your engine," said Zeke, raising his hat to the ladies in the car.

The short, heavy set man who occupied the seat beside the driver gruffly said to his chauffeur, "Don't bother with that youngster. I'll wager that this is the first time he has ever seen a car larger than a tin fliver."

Zeke had almost decided to let the helpless remain helpless when he noticed a smile on the face of the younger of the two ladies in the rear seat. Her smiling eyes shone forth from under long black eyelashes, while an even line of ivory teeth showed behind her slightly parted full red lips. Zeke stood gripping the fender of the car, and gazed like one entranced for a second; then realizing his rudeness, he dropped his gaze, and a dull red suffused the dark tan on his face. But the chauffeur saved Zeke from further embarrassment by making another useless attempt to start the engine.

Zeke, forgetting the harsh words that the man in front seat had spoken, bent over the engine and carefully examined the parts. It was comparatively easy for him to detect the trouble, for he was very familiar with that type of engine. So, making the proper adjustments in the mechanical devices that he found out of order, he turned to the chauffeur and said, "Step on the starter again."

Zeke was gratified to hear the welcome hum of the motor when the chauffeur switch on the engine; but he was much more gratified when he straightened and saw the same sweet smile—only more pronounced—on the beautiful face in the rear seat.

The man in the front seat, reaching into his pocket as if for money, turned to Zeke and said with a more congenial tone, "Son, what do I owe you?"

Zeke, again glancing at the attractive girl in the rear seat, said confusedly, "I—I do not charge for friendly aid, sir."

The chauffeur, changing gears, moved the car off, while the man again thanked Zeke and the young lady acknowledged his service with a slight nod and a smile.

The car had moved only a few feet when one of the ladies noticed that one of the doors stood slightly ajar. She pushed it wide open so as to slam it and make it catch. Zeke heard the door slam and saw a small black object drop from the running board and roll over into the dust. Evidently the people were not conscious of losing the object, for the car soon disappeared around the next bend in the road.

Running swiftly up the road, Zeke soon came to the small object that he had seen drop from the car. Then, picking up the object and examining it carefully Zeke saw that it was a small, black satin slipper with a high heel, evidently belonging to the right foot of some dainty young lady, and probably the one in the rear seat of the car.

With his mind somewhat puzzled, Zeke sat down upon the side of the road and silently regarded the slipper. His mind wandered back to his childhood days when his

mother used to tell him the story about Cinderella. He remembered that she had lost a slipper, which the Prince found and searched the kingdom over until he found Cinderella, the owner. Zeke then imagined himself the modern Prince, and the owner of the slipper in his hand the modern Cinderella. But, he was not long to give himself up to reverie, for at this time he heard the tinkling of the supper bell from his home a little way up the road.

Zeke was met at the door of the large farm house by his two little sisters, who promptly began to beg for a ride on his back.

Zeke's mind was too much disturbed to be bothered with the little tots, both of whom were regular little tomboys; so he roughly said, "Let me alone," and passed on into the kitchen, leaving the children wondering after him—because Zeke did not usually treat them that way.

"Zekie, boy, you look worried," sympathetically spoke his mother, a little woman with a sweet face, which, except for the few wrinkles brought on by worry, was also pretty.

"Nothing wrong with me, Mother", said Zeke his looks brightening as he drew up a chair to the already-set supper table.

"Son, did you get those potatoes finished?" asked a tall man stepping into the door and preparing to sit down to supper. He was a typical Carolina land-owner with broad shoulders and a neatly trimmed iron-grey mustache.

"Yes, Dad, I finished 'em before sundown," said Zeke.

"That's fine; but I think that you will have to stop such as that pretty soon, for I heard a speech in town today about education, and I have decided that you shall go to a mechanical school this fall. I didn't have the chance when I was growing up, and realizing what I missed, I have resolved to send all three of my children to college; so, Zeke, it is your time now," said Mr. Andrews.

"Oh, Dad; me go to college this fall! Why, that's what I had often hoped I could do; but I thought that you were against it," said Zeke, taking up the two college catalogues across the table that his dad had got from the speaker in town.

The little family talked 'till after bedtime that night about Zeke going off to college in the fall. And when Zeke finally went up to his room, he took out the slipper and said, as if talking to some unseen person, "Slipper, I believe that you brought me good luck, and, little slipper, I've got a chance now to find the owner. I am going out into the world." After talking to the slipper, he carefully placed it in the bottom of his trunk and crawled into bed to dream of his future experiences.

Five long years have elapsed. Zeke is at last out in the great industrial world, starting, like most young college men, in the shops of a large concern. In Zeke's case it was the Hewitt Howell company, manufacturers of cotton mill machinery. Zeke had made an enviable record at one of the South's greatest agricultural and mechanical colleges, but had thru all of those years stuck to his ever present vision of the owner of the satin slipper.

Zeke came to his room in the New York hotel, after a

hard day in the shops, and grimly smiled as he searched in the depths of his trunk and brought forth the slipper. "I was promoted to the position of overseer of my division, little slipper," he dreamily whispered as he clasped the slipper in his work stained hands. Carefully placing the slipper back, Zeke moved to the window and gazed at the seething mass of traffic, and smiled exultantly as he again brought to mind the amount his pay envelope would contain. The words of the big boss, "You are promoted, due to your good and faithful work, to be overseer of your division. Report for work in this capacity next Monday," rang in his ears.

Standing thus in deep thought, Zeke was suddenly aroused by the clangor of the fire bell and the cry of "Fire! Fire!"—which in large cities is a word that carries a terrible significance. Rushing from the hotel, Zeke watched the fire wagon dash by, and then followed the crowd to the next block, which contained stately, old-timish looking residences, evidently the homes of well-to-do people. One of these houses was wrapped in flames. Zeke had been an athlete in his college days, and consequently, he had a store of physical power and nerve in readiness; and it was time for him to use it too, for at this time he noticed someone waving frantically from a window on the top floor. Heedless of the cries from the crowd, Zeke rushed up to the front of the house, caught hold of the old fashioned vine trellis, and drew himself up hand over hand to the roof of the front porch where by a great effort, he managed to gain the window in which the trapped person had appeared. He entered the room through the window, and glanced hurriedly around. The far side of the room blazed up as Zeke picked up the faint form of a girl and struggled through stifling smoke back to the window. Here he let her down by the rope that the firemen had been sensible enough to throw to him. Letting himself down after her, he hurried to the rescued girl and, at first glance, uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he shut his eyes and compared her white face with the illusion of the ideal—yes, they were the same! Some one came up at this moment and rushed the girl off to the hospital.

Zeke read next day in the newspaper of the unknown hero and modestly wondered if the young lady would want to meet her rescuer. He was gratefully thankful for the fact that the one for whom he had risked his life was the one girl—his ideal. The question was now to find out how to meet her. His thoughts were disturbed at this moment by a knock at the door. Zeke turned and said, "Come in."

"A message for you, sir," said a small messenger boy, turing about and leaving Zeke to read the message alone.

Zeke hurriedly opened the envelope and read:

Mr. Alphonse Hewitt
requests the pleasure of
your company at a
reception on Wednesday evening
August the eighteenth at eight o'clock
204 Eighty first Avenue.

With unbelieving eyes he again read the invitation. Then he danced around the room like a ten-year-old boy,

saying, "It's from the big boss himself; won't Mother be glad when I tell her. Invited to a reception at the big boss's home! Gee!"

It was counted as an honor among the employees to be invited to Mr. Hewitt's—president of the Hewitt-Howell company—annual reception. Thus, on Wednesday afternoon Zeke hurried back to his room from his work to get ready for the big occasion. He went to his trunk and got out his dress suit, which had been unused since his college days. While putting on this suit, Zeke wondered where he could put the tiny slipper, when he suddenly exclaimed aloud: "I know; I'll put it in my hat. I am not expecting to see the owner, but will just take it with me for good luck." So, with care he pushed the slipper down into the tall beaver hat, leaving plenty of room for the hat to fit naturally on his head.

A few minutes after eight o'clock, Zeke pressed an electric bell at the front door of one of the most fashionable homes in that part of New York City.

A butler answered his ring and said, "Walk in, sir."

Zeke walked into the spacious reception hall, and, dropping his gloves into his hat to hide the slipper, gave the butler his hat and cane.

While awaiting the butler's return, Zeke could hear young voices in the next room. He was slightly nervous, as he had not had very much time to devote to society since coming to the city. The butler appeared at this moment and said, "Your card please, follow me."

Zeke handed the butler his card and followed his stoic form into the room from which the sound of voices had come. He smiled upon the gathering as the butler announced the name on the card. Seeing that another visitor had arrived, Mr. Hewitt stepped forward with extended hand and said, "Welcome, Mr. Andrews; come, I want you to meet Mrs. Hewitt." Then Mrs. Hewitt carried Zeke down the receiving line. Zeke was not expecting anything unusual, but something unusual did happen, for at that moment he caught sight of the lovely girl whom he had a few days before rescued. She seemed to recognize her rescuer at almost the same instant, for without any formality at all she tripped lightly across the room and gave him her hand, saying, "I have the pleasure at last of meeting and trying to thank you for saving my life. I have searched the city to find you."

"It was nothing more than any man could do," stammered Zeke.

"But only one man did it, you see," sweetly countered the young lady.

Mrs. Hewitt, seeing that the two had probably met before, tapped the young lady on the shoulder with her lorgnette and inquired of her, "Caroline, dear, where have you two met before? Can it be that this is the young man that saved my darling from the fire that destroyed my sister's home?"

"Yes, Mother."

Zeke, becoming very uncomfortable, attempted to change the subject by saying, "Suppose we talk of things more pleasant than fires, for instance, Miss Hewitt (he so called her, as he had surmised from what Mrs. Hewitt had said,) have you ever been to the South?"

"Now, Mr. Andrews, don't be so modest. We are greatly indebted to you, and may I take this opportunity of inviting you around to dinner with us to-morrow when we can become better acquainted?" spoke Mrs. Hewitt.

"I assure you that nothing could delight me better, Mrs. Hewitt," heartily answered Zeke.

Mrs. Hewitt said, turning to meet a newcomer, "We shall expect you, Mr. Andrews, and, Caroline, don't bother Mr. Andrews too long."

"Have I ever been South?" said Caroline, repeating the words that Zeke had spoken a few moments before. "So that's what you want to talk about. Well, I think that this reception can run without us, or at least until we are better acquainted, don't you?"

"Sure thing," answered Zeke, gazing intently into her black eyes, that twinkled mischievously as she led the way to a leather sofa which was hidden from prying eyes by a huge bank of flowers.

Caroline sat down among the inviting pillows and smilingly motioned Zeke to take the vacant seat by her side.

Zeke, taking the proffered seat, for the second time anxiously asked, "Miss Hewitt, have you ever been South?"

"Me? Why goodness, yes; so much so 'till mother calls me her little 'Reb.'" She is completely Northern herself, but my dad and I claim to be true Southerners. When I was only twelve years old, the doctor advised mother to send me to the South, and, that I might be better taken care of. I was sent to live with my Daddy's brother in South Carolina." At this moment Caroline paused to glance at Zeke, whose handsome face bore an expression which told plainly that he was awfully happy about something.

Clasping his hands together, and with a great effort managing to control his enthusiasm, Zeke asked, "Did you ever ride in an automobile in South Carolina and have engine trouble?"

"Oh yes; Uncle used to take us on a good many automobile trips all over the State. But engine trouble! Why uncle had a chauffeur who attended to such as that," chimed Caroline. "But why did you want to know that?"

Seeing that she did not remember the particular time, Zeke closed his eyes and again looked into the rear seat of the big car and saw the same girl who was then sitting beside him. But he was not to have long for retrospection, for Caroline tapped him on the sleeve and said, "Answer my question; I answered yours."

Opening his eyes, Zeke gazed upon the girl and gently said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Hewitt. I feel as if I had known you for a long time."

"Please don't call me 'Miss' unless you have to; we will drop all those 'Mr's' and 'Misses' and you may call me Caroline and I'll call you—"

"Zeke," supplied Zeke, gladly conferring to the new rule.

Then Caroline listened intently and blushed like a true maiden of the Sunny South as Zeke related the events in his life subsequent to the engine trouble. Zeke did not withhold anything from Caroline telling her about his ever present vision of her, and also about the slipper that he

thought belonged to her.

When he told about the slipper, Caroline laughed merrily and said, "Zeke I hate to disappoint you in your Cinderella ideal; that slipper didn't belong to me but to my Cousin, who had worn it to a dance the night before. I don't remember why they were loose in the car, but they belonged to my cousin Arabella."

"Why worry about the Cinderella stuff, Caroline, I just had a cranky notion that some day I would find the rightful owner of the slipper somewhat as the Prince did in Cinderella."

But they didn't get to finish their conversation, as Mrs. Hewitt called Caroline, and stated that she would have to help entertain, and that they could finish their tete-a-tete at some other time.

"All right, Mother. Zeke, this has been the best reception that I have ever attended at my own home. They are such boring things generally. When you come to-morrow, bring that slipper; I should like to see it," said Caroline glancing slyly up into his face.

He did not tell her that the precious slipper was in his hat at that moment but instead said, "I'll be sure to bring it to-morrow; just now let us join the crowd."

When Zeke got ready to leave the reception, he clasped Caroline's hand warmly and simply said, "Good night, Caroline. See you tomorrow." In his heart Zeke knew that he wanted to say more than "Good night, Caroline," but without saying it, he left after a similar "good night" from Caroline.

As Zeke neared the home of Caroline on the next evening, he mused to himself, "I will have to go easy. It is hard for me to realize that I met her only yesterday, even though in my heart I have known her for a long time. I have the advantage of her, for I have always— it seems loved her and she has barely met me; though I hope that she can learn to love me. I believe I saw it in her eyes. Those wonderful eyes! God help her to love me!" These things Zeke spoke to his soul, and this had been one of his best habits, that of speaking deep thoughts and secrets to his soul.

No butler met Zeke at the door this time. Caroline beat the butler there, and with outstretched hand welcomed Zeke as she said, "Mother had almost decided that you weren't coming; but not me."

"Nothing short of an earthquake could have kept me away, de—"; he had almost called her dear but saved himself, realizing that she had known him only one day.

At the dinner table Zeke entertained all by telling of his southern country, and his southern home. He noticed that especially were Caroline and her father interested in his description of Southern life.

"I have always wanted a winter home in the South, but," nodding towards his wife, "Mary likes the North; so there it is," added Mr. Hewitt.

Throughout the meal the conversation seemed to dwell on the South and Zeke's life, beginning with his college days.

Finishing their dinner, they all arose and followed Mrs. Hewitt into the library, and there talked for a long time.

Finally Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt bade Zeke good night and withdrew from the room, leaving the couple to themselves.

Without any further delay, Zeke drew his chair up close to Caroline's and asked, "Would my dream girl like to try on the slipper?"

"There is no use trying it on; but I do want to see it," answered Caroline.

Zeke then reached into his pocket and drew forth the tiny, black satin slipper.

Caroline took the tiny slipper into her small hands and turning it over gently said, "Zeke, I am almost sorry I wasn't the owner."

The utter sweetness of the wistful smile on Caroline's face as she said this, caused Zeke to rise from his chair and walk around in front of Caroline. Taking one of her small hands in his, with deep emotion, he said, "Caroline, dear, you are my true dream girl; my vision of your beautiful face is the only thing that has kept me from losing hope. You are the one girl that I have always loved. Caroline, I love you."

Those lovely black eyes of Caroline's seemed to resent Zeke's confession at first, but presently they softened into deep wells of love. When Zeke had finished, Caroline arose and without saying anything other than "I love you Zeke," slipped into Zeke's strong embrace. Gently holding her off for just a second, Zeke stooping and picked up the slipper, and said, "Slipper, we want to have good luck in life too," then their lips met. A few seconds later she whispered into his ear "My hero prince!" and he passionately said, "My own Cinderella!"

THE GAIN

T. W. Morgan,—22

Shadows of the past
Rule their niche within my brain.
Memories of a life race, just half run,
Neglected duties I should have done,
Phantoms of glory never won,
Whisper, "Where is the gain?"

Dreams of the future
Rule their niche within my brain.
A vision of my soul from care set free,
A life of true service beckoning me,
Years filled with happiness that mine may be,
Answer, "Peace is the gain?"

CHOOSING AND BUYING A FARM

B. Spencer, '25.

The most important decision that the prospective farmer is called upon to make is the choice of a farm. In regions where the soil is most nearly uniform, the problem is not so serious, but even then there are great differences in farms. In regions of variable soils, it very often happens that a farm on which it is difficult to make a living joins a good farm. Where strangers are buying land, these differences are very frequently used to deceive purchasers. Northern farmers going South and West-

tern farmers moving East are often misled into buying poor farms that sound cheap rather than buying good land. Sometimes land that has very little agricultural value has a trading value, just as an old horse that is worthless for work has a trading value.

The first thing to consider when buying a farm is the size. About three hundred acres is approaching the limit for the most profitable size. This will be large enough to provide full employment for men, horses, and machinery.

For economy in work, fields should be large. The more horses one drives per team, the more important it is to have long rounds so as not to waste time in turning. The fields should be in a rectangular shape and on both sides of the highway if possible.

The farmstead should be located so that it will be convenient to the fields. When the land is too far from the buildings, too much time is lost in going to work and in hauling manure and crops. It should be laid out so that the work can be done without the loss of time.

The topography or lay of the land is becoming increasingly important as the use of machinery increases. A steep hillside could be farmed at very little disadvantage in the days of the scythe, grain cradle, and potato hook, but may not allow the use of the self-binder, hay loader, manure spreader, and potato digger. Every new machine that is invented makes the struggle more difficult for the man who cannot use the machine. If he must compete with it by hand labor, he must lower his standard of living or change his type of farming. Some men are wasting their lives on land that ought to be kept in permanent pasture or woods, merely because the land is cleared and there is a house on it.

Topography also effects erosion. This problem is of greatest importance in regions of heavy rainfall, and is particularly serious in regions with a long season. Erosion is one of the most serious problems in the South. If the land washes too much, fall plowing cannot be done. This reduces the crop area that a man can cultivate, and hence reduces the income.

An elevation above the surrounding country is sometimes desirable for avoidance of frost. In the peach section of Northern New Jersey, the valleys are best for grain crops, but are not good for peaches, because the late spring frosts are so likely to kill the buds. The trees in the valleys bloom a little earlier. Frosts sometimes occur in the valleys when the higher land is exempt. Fungus diseases are also worse in the valleys than on the higher land that has good air drainage.

The natural fertility of the land is usually the most important single point to consider in buying a farm. The man who buys a good soil at a reasonable price can usually add other things. But if the soil is not naturally good, the other good points can never make it so. In fact, man rarely makes a really rich soil out of one that was naturally poor. Some land is being farmed that cannot possibly be made to pay with present prices of production. Such land should be kept in woods or pastures until some future time when it may pay for farming. However, the present condition of the soil may be misleading. A naturally good soil may be a little out of condition and may sometimes be easily brought up at small expense. On

the other hand, land that is not naturally good is sometimes growing big crops, because of the treatment given. In order to judge land, it is necessary to consider both the present appearances and the underlying causes.

Physical properties of the soil. Ease of tillage is an important factor in the cost of production. In general, the loamy and sandy soils are easiest to till. Such soils can be worked soon after a rain or can be worked earlier in the spring. This makes it possible to do much more work in the year. Ease of working and fertility are antagonistic. In general, the sandy soils are easiest to work, but least fertile. The clays usually contain more plant-food, but are hardest to work. For type of farming that requires a very large amount of labor, the ease of tillage offsets the cost of manure and fertilizers, so that sandy soils are preferred. For most types of farming, the loamy soils are best. They are fairly easy to work and are usually fertile.

Natural drainage is best if it is not at too great a sacrifice in character of soils. Soils that are coarse enough to provide good drainage are often too coarse to hold fertility. Some of the loamy soils are good in both respects. Natural drainage lasts and requires no bill for repairs. If artificial drainage is necessary, the present condition of drains should be carefully estimated.

If stumps, stones, serious weeds, or other obstacles are present, the cost of removing these should be considered.

Water is very expensive on farms when labor is counted; it is much more expensive than in cities. Occasionally, a farm has spring water piped to the buildings so that there is practically no expense for water. Unfortunately, the conditions that make this possible sometimes results in poor farm land.

The site of the farmstead, its location with respects to the fields, the number and kind of buildings, fences, and orchards will, of course, be carefully inspected. Chief attention should be given to the roofs and foundations and frames of buildings, and least attention to paint. The arrangements or possible rearrangement for conveniences in work is of importance. But one should be careful not to buy a farm merely for its buildings.

Perhaps nothing has been the cause of greater losses in farming in arid regions than the erroneous idea that climate changes. When a series of abnormally dry years come, farmers decide that it will never rain again, and frequently sell their farms for much less than they are worth. Before buying and before selling, one should make a very careful study of the rainfall. After a few years of good rainfall, the land in semi-arid regions sells for much more than they are worth.

Healthfulness is, of course, of great importance. The general prevalence of Malaria or other diseases should be considered. Sometimes one buys a farm expecting the conditions to improve, but one should be very careful about locating in a region where the people are not generally healthy.

How serious a handicap distance to market is depends on the type of farming and the roads. If roads are good, the handicap is not so serious with some kinds of farming. If these types of farming are, for other reasons, not adapted to the regions, then distance to market is a very seri-

ous matter.

Local markets are of much importance, not only in selling, but in buying. Their importance is less for grain and livestock than for perishable products.

Much more important than local markets are the railroad facilities for reaching important cities. A farm located on a trunk line of a railroad is worth more than a similiar farm on a branch line. The more rapid shipment and travel, as well as the better advertising that the region receives, are of great importance.

The characters of the neighbors is just as important from the standpoint of profits as from the standpoint of the home. One's success is very largely controlled by the community.

The average farmer makes interest on his money and wages for the work he does. The labor problem is not to be solved by having more laborers or cheaper laborers, but by directing labor better than the average directs it.

Telephones, trolleys, churches, and schools all represent investment by the community. If these are not developed, they must be gone without or must be paid for by the farms in the future. Every community improvements adds to the value of the farmland in that community.

The probable development of the region must be considered. The possibility of new railroads, trolleys, and improved wagon roads should be taken into account. The possibility of a rise in land value from these or other causes is a very important consideration. A very large part of the profit in farming in many regions comes from increase in land value. Land in America is a business investment, the same as railroads or bonds. Its probable future value, as well as its earning power, should be considered. In addition, land has a home value. If one is to make his living from the farm, he should not let the home value over shadow the business value that must sustain the home. Neither should he ignore the home value. Both are important.

Before a farm is purchased, one should make a map of it showing the field lines and fence lines. This may be sketched fairly rapidly. One can then see how the farm looks on paper. Many a good looking farm loses its good appearance when a map is made, showing the location of ditches, streams, fences, etc. Each field should be marked with its crop and area; this gives a picture of the amount of waste land and poor land.

If one has plenty of money, or can secure it at reasonable interest rates, it usually pays best to buy a fairly large farm that is in first-class condition in every way. One that has rich soil well cared for, good fences and good buildings. It is nearly always cheaper to buy improvements already made than it is to make them. If one is short of money, it is evident that something must be sacrificed. He cannot then buy the best farm, even if he does know that it is the best bargain. In such a case, it sometimes pays to buy with a view to selling in a few years and buying a better place. If this is done, the purchaser should have the probable selling value as one of its important considerations.

But if one is buying for a permanent home, what should

be sacrificed first in order to make the most of his limited capital? Should it be area, richness of soil, buildings, or some other point? In such a case, the most important consideration is what can be made of the place in a lifetime. There are some points that are permanent, unchangeable conditions; others may be remedied as time and money become available. Under such conditions, the unchangeable points should be considered first. If one has a sufficient area of tillage land that is level and naturally fertile, other things may be added later, as money and time are available.

After one has decided on the farm to buy, he should examine the abstract. Usually the seller furnishes an abstract brought down to date. If one is not furnished, the buyer should have one made, as he cannot afford to purchase a place without knowing that the title is good.

The deed should ordinarily be drawn by a lawyer, but this does not mean that one should assume that it will be correct. Very many persons sign papers drawn up by lawyers without reading them carefully assuming that everything is all right. Nothing should be assumed. All papers should be examined more carefully than if one had drawn them himself. Lawyers are just about as accurate as other persons; that is, very inaccurate. The object of having a lawyer is that he may help one to avoid mistakes. All deeds, mortgages, releases, and similiar papers should be recorded at once with the county clerk or other official in charge of records.

Few if any of these ideas on choosing a farm are new. When you have decided to purchase a farm, be careful not to buy rashly; do not spare your visits and be not content with a single tour of inspection. The more you visit, the more will the place please you, if it be worth your attention. Give heed to the appearance of the neighborhood,—a flourishing country should show its prosperity. When you go in, look about, so that, when needs be, you can find your way out. Take care that you choose a good climate, not subject to destructive storms, and a soil that is naturally strong. Beware that you do not rashly condemn the experience of others. It is better to buy from a man who has farmed successfully and built well.

RENEW THE FIGHT

C. A. Quattlebaum,—

When all your hopes are blown away,
And only longings seem to stay,
'Tis then the time to buck up, friend;
Come back and battle to the end.
For, if perchance you failed to-day,
Tomorrow you may find a way;
So sleep and rest throughout the night—
To-morrow to renew the fight!

Fair Fortune, wishing will not gain.
Rise up, try on, though all in vain
Come back, and tackle like a man,
Each time your strength will greater be,
The victory goal you soon will see
Within your grasp. Faint not—fight on!
To-morrow comes the victory song.

UN PORTERO EXACTO

"A PUNCTILIOUS BUTLER"

Translated from Spanish by Professor M. E. Oakes.

A countess, needing to write certain letters, instructed her butler last Thursday that he tell everyone that she was not at home. That evening when this good man was giving an account of the one who had appeared during the day, the first name he mentioned was that of the only sister of the countess.

"What!" she shouted in a rage, "My sister came and you did not let her in?"

"Madame, it was your excellency's order."

"Imbecile! Don't you know that for my sister I am always at home?"

On the next day the countess went out for a walk and soon the beautiful Julia again came to visit her.

"Is my sister, the countess, at home?"

"She is at home, Madam," replied the butler.

Julia got down from her coach entered the mansion, searched throughout the house—even into the aviary and the garden—everywhere but did not find the countess. She came out in a fit of rage and despair.

"My sister is not at home," she said to the butler.

"Quite true."

"Then why did you say that she is?"

"Because just yesterday she carefully instructed me that for you she is always at home."

FORGIVE AND FORGET

N. C. Bennett—25

Forgive and forget; it is better
To cast an ill feeling aside,
Than to allow the deep burning fetter
Of revenge in your breast to abide;
For your steps down Life's path will be lighter
When the load from your bosom is cast,
And the glorious sky will seem brighter
When the clouds of displeasure have passed.

Though your spirits swell high with emotion
To give back justice again;
Sink the thought in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
Oh, why should we linger in sorrow,
When the shadows are passing away?
Or seek to postpone 'till tomorrow
The happiness we could have today.

Our life-stream is a winding river,
And though it may placidly glide,
And the sunbeams of joy on it quiver,
It will foam when the storm meets the tide.
Then stir not its currents to madness,
For its wrath you will soon regret;
Though the morning break on your sadness,
Ere the sun sets, forgive and forget.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL

C. A. QuatHebaum,—22

The eyes of the sons and daughters of men are the most beautiful things in all the world. Neither in the many-hued sunset nor in the rosy dawn, has nature placed more loveliness than in the eyes of human beings. And why are human eyes so beautiful?

The eyes are the windows of the soul. From them shine forth the lights of the inner being—the real self. What, after all, is the real self? Certainly not the physical, for it will die. The physical body is merely a temporary house for the inner self, which leaves the body as soon as the body, either because of old age or disease, becomes unfit for the soul dwelling place.

The temporal mind cannot be the real self, which will live forever. Can a man take his knowledge of temporal things, or his learning from books, to the hereafter? No; such knowledge dies when the temporal mind dies.

Of what then is greatest worth? What part of a man will live forever? It is that intangible, invisible force which dwells within him—the soul, or the spiritual mind. The soul finds expression through the emotions. Love, sympathy, kindness, faith, and hope are its products if the soul is healthy. If it is diseased, it will breed hatred, scorn, disdain, jealousy and envy. Let a man then put first and foremost the care and nourishment of his soul. Let him tune the instrument of his spiritual mind that its strings may vibrate in sympathy with the high longings and aspirations of others.

From the eyes gleam forth the light of the soul's passions, whether it be the dark flare of hatred or the shining light of love—the love that surpasses the physical. The eyes are the windows of the soul!

ONCE ENOUGH

W. T. Fripp—22

"Why is it, Uncle Marcus, that you have never married?"

"Now Boss, how come yo' ax me dat?"

"Well, Uncle, you see, I've been noticing you living here in this house away off from everybody else so long that I thought you must have some good reason for it. I'll bet somebody took your girl away from you when you were just about to get married."

"You done pretty nigh guess it dat time, Cap'n; so I reckon I might as well tell yo' 'bout it. Tek a seat ober dere by dat tree while ah fills mah pipe, an' ah'll jes tell yo' wa't a dirty trick dat yaller nigger did to me. Befo' ah start do, Cop'n, yo' musn't tell nobody wa't ah'm go tell, cuz ah ain't want dese niggers aroun' heah to be runnin' 'bout blabbin' my affairs. Yo' know, dese niggers is awful kwizzical 'bout me anyhow; dey's all de time prowlin' 'roun' tryin' tuh pry intuh my bizness. Boss, is yo' got a match? Dis heah tabbacky won't burn fo' nuttin'. Tank yo' suh!

"Now, lemme see w'ere ah mus start. Well, it wuz in de last year ob de ole wah. Ah wuz 'bout sixteen years

ole den ah reckon, an' ah had re purttest gal dat wuz in dis country. Yo' see, uh had growed up wid hur an' we'd run aroun' playin' togedded all we life. We bof b'longed to Cun'l Mickell den. 'Bout dat time long come Cap'n Sherman wid all his army an' he bu'n down de whole plantashun, de big house an all. I ain' go tell 'bout all de debility dem Yankees done, but wait ah's tinkin' 'bout dat yaller nigger dat come 'long wid de army an' claim he wuz Cap'n Sherman's lieutenant; lieutenant, min' yo'! Anyway, he was all dress up in dem blue cols' wid shiny buttins.

W'en de army lef', dat nigger wuz lef' behin', an' my gal's ma wuz big naf fool to tek him in as a boarder. I nebber t'ought much 'bout it den' an in a few days Missis sen' me off up de country to try to fnd some rashuns, 'cause de blue co'ts took all de rashuns wa't we had wid 'em. I kep goin' f'om one place to anudder, one an away for 'bout six month's. One time w'en ah comes back home a'ter bein' 'way two weeks on a stretch, ah went ober to see muh gal; an' who do yo' tink but dat yalled nigger meet me on do do' step, an' ax me wa't ah come fuh? Den he roll is tongue 'ronn' an' try tuk talk like he been libbin up nort' all he life; but he ain' come f'om nowhere but Alebamuh. He poke out he ches' an' finger dem brass buttens an' say, "Yo' girl don't wish to see yo'; she done jolt yo' for me.

"By dat time ah wuz so mad ah couldn't see nuttin' but dem brass buttens, an' Ah lit intuh dat critter wid all muh weight. W'en ah got tru wid him, dere wuzn't nuttin lef' ob brudder Napolum Bradford's uneform to speak of an' he face look'd like it'd been sawed on wid a meat saw.

"Wa't fixed me do, was dat gal Lizzie, she come runnin' out de house cryin an begin to wash de blood f'om dat Alebamuh lieutenant's face. She ain' eber look my way tall' so dere wuzn't nuttin fuh me tuh do but walk 'way. I didn' stop den, like a idjut; Ah wuz so pozess 'bout dat fool gall. I wuzn' satisfy to go on 'bout muh bizness, but, insted, ah begin tuh plan tuh take spite out on dat coon f'om Alebamuh.

"After 'bout a week ob puzzlin' an a perambulatin' ah finally struk 'pon a plan. I went all 'roun' an' foun' fibe boys on de plantashun who didn' like dat 'play sojer' much, an' took 'em down in de woods near Lizzie's house one Sund'y night. We all six hide in de bush on de side ob de road, an' in a lil' w'ile heah come brudder Bradford a wistlin' on de way. W'en he got 'long by us, we grab 'im an' stu'k a hankerehnff in he monf an' tuk 'im off in de woods a piece. Den we put a rope 'roun' he neck an' stood 'im 'pon a barr'l. We give him his choice ob leabin de country or bein' hang'. Dat nigger wuz so scaid dat he luk' jes lak a ghos'. He promised he would go; so we let em down. Talk 'bout runnin', but dat critter sho' lef' dis country. Ah got Lizzie fo' muh gal 'gain, but de trouble was, dat yaller coon ain' stay 'way bery long.

"Two mont's a'ter we run dat Bradford 'way, heah he come back an' claim he wuz some kin' ob a trick doctuh. He scaid ha'f de people mos' nigh to deat'. He fool up dat crazy gal Lizzie an' make hur run off wid 'em one

night; an', you know, dem niggers nebber did come back. Ah jus' hope one t'ing; Ah hope dat yaller debbil got string up forty foot in de air somewhere."

"Well, Uncle Marcus, I don't see how that kept you from getting married later. Why didn't you hunt another girl?"

"No, suh! It's jes dis way, Boss; I ain' gwine hab nuttin to do wid no ooman a'ter one go an' fool me up lak dat."

THE FLAPPER

T. W. Morgan,—22

Historic dames made empires shake;
But the flapper girl, she takes the cake.
With her vamping smile and naughty eye,
Her modern skirts cut 'way up high,
She never fails to grab man's gaze—
He looks and flops into a daze.
They're all that way, the little dears;
Of winter's cold they have no fears;
But sport short skirts the whole year through
And rolled silk socks and low-necks too.
They pnt on furs when days get hot,
And bathing suits when warmth is not.
At hops they shake a wicked toe;
On moonlight rides they'll always go.
They like to laugh and hate to think;
When old folks howl, they throw a wink.
Who, we ask, has caused it all?
The men of course; they will not fall
For the girl who dikes in style so old—
They pick Miss Flapper and leave her 'cold.
They do it then to please the men,
For otherwise, 'twould be a sin
To deck themselves in such a style,
And face life with that wicked smile.
Some day when men want sense, not paint,
We'll look and find the flapper ain't;
But 'till rolls around that distant day,
The flapper girl will hold her sway.

SYNTHETIC QUEENS.

S. E. Harmon,—25

Very few people know the significance of the phrase "Synthetic Queens." It is this: Just one of those cosmetic beauties who made Ed Pinand's and Mary Garden's beauty resorts rise in popularity during the last decade, B. C. (before prohibition.) When you are in public some-time, and have a few spare moments, just observe how many advertisers "Old Kid Wrigly" has, or how many young advocates of Mary Garden's constiutions trip past your notice. I dare say you will see very few, yes very few, not over 100 a minute at the least. Some folks say, "What's the big idea about all the fuss over chewing gum in public?" Oh, nothing, only it sounds bad.

What is more encouraging to "Big Boy Time" than to

see a set of these twentieth-century "vamps" come rushing down the street? The individual of the male persuasion, who feels so vigorous that he could crush a grape, is closely followed by the female who is constantly stopping at some shiny place in the wall to powder her nose, and all the time giving that sen sen a run for its money. Oh boy, there you are!

Now, what do you think of your picture? Well, I don't know, but just split a thin and call it even. The individual of the male persuasion, the one who wears the long trousers, this being about the only point of distinction he has, fights his way up to the soda fountain and bawls out in a rough and sassy voice that would shock a canary into convulsions,—“Please give me a sodie with gobs and gobs of cream in it.” Now, now, don't hit it yet. Just wait until you see the sweet little triangle debate with permanent curls and those neat little pink dimples in her knees enter! Then don't let 'em suffer. Make one stroke do the work.

I will close this tragedy with a dance hall scene.

Enter: Fair maiden with bobbed hair and very brief dress. Easy there now; do not get excited; here he comes. Oh, the handsome brute! Isn't he just too cute to live? Oh boy, you said a tooth full; I'll say he is. Did you ever see such long side burns; and oh! such wonderful eyes, (maybe one's glass.)

Gestures all over the hall. They enter en masse: He has eyes just like Wallie Reid's. His nose! look! Just the image of—Oh! (Let's make this stuff short and say just like Bull Montana's.)

Well, anyway, if you had enough curiosity to read it through, I will just end with this: If the mothers don't stop it, don't lay the blame on those that do it.

WHAT I HEAR ALL 'ROUND

L. H. Doar,—'24

Ten million years ago,
When man was yet unfound;
Then, gills were all the go—
That's what I hear all 'round.

From fishes men have come,
And all that walk the ground;
They too have surely sprung—
That's what I hear all 'round.

Of climbing his tree, man tired,
Through many stages wound,
At each a halt desired—
That's what I hear all 'round.

In rocks laid by the sea,
Signs that are most renowned
Prove all this true to be—
That's what I hear all 'round

So fishes, toads, and more,—
All on my tree are found:
My ancestors I adore—
Now what shall I hear all 'round.

THE NEEDS OF FOREIGN FIELDS

D. K. Summers—'22.

Today, the needs of the foreign fields are, perhaps, more outstanding than ever before. The first great need that challenges us there is the need of physicians. There is hardly a place in the heathen world today where people are not in physical pain and suffering. We are told that there are fifteen million Chinese in a starving condition who will die from hunger, cold, and consequent disease unless relief reaches them soon. Three and a half million children in Europe are on the verge of starvation, and millions in other countries are in but little better condition. Thousands of the students of Europe are living on one meal a day. Diseases such as tuberculosis and anemia are widespread among them. Their living quarters are without light and heat, and are dilapidated and crowded. One bed is often shared by several students, and one pair of shoes often serves two pair of feet. Russia is in an even worse condition. According to recent reports, ten or more students starve daily in the Samara area.

But it is not from hunger alone that men's bodies are suffering. At the recent student volunteer convention held in Columbia, one of the speakers told of a physician in China who became so skilled in pulling teeth that the Chinese came to him in crowds. He decided to charge a chicken for every tooth he pulled, thinking that this would check the crowd. However, in several days time, he had so many chickens that he could not feed them. There are at present hundreds of millions of men and women who have never looked into the face of an intelligent physician. Unless some of us imbue into our hearts a great compassion for these multitudes, and a desire to go to their relief, they will pass on in their misery, unbefriended and hopeless.

The question is, How long are we going to be indifferent to humanity's agony? It is indeed gratifying to know that there are men and women in the medical colleges and hospitals, who in a year or two will go to these lands in the name of the Great Physician. In China there is going to be established a medical college for women, so that the girls of China can be trained as nurses and physicians, and sent forth to minister to the needs of their own people, who heretofore have been absolutely neglected.

The second need that challenges the Christian is the need of teachers. Two thirds of the people who live on the earth today are wholly without intellectual advantages. Their minds, like their souls, are dwarfed and shriveled. In India, only seven women out of every thousand can read or write their names. In China, probably not more than one woman in every hundred has had any educational advantages at all. In Brazil, eighty percent of the people are not able to read or write. In Africa, there are vast multitudes who have not even a written language. The missionaries there are creating a language for these people, and are translating into it the Bible and other books.

In Europe many of the educational institutions are tottering. Books and equipment are scarce, costing 100 to 200 percent more than they formerly did. Laboratory schedules have to be signed up three months in advance. Large areas are almost destitute of professionally trained men. Of Russia's 90,000 doctors, 30,000 perished in the recent war. A full professor at Teszalucy University receives yearly 19,000 kronen, equivalent to \$19.60. Every year thousands of young men and women are turned away from the mission schools in these lands. The Kwansei Gakuin, our splendid college in Kolu, Japan, had to refuse admittance to a thousand young men last year, after taking in sixteen hundred and filling every dormitory. New colleges must be built in Brazil, and teachers must be sent forth to man them, teachers for every line of work. We need least 2,000 men and women to sail at once. But we must not forget that it takes a real man and a real woman to be a missionary; and besides, five to ten years are required to train one for the foreign fields.

Miss Laura Haygood gave her life for God and humanity. She might easily have taken eminent rank among the educators of America, but she placed her talents at the feet of Jesus, and went to China that she might lay the foundation for the education of Chinese women. Having fulfilled her mission, she died, and her body rests in that far-off land. Today, working on the foundation she laid, there are thousands of Chinese girls who fill the halls of schools and colleges in China, and many more who have come to this land for further preparation to serve the women of their land.

The last great need that challenges us today is the need of ministers. There are multitudes of people in the world who have never had the chance to hear of Christ. There has never been an hour in history when so many thirsty souls were pleading for the water of life. China is asking for thousands of missionaries. From Korea comes the reproach that we have not increased our missionary force there in the last eight years. Thousands have come into the church, but, finding no one to teach them, have gone away and have been lost. Every time one draws a breath, a soul dies without Christ. What does that mean? It simply means that we are disregarding God's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every living creature;" and, "Go teach all nations." We must not forget that the prime minister of Korea said to one of our missionaries; "I wish you would express our appreciation to the people of America who have sent us the missionaries, and tell them that if they will send us an adequate number of teachers, our whole nation will become a christian nation.

Candidates for the ministry come from all classes. The sons of farmers make up 48 percent of the supply; of ministers, 14 percent; of carpenters and physicians, 3 percent each, and all other professions 7 percent. When it is remembered that the number of ministers is very small as compared with the other professions, it will be seen that it furnishes a far larger proportion than any of

them. Only five percent of the men and women who volunteer ever reach the foreign fields.

The world needs the gospel of Christ, and the world needs men who are willing to pour out their life's blood for a principle. Men whose lives in the foreign fields will be like a gleam from a giant engine rushing through darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger, as it drives before it the darkness of heathenism, and spreads the light of the love of Jesus Christ.

It seems that Jesus with his thorn-crowned brow and his nail-pierced hands is standing in our midst today, challenging us with such questions as these: "Whom shall I send? Who will go for me? Who will go to the Latin America? Who will go to the neglected in the homeland? Who will go to Asia and Africa? Who will give up the flowers for the crown? Who will go, and do, and if needs be, die? Who?"

SPRING

T. L. Vaughan,—'24

Like a rainbow in the sky,
When the storm has passed on by,
Comes the radiant beauty of spring
After winter's snow and rain.

The squirrels are happy all the day
As they bark and jump, and play
Among the newly green-clothed trees
That quiver in the pleasant breeze.

Just at sunrise in the morning
When nature is the more adorning,
A bobwhite on the distant hill
Sends forth his call with a thrill.

Farmers work from morn 'till dark
To give their crops an early start;
All the fallow fields are turned,
And every old bush pile is burned.

Flowery fragrance scents the air
From violets and lilies blooming fair;
The woodland trail is a place divine.
To lovers planning a future sublime.

Father puts the hooks in shape
While Sonny goes to dig the bait,
And off to the old mill pond they hike
To try their luck with perch and pike.

O! give me spring, the time of year
When youthful hearts are true and dear,
When all the world from care seems free,
And every creature is full of glee.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

MARCH

March is again with us, the month that received its name from Mars, the god of war.

March is warlike with its winds as weapons.

March, however, is not as famous as is its predecessor, February, which is noted for its brevity, or its successor, April, of shower fame. Sandwiched between these two eminent months, March occupies a comparatively inconspicuous place among its fellowmonths—rather a go-between with only its winds as a mark of distinction.

Probably one of the greatest reasons for the lack of prominence of March is that this month is so sadly neglected by the poet. When that individual starts to write a sonnet, and hits upon March as a subject, he soon discovers that about the only word in the language that will rhyme with March is "starch", and it is a known that "starch" finds no place in well brought up poetry. Therefore, he proceeds to April with its showers and its trilling, rippling, trickling sound, and to May with its showers and its soft, suave music, and with these as materials, he composes a fairly respectable sonnet.

Tradition has it that March in its arrival and departure from its regular place in the cycle of months, imitates two animals. If March comes into existence with the ferocity of a lion, it will vanish from the scene with the meekness of a lamb, and vice versa. No specifications are laid down as to its conduct while here—just its arrival and departure are regulated.

However, March always ushers winter out and brings the first hint of spring. The johnquils blossom in their golden beauty, and the violets peep from the dead grass and leaves on the wooded hillsides in response to the first

rays of warm sunshine—in March. Then, too, the maples wake from their long wintery sleep and redden the drab horizon with splashes of color. The farmers begin to prepare the fields for the year's crops, and their activities are marked by the pungent smell of the fresh turned soil and burning brush in the air. The winds blow, 'tis true, but several months are worse than March.

POTENTIAL POWER

G. H. Aull,—'19

Potential Power—what a thought! Who knows the secrets which are concealed beneath the folds of influence so great; who knows the possibilities of potentiality; and who can foretell the magnitude of power. Potential power, that force which exists in possibility but not in actuality. Ah, there's the rub, *not in actuality*. Why *not in actuality*? Who is responsible that so much power in the world today is merely *potential*; possible but not actual; capable of being done but not existing in reality. And why?

There are enrolled at Clemson today nearly a thousand students representing every section of S. C. and a number of the States and nations of the world. The extent of their influence cannot be measured, and when combined with the influence of other Clemson men is indeed is world-wide. We have seen these men unite themselves for the accomplishment of a single purpose, we have seen them stand between a raging fire and an inflammable object,—and the object did not burn—and, we have seen them rise as one man to cheer their team to victory. We know that their influence is mighty. The power of Clemson and of Clemson men is great indeed and has never failed to rise to meet any emergency.

There is so much *potential power* in the world today and men everywhere are prone to await the emergency before exercising the strength of their might. We have no doubt whatever that, should the occasion demand it, the forces of our great country would combine again to crush an enemy even more powerful than was Germany. We are convinced that the potential power of the United States is as great as that, and yet in times of peace we do not give that power its fullest expression. How many of us put this same restraint upon our powers. How many of us use the power which we possess in pushing forward as much as we use it in meeting an emergency? Is there not a tendency after having made a great achievement for one to lapse into listlessness? Will we tackle a third term lesson with the same vigor and strength which was ours on second term exams? In other words, how much of this vast storehouse of power within each of us is called into action each day that we live? These are questions which we ought to be concerned about. The world is potentially powerful—immensely so—but only thru the combined efforts of those who are converting the *possible* into the *actual* and the *ideal* into the *real* is there anything really being accomplished.

God has blessed us with wonderful possibilities. He has made our nation the greatest potential power on earth. He has placed in our hands influence, sway, government. Potential power is a blessing only in so far as it is cultivated and made available for active service. Shall we be potentially great or shall we be actively great? Unless we make use of our potential greatness we cannot hope ever to occupy our rightful place as a cog in the great wheel which is grinding out human history.

Potential power—how thankful we should be to possess it! How eager to make it actual, real, compelling.

MEDALS FOR LITERARY WORK

The "Chronicle" wishes again to call the attention of the student body to the medals that are offered for the best literary contributions to the magazine during the college session.

These medals are offered: one for the best story, one for the best essay, and one for the best poem. These articles are selected by a committee of three members of the faculty, chosen by the "Chronicle" staff. The medals are presented at commencement.

Now it is within the power of any ambitious man at Clemson to win one of these medals, and as only two more issues of the "Chronicle" will be published, it is very important that every man who wishes a chance at winning a medal should get busy.

THE KNOCKER

Did it ever occur to you that the man who has time to knock has entirely too much time; that the knocker generally knocks some progressive movement or the efforts of someone who is trying to accomplish something, and that even while he is knocking, the knocker is idle himself?

Just about the worst habit a man can take unto himself is that of knocking. The confirmed, continuous everlasting knocker is the most offensive animal of the whole show. He is a burden to himself and to his associates, and leaves a streak of gloom a yard wide in his path.

If a census of knockers were taken, the figures obtaining would probably show that nine-tenths of all knockers perform only those duties which are required of them. Every man's time must be taken up with some sort of occupation, amusement, or activity; and the knocker employs his by giving vent to his grouch at the world, a grouch brought on by idleness and inactivity.

If every knocker could realize himself as a real constructive force in the world, if he could only realize the

degree to which he could sweeten his life and the lives of others by becoming a real builder, it is very evident that he would lose no time in changing himself. Every man should think twice before he knocks once.

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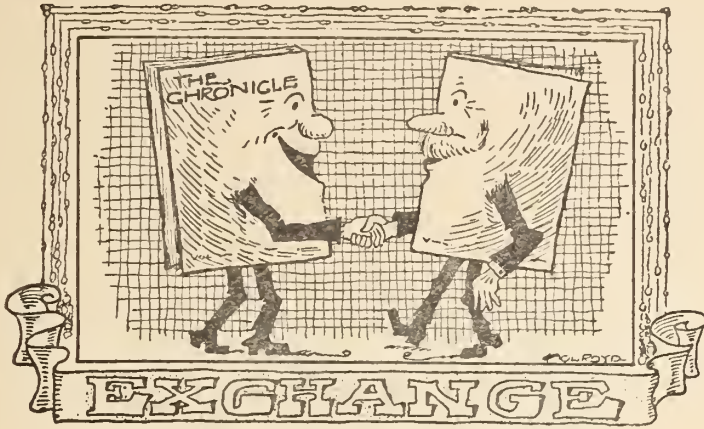
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EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

During the past month our department has not received as many exchanges as usual. Some of our old standbys have either failed of publication during the past month or so, or have forgotten that THE CHRONICLE still enjoys reading their magazines and reaps material benefit from comparisons with them and from comments they may make upon us. However, to offset the failure of some of our exchanges to arrive, we have on hand a goodly number of praiseworthy journals. We notice that all of the magazines have become better as the session grows older.

The Emory Phoenix.—The January February number like all the preceding numbers, is excellent, "A Valentine" puts life into the magazine right at the start, and "A Toast" also appeals to us a good light verse. "Of Collars" reveals an apparently unlimited vocabulary even if the author's theme is rather light. "Georgia's Soldier Dead" is ably written and rings clear and true throughout.

The Criterion.—"The Rescuer" in the February issue is a love story on the good old plan—just one long, delightful dream. "Prescription" is rather below the standard. We think it should have been revised before being published. Taken as a whole, this issue of the *Criterion* is well balanced.

The Erothesian.—"Madam Van Winkle" seems to prophesy that Lander will be fifty years hence, what she would like for it to be at the present—which is all very well. "Their Yesterday" is an equally good account of how the school was supposed to be fifty years ago. This number of the *Erothesian* would have the balance improved if it had carried more poetry.

The Carolinian.—We are glad to see that the *Carolinian* has increased in volume. It is again a well proportioned magazine. We think, however, that "The Substitute" and "How Painter's Tail Mountain Got Its Name" are needly overdrawn. We should like to place our stamp of approval upon the editor's plea for college

students to read deeper and more worth while literature. description and the presence of only one short story gives the February issue a rather blunt effect. Also the de-

The Newberry Stylus.—Lack of poetry or verse of any partments seem to lack the vigor, or "pep," they should contain.

The Georgia Cracker.—We believe that all the energy that the January number failed to have spent on it, was doubled and transferred into hard work for the humor-our February number. Certainly the results indicate that labor has been expended.

The Collegian.—Again we observe that practically all of the space is taken up by "The Forgotten Woman." While this fact rather discourages any aspiring writer who may be in the college, still we think that once the story is well under way, it should by all means be finished.

The College of Charleston Magazine.—The January issue has a variety of genuine literature, and all of it shows landable work which is naturally rewarded by good results.

The Wofford College Journal.—The writer of "The Legend of Issaquena Falls" has chosen a subject about which so many different tales and so-called legends have been told that we scarcely know which to take as the truth. It seems to us that the writer has conglomerated all the tales into one and named the result a lengend. "A Buckeye in France" carries an original plot, and the ending clinches the idea of the hero's redeeming himself at last.

The Pine Branch.—This is a new exchange for us and we are always ready to welcome a newcomer, especially one as worthy as this one appears to be. We suggest that *The Pine Branch* add an exchange department as a means of broadening outside relations as well as benefiting the students.

The Furman Echo.—"Its Good To Be Alive" is a poem which expresses well a most excellent thot. "Just Jim" is very interesting and fairly true to life, but there does not seem to be any definite form about it. The joke editor has selected a laughable group of jokes and puns. The January issue is, taken all in all, a very commendable issue.

The Erskinian.—The February number is very well proportioned, but the poems seem to lack depth of thot. The editorials are above the average. the editors show that they are thinkers as well as fluent writers.

The Davidson College Magazine.—The usual high standard is upheld by the February issue. The stories, essays, and poems are all good, and the departments are well filled.



H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

Life is a "Tempest", but out of it we can make a "Winter's Tale" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "What You Will." It is not "As You Like It", but "A Comedy of Errors" in which we do not always receive "Measure for Measure," but "All's Well That Ends Well."

The airplane

The airplane is the greatest thing
which ever flue the air,
at getting off the ground,
you betcher life it's thair.

i seen von wonce an "oh" said i
"look at the darn thing go"
it flue up almost to the skie
(i can't think of anny rime for go)

so some day i will by won
and fly aw myself
i reely ought to try won
(i can't think of anny more rimes, thank you)

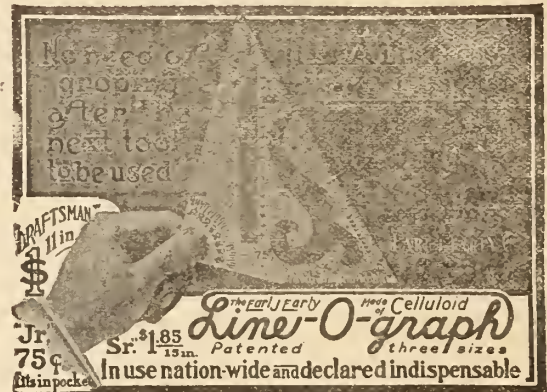
—Aerial Age Weekly.

A woman has more faith in a string of beads than a
man has in suspenders—Rock Hill Herald.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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MY PIPE

T. W. Morgan—'22.

When toil and strife
 And the cares of life
 Come piling on my head,
 I try in vain
 To ease my brain,
 And think of joys ahead;
 I begin to wail,
 And storm and rail
 At the frown of Madame Fate.
 Then, the time is ripe
 To fill my pipe
 And puff while cares abate

So I fill the bowl,
 Let the blue smoke roll,
 And puff to my heart's content.
 With a warm soft glow
 The weed burns slow
 And stills my loud lament.
 Then life is good,
 And I wish I could
 Live always just that way.
 There's nothing like
 The dear old pipe
 To pack cares off to stay.

 OLD AND PLEASANT CUSTOM

Kissing is an established custom in all countries inhabited by white people who refrain at times from eating onions. It is a practice that insures the longevity and universal distribution of germ life and encourages the habit of matrimony.

Some one who didn't know much about kissing said years ago that stolen kisses are sweetest. The opinion is still quoted, but all persons who have had any experience of kissing know better. A kiss is never wholly satisfactory unless the kisser and the kissee show an equal degree of enthusiasm.

Kissing a pretty girl does not afford the unallowed bliss it is commonly supposed to afford. If she has never been kissed before, her performance is crude and lifeless and, therefore, a little bit disappointing, and if she has been kissed too often she displays a degree of technique that robs the kiss of its flavor. In the old days the flavor of a kiss was imaginary; you couldn't taste anything but girl. But frequently the modern girl's kiss has the stale and unprofitable flavor of rouge. Some day a shrewd manufacturer will put out a line of rouge in all the popular flavors—vinilla, strawberry, lemon and the like—and then each girl can offer her young man the flavor he prefers.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

A wrinkle is a smile gone wrong.

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THE LAST LEAF

We used to hear her sigh
 As she tottered feebly by,
 Poor old dame!
 Of her proud estate bereft,
 Little worth possessing left
 But her name.

But she passes by us now
 With a high and haughty brow,
 And a frock
 Cut so low—and eke so high—
 That it gives a modest eye
 Quite a shock.

One can glimpse her silken hose
 And the color of the rose
 On her lips,
 And one may readily see
 That her shoes are from P'aree
 As she trips.

Though her age you may not guess,
 It is sixty more or less,
 All the same
 When she's half a block away
 "Lamp that flapper, lads," we say,
 "Some swell dame."

Not for her to drop and fade
 Like the leaves that fall decayed
 From the limb.
 If you fancy that there's a chance
 Watch her sometime at a dance
 Where they shim!

Unbecoming! Maybe so,
 In one doomed so soon to go,
 Poor old thing!
 Yet upon life's little stage
 Youth has no more right than age
 To its fling!

—James J. Montague. Washington Post

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H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

It is said that a short dress is very much out of fashion in Paris. I am proud of the fact that I am an American.

A man
Smokes for comfort;
A woman
Takes off her shoes.

Ma loved Pa, and Pa loved wimmin,
Ma caught Pa with two in swimmin',
Here lies Pa.—Selected

THE WAY OF A TEA PUP

Willie was such a good boy. Everybody said so, even Willie himself. From babyhood to adolescence he passed without even wearing holes in his trousers. Yes, he was such a good boy. But finally the time was to come when he must disentangle himself from his Mother's apron strings. And he did it too, without crying the least bit. At last he went out in the hard, cold world to do his own tea fighting.

At first it was terribly hard; but after the first few skirmishes, though the noise and team made him frightfully dizzy, he progressed rapidly and became the most fearless of the tea hounds. His sensitive nose could detect a tea tray at least two doors away, and he would stand tense, quivering with excitement until the doomed prey came into view. Ah, how the other tea hounds envied his splendid poise, his delicate tea chest, his faultless titter. How limpidly he lapped the delightful liquid; how the girls fluttered and flitted as he spoke. Alas! he alone knew the terrible fate that hung over him. He had become a tea drunkard! Sometimes he drank as many as fifty cups in an afternoon; sometimes, even fifty-one. So dreadful were its effects that he felt even dazed at times on his way home.

Then Prudence came into his life. She had dragged him home one night after he had lost all count of the cups and had even forgotten to put on his shawl. Ah, she was a wonderful girl! And so, of course, he fell in love with her and she reformed him completely. But alas, on the day of their wedding as he tiptoed to kiss her, she drew back frantically.

"Billy-boy," she expostulated, "is that TEA I Smell?"
"Yes!" he shrieked. "Oh, I am undone!"
So he went out and tied himself to a tree and hanged himself. And Prudence lived happily ever afterward.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS FOLK

Socrates: Gosh all hemlock!
St. Vitus: On with the dance!
Sampson: Well, I guess I brought the house down!
Noah: Two of a kind.
Jonah: I hope everything comes out all right.
Eve: I'll bite.
Cleo: Stung again! —Selected.

Have you heard about the baldheaded man who, upon seeing himself in a mirror, turned to Shelly for consolation: "We look before and after and pine for what is not."

One reason that women have cleaner minds than men is: they change them so often.

A woman's complexion is like poker. At Seven it's straight; at seventeen it's a flush; and from then on it's a bluff.

"Here's where I make a little money on the side," observed the surgeon as the patient with appendicitis was brought in.—Selected.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned."

The more timber one cuts, the more it is seasoned; but the more classes are cut the less knowledge is seasoned.

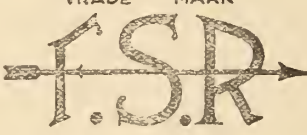
We are sitting in a garden,
And I hold her hand in mine
While the moonlight traces laces
Through an over-hanging vine.
And we softly talk together
As the countless moments fly.
And we know our hearts are mated
With a lasting, loving tie.

Oh, the breezes gently rustle
In the leafy boughs above,
And we hear the night birds singing
As we kiss and plight our love;
And we listen to the music
Of a distant mummering stream
Then the clang of an alarm clock
And—aw hell—it's all a dream—Georgia Cracker.

She frowned at him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
So out of spite
The following night,
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—Selected.



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THE CHRONICLE



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*Who great in search of God and nature grow,
They best the wise Creator's praise declare.
—Dryden.*

VOL. XX / Clemson College, S. C., April, 1922. No. 7

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No. 7

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

F. E. TAYLOR, '22.

R. W. COARSEY, '23

B. F. ROBINSON, '23.

BE THOUGHTFUL.

T. L. Vaughan—'24

A few acts of kindness,
A word or so of cheer,
Will help a weary soul
And make a friend more dear.
Often we are thoughtless
And frown when we should smile,
For 'tis the little things
That make this life worth while.

SALZBURG CASTLE

L. H. Doar,—'24

"Mr. Stewart, I am putting great confidence in you, in sending you on this important mission. I feel that it is not necessary to warn you to be careful; you know what the result of your investigations means."

"I thank you, Senator. Your confidence is an honor and I will put forth my best efforts."

"Here are your passports, and with them I put everything into your hands."

At lunch, Bruce Stewart was silent, for his mind was occupied with plans for his indefinite stay in the little province of Lacelli.

"The steamer leaves at four, sir. I shall have your luggage ready at three, and a taxicab, sir."

"Just take care of the luggage, Nixon; I'm walking down. It doesn't do for a man to forget how to use his legs; he might need them sometime."

Mr. Stewart, according to his instructions, was aboard the "White Star" a full twenty minutes before the last whistle was blown. His alert gray eyes followed the steady stream of passengers.

There are some people, either because of their personality or physical beauty who attract attention, though in the midst of hundreds. Margot Evremonde must have possessed both, for after she stepped from the cab, Bruce saw no one else. He was dimly aware that with her was

a distinguished looking man of a distinctly foreign type.

Perhaps it seems a little strange that the wind should blow Margo's handkerchief out of her hand just as Bruce, in his restless American promenade of the deck, passed her chair. The sky shared the remembrance of the sun set with the crinkled water, and the moon was determined not to be out-done. Six lonesome days ahead. Perhaps it was not so strange after all.

To a perfect though petite brunette and a splendid, clean cut, blond formalities can be dispensed with swiftly and also gracefully.

"From Richmond? My room-mate at school was Elizabeth Stewart of Richmond. Are you related to her?"

Bruce laughed joyously; "Only her brother, and I have heard her speak of you often, Miss Evremonde. Now we can feel that we are friends of long standing."

"Oh! tell me about her. We drifted apart after I went to the University."

"Yes, we wanted Elizabeth to go too, but she got that welfare work on her brain, and there was just one person who could get it off. He succeeded very well. She is now Mrs. Frank Gilbert Blakely of Richmond."

"Frank Gilbert Blakely is a lucky man," murmured Margot. "And you, Mr. Stewart, are you going over on business?"

"No," lied Bruce, "I—well a fellow gets tired of one place forever. I am interested in the various little provinces of Europe and I thought I might as well inspect one. Reading novels must have done it."

"Graustark?" smiled Margot.

"No, Lacelli."

"Lacelli! What a coincidence!" The girl grew animated. "That is my home. We are on our way there now."

The young man whistled. "If this is not luck! But who is 'we'?"

He thought eh saw a shadow flit across her face, though he could not be sure in the moonlight.

"I am with my step-father," she began slowly. "My mother married an American, a wonderful American; and after I was born we were happy. My father was rich, but we lived simply—away from the world in Lacelli. Daddy was taken away when I was seven. I have never known why my Mother married the Duke, but I do know it was to shield someone she loved. She did not spend a happy day after her second marriage, and in five years she died of a broken heart. The Duke is my guardian, or if I use the word which expresses it better to me, my keeper."

"I should not say these things to you. We are strangers."

He leaned toward her and the gray eyes met the brown.

"We are not strangers; I have known you all of my life. Please tell me everything. I want to be your friend, and to prove it, when you finish, I will tell you why I am going to Lacelli."

Margot watched the silver path on the water in silence.

"I hate him," she said simply, "because he made her unhappy. He will make me unhappy unless I can get

control of my own affairs and live in America out of sight, reach, or hearing of him."

"Miss Everemonde, is there any one who can help you?"

She shook her head. She did not see him smile, nor could she know that his heart made an unusual movement.

"Do you know of a place named Salzburg Castle?" he asked.

"Oh! you will have to let me take you to visit it. As Elizabeth would say, it is a perfect dream. The Duke says he is going to buy it when we get back."

An hour later when Duke Marcino of the principality of Lacelli passed the chair of his step-daughter, he saw an American blond standing very straight by the side of that chair and heard him telling that daughter that smoking was for "ginks" and not men. The same young American acknowledged the introduction with noticeable ease and grace, and set himself to the task of winning over this royal gentleman.

The "White Star" made her way through the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Miss Evremonde, Duke Marcino, and Bruce Stewart stood by the rail watching the dim outline of old Vesuvius standing guard over Naples. Evidently Bruce had accomplished his purpose, for the Duke turned from the rail to the young man, and said, "Mr. Stewart will honor us by making our home his, while in Lacelli?"

"I thank you, Duke: you are kind. I expect to spend some time in Italy and Switzerland before I go to your country. I am over for a good time, you know. However, I shall certainly see you frequently while in Lacelli."

Some hours later, while the Duke was in the card-room Margot and Bruce stood on the stern of the great ship and watched the moon creep up, as a yellow tiger from her dark den.

"I heard Marcino say this morning that he liked you very much, Mr. Stewart. He always has a reason for liking people. I wonder how he thinks he can use you. It must be about Salzburg Castle."

"That is a subject of the deepest interest to me, but I much prefer that you talk to Bruce instead of Mr. Stewart."

Her eyes danced with mischief and she said deliberately, "Bruce."

"Good," he said. "The Duke may find the boot on the other leg if he tries to use me. Senator Blakely is the rightful owner of Salzburg Castle. I told you that much the first night we were aboard, but I did not tell you all."

"Our consul informed Senator Blakely that he suspected the Duke of trying to secure records held by the state, proving that Salzburg Castle belongs to Mr. Blakely. He is, however, unable to get evidence. That is what I am to do; and to fix the deeds so that there will be no doubt as to the legal ownership of the property. The Duke can secure the papers through bribes."

"I will be in Lacelli the day after you are, in spite of the fact that I told the Duke I must 'sight see' in Italy first."

Margot turned and faced him.

"I hate dishonesty, Bruce. I will help you as much as I possibly can."

"Margot, you're—you're—"

"I believe I would like to go to the forward deck and dance. We must be very near to Naples now." "She interrupted him. She knew she would miss, more than she cared to think about, those pleasant hours she had spent with him."

At last the voyage was over. Lacelli was a day away. Bruce leaned back in the Italian train and dreamed of brown eyes and black curls.

A week in Lacelli proved profitable to the young knight in quest of a castle, and incidently, a lady. Was the castle worth fighting for? It was the soul of Romance. Towers and tunnels, winding stairs and secret chambers, brought visions of long ago. One stepped back three hundred years at the sight of it.

Margot had kept her word to take Bruce to visit Salzburg. They laughed about the prince who had to break through a wall of thorns before he could wake the princess with a kiss.

"I believe I would have left her slumbers undisturbed," said Margot as her dress caught on another bramble. "It is too bad the place is so grown up. It would make a wonderful robbers' den."

Bruce smiled. "Margot, the stage is set. I have, as we say in America, my ducks in a row for this afternoon. May I count on you for a part?"

She looked straight at him. "You may count on me for as much as you wish."

He caught both of her hands. "The first counting I am going to do is the number of days before you will be long to me. I cannot count more than two."

"Duty first," she teased. "Tell me what you want me to do."

"You—you little—darling! All right. The Duke is coming here this afternoon to inspect the castle. If possible make him tell you his plans. I will be out of sight but not out of hearing."

A boyish grin spread over his face as he watched her disappear. "She does care," he whispered..

Bruce could hear his own heart beat as he slipped noiselessly along the black passage. He slid his hand along the cold stone wall for guidance. The American Consul had told him that there would be two men to verify the evidence waiting at the end of this corridor.

Suddenly, he stopped and listened. He could hear one man's heavy breathing. Who was it? If his assistants, why not two? The stealthy steps came nearer. He plastered himself against the stones and waited. Evidently the unknown was guiding himself by the opposite wall, for the breathing seemed to pass and die away. Silence, then a light scraping sound. Bruce could dimly discern a streak of light and a circular stairway in the opening. A short, man with something under his arm came out of the shadow and crept noiselessly up the steps. He stopped, put his hand on the wall, and the space closed.

Bruce whistled. "Things are coming to a climax. The

little 'runt' is anxious to turn the papers over to the 'rascal' and get his reward. I guess we shall hear something without Margot's having to pull it out of the old man. I'm darned glad too."

He turned and made his way down the passage as rapidly as he could.

"Henri," he whispered, "are you here? The flash-light quick."

The three men searched feverishly for the spring that opened the stairs.

"Look! It opens, Mr. Stewart, but I no know who do it," grasped Henri.

"Man, you are doing it yourself. Push hard! All right quite now. We may as well leave it open.—No, shut it. There will be a draft."

Duke Marcino paced up and down the vacant apartment that had once been the scene of beauty and splendor. He tapped the ashes from his cigarette and put it to his lips. There was no listlessness about him now. It was plain that he was anxiously waiting for something.

He turned sharply at a slight sound and faced a short, plump man with something under his arm. At the same time a door at the opposite end of the room opened and Margot stood smiling at her step-father.

"What are you doing here, Margot?"

"I saw you riding in this direction and I wanted to talk to you. May I come in?"

"I am flattered, my dear daughter. I will be at leisure in fifteen minutes. Wait for me at the bridge."

Margot had long since learned that the Duke did not permit interference. She turned slowly and stepped into the garden.

"Is the Duke enjoying good health?" Querried the round-faced official.

"It will be much better after we have finished our little transaction." Marcino smiled. "Our plan is a good one, Lorenzo. I have here for you, what the American would say is one thousand dollars. When I have bought the castle and when the records are in my hands, you will receive five hundred more. What I want to see this afternoon is Blackely's deeds destroyed. I will not try to buy the place immediately."

The little man rubbed his hands together, then removed the leather case from under his arm.

"See, my Lord, here is the paper you wish and you have matches. All is ready."

The Duke's eyes shifted uneasily. His throat was dry. He reached nervously for his silver match case. Suddenly, the blood seemed to freeze in his veins. He found himself looking into the barrel of a 44 colt revolver, of the "Made in America" type.

It was Bruce, who met Margot at the bridge.

"There is only one thing keeping me in Lacelli now, Margot. You said duty first and I, like your humble servant that I am, obeyed." His eyes twinkled. "But you cannot put me off again."

For an answer she moved close to him. He caught her in his arms, and without the need of words expressed the love of a real man.

PAL O'MINE

C. A. Quattlebaum—'22

Oh, Pal O'Mine, I did not know
Your worth until you went away;
It would be Heaven here below,
If you would just come back to stay.

My heart is sad within my breast,
Tho' once it beat in glad delight,
When in my eyes your gaze did rest,
And in your own I saw the light.

Oh, Pal O'Mine, the daily hours,
Which I want to spend with thee,
Are now like the faded flowers;
Come back and brighten them for me.

—o—

AN APRIL DAY.

L. H. Doar—'24.

The April morn breaks bright and clear
With song and fragrance in the air.
The golden beams from hill to hill
Leave shadows in the valley still.
But ere the light these shadows chase,
The sky has covered its bright face.
And the clouds that swiftly glide o'er head
Lament, because the sun seems dead.
O weep no more; thy peace pray keep;
The sun has only gone to sleep.
Come now, sweet flowers, lift high your heads;
And songsters peal out notes unheard;
For sun and clouds will come and go,
As all things change on earth below.
For though before the king of day
Shall roll across his burnished way,
The weeping clouds may come again,
They'll come and go and all in vain;
And as the sun shall sink to rest,
We'll know that all is for the best.

THE BEE HUNT.

W. J. Stribling,—'22.

Jimmy had always lived in the mountains and was really a child of the great outdoors. His mother had been his only tutor in the common education taken from books, and she had taught him well; but his whole soul was absorbed in the wonders of nature, and his knowledge of nature was astounding for one of his age. His latest fancy was the culture of bees. He lived on Bee Mountain, just above a valley which, because of the great number of bee trees found in it, was called Bee Cove. Therefore, it was natural that he should be interested in bees. He had row upon row of homemade bee gums, all of which were well cared for and full of bees. He had taken every hive from the cove below and established it in his own yard.

Jimmy's mother was his only companion except when some one came to spend a few days at their home, the Rest House. He always took the guests of the house out to see where the beautiful honey that they ate, came from. Sometimes he even let them go into the cove with him to cut a bee-tree.

On this particular occasion, Dr. Jordon and his son and daughter were on their way to the club house, about six miles around the other side of the river valley, and had stopped for supper at the Rest House. Jimmy, after showing his colony of bees to the guests, announced that he was going to rob a bee-tree after supper, and invited Bob and Lucille Jordon to go with him. They accepted readily and decided to stay at the Rest House for the night, but Dr. Jordon, anxious to get to his fishing grounds, went on to the club house for the night.

The party soon found the bee-tree again, as it was on the side of the mountain not far from the house. It was not a very extensive job for Jimmy to cut the tree down. He began to smoke the bees into the hive that he brought along for the purpose, and was having no trouble until Bob became restless for some of the honey and cut into the upper end of the fallen tree. When he did this, the

bees swarmed out of a knot hole in the tree and covered him. But they covered not only him, but also Lucille and Jimmy. Jimmy was accustomed to the stings, but both of the other bee hunters began yelling and running around and fighting bees for all they were worth. Jimmy tried to tell them how to manage the bees, but both Bob and Lucille were running thru the underbrush before he could make them hear his warning.

Suddenly Jimmy heard a rumbling, sliding noise and then a crash. He turned pale as he began to realize what had happened. Lucille had in her frenzy fallen over the precipitous cliff that was just a few steps down the mountain side. If she were not killed before she struck the bottom of the cove, she surely must meet death when the rocks from above came down upon her.

After collecting his wits, Jimmy found Bob and started the sad search for Lucille's body. There seemed to be nothing else to do; the worst had happened.

However, after a few minutes' search, the boys found Lucille hanging by her clothes to the limbs of a tree just under the edge of the cliff. It was but a few minutes' work to rescue her and carry her to the house; but, she been knocked unconscious by the fall, and nothing they could do for her seemed to restore her senses. She had been badly bruised about her head, and the case looked serious. The nearest doctor lived six miles away and there was no way of getting him within several hours, as the messenger would have to walk all the way.

Jimmy suddenly announced that he would get Dr. Jordon right away, and ran out of the house. It was a miracle that Jimmy found the old trail that led over the ledge of the rock cliff, down by the laurel thicket, thru the thicket and over the rocks in the rapids. How he escaped death in the rapids as he jumped from rock to rock, and how he climbed the steep sides of the opposite bank and ran across the ridge to the club house, is more than he or anyone else has understood. Nevertheless, he arrived at the club house, aroused Dr. Jordon, and was ready to go back in less than thirty-five minutes. The doctor's car turned those mountain curves faster than they had ever before been turned or perhaps ever will be again, and within a few minutes he was at the bedside of his unconscious daughter.

All of the doctor's skill and experience as a surgeon came to his aid as he opened the eyes of his daughter, as no surgeon but the father of his child could have done.

Jimmy would not accept any reward that Dr. Jordon offered him; but, just as a friend, Dr. Jordon is sending Jimmy to an agricultural school where he and Bob are learning the bee industry from beginning to end.

It is somewhat of a secret, but Jimmy's also got a girl.

THE SPIRIT OF OLD CLEMSON

R. H. SMITH—25

The fighting spirit of Old Clemson
Is a spirit that never grows old,
But is always live and burning,
'Neath the Purple and the Gold.

The Tigers fight to keep it burning
With a courage born of pride,
And they're always well rewarded—
Always glad to say they've tried.

Tho their way is strown with trouble
And they sometimes meet defeat,
Still—true Tigers never falter
Nor tread their paths with loitering feet.

We are grateful, Alma Mater,
For this spirit, pure and strong,
That makes the name of Clemson
Stand for right, against the wrong.

—o—

NARROW-MINDEDNESS

C. A. Quattlebaum—22.

Narrow-mindedness is a disease which is more to be shunned than smallpox. Broad-mindedness, on the other hand, is a virtue which is admired by all, excepting only those who are mentally abnormal. A narrow minded person is not mentally normal.

A narrow minded man is certain to be handicapped by this malady in whatever work he undertakes. No matter how thoroughly a man may know his profession, if he is unable to take an interest in other people and their work, he will in the highest sense be a failure in business. The college student who spares no time for an interest in college activities and for cultivating friendship, but gives his entire time and thought to his course of study will look back after graduation upon his college career with regret. Although he may have far greater technical knowledge than any of his fellow classmates, he will see some of these pass by him on the road to success. Why? Because he is narrow minded. He has not given

sufficient time to the study of human nature, a knowledge of which is essential to the greatest success in any occupation. He is unable to engage in interesting conversation persons who are not interested in his line of work. A man should, if possible, find a life work which he will love, and be happy in doing. If he cannot be occupied in the work which he most desires, then he should perform to the best of his ability the work which he has at hand. In any case, however, he must learn to appreciate and take an interest in the works of others if he desires to be happy and to obtain the highest success in life.

Every occupation in the modern world is dependent upon other occupations for success. Without engineering, agriculture would be reduced to primitive stages; without agriculture, engineering could not exist. There are similar relationships between many other occupations. The broad-minded man appreciates these facts, and does not regard his own special line of work as the only work worth while.

A narrow minded man can never make a success socially. He is certain to learn, sooner or later, that persons with whom he comes in contact discovers very quickly his mental state, and straightway they become disinterested in him. He is unable to be sociable with persons who have interests in life other than his own; for, because of his narrow-mindedness, he cannot appreciate their interests and endeavors. In order for a man to mix well with people from all the walks of life, he must learn to go out of himself, to forget himself sometimes and look upon life and the world from the viewpoint of others. Such ability is possible only to the broad-minded.

The narrow-minded man is most likely to be unhappy in his conjugal relations. In order for a husband and wife to be happy together, each must value the likes and dislikes of the other. The narrow-minded man knows only how to value and consider his own likes and dislikes.

Thus we see that narrow-mindedness is likely to bring a man failure in business, in society, and in marriage. In addition, it may bring him failure in religion. It will be difficult for the narrow-minded man to get to Heaven. The same is true of the narrow-minded woman; for all that has been said of the narrow-minded man applies in at least full measure to the woman of like mind.

Some diseases cannot be cured, but at best can be borne with cheerfulness. The disease of narrow-mindedness, however, is curable. Every man should test himself to learn whether or not he is afflicted with this malady. He may make the test by asking himself such questions as: "Do I take a liberal interest in people who have interests in life other than my own, and in their work?" "Can I carry on intelligent conversation upon a great variety of worth-while subjects?" "If I should fall in love with a girl whose life interests are different from mine, could I prove to her my ability and willingness to value and

appreciate her interests and so win her affection."

No man can justly be blamed for a condition which he cannot help, or which he is trying to improve. There is no excuse for anyone to be narrow-minded however, and any man can broaden his mind according to his own wish or desire to do so. It is for a man's own good and for the good of others, that he trains himself to be broad-minded. Furthermore, it is his duty to society.



THE GREAT DESIRE

In the heart is a desire,
Burning like a smothered fire,
Struggling, longing for expression,
Thwarted by the imperfection
Of the human.

Why is man so discontent?
Every longing was not meant
To be granted; yet the yearning
Of the heart is the beginning
Of achievement.

They who seek shall find the way
To a brighter better day;
By high ideals e'er be lifted,
By the great desire be guided
To contentment.



ANECDOTES FROM SPANISH

TRANSLATED BY PROFESSOR M. E. OAKES

"EL REO Y EL REY"

(THE CRIMINAL AND THE KING.)

A man condemned to death threw himself at the king's feet in an audience which we do not know how he was able to obtain.

"I am unable to pardon you," said the king, greatly moved.

"Noble Sir," protested the convict, "I confess my guilt I recognize the justice of my punishment—the the sort of death which I am going to suffer is barbarous."

"Oh, if that is your only worry, I am able to grant you grace, and I pledge my word."

"What favor, Sir?"

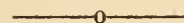
"That you may select the type of death with which you wish to end your days."

"Thanks, my Lord, thanks."

"Choose! Of what do you wish to die?"

"Of old age, Sir!"

"Begone!" said the king, busting into loud guffaws; "You have entrapped me, but I will not be false to my pledge."



RECELOS MUY BIEN FUNDADOS.

("Well-founded Suspicions.")

A certain mayor and town clerk went to settle some official matters with the king. Having at last gained an audience and finding the king in good humor, the mayor began his speech. When he heard it, the king promised to carry out all his wishes to the mayor's entire satisfaction. The desire came to the sovereign to inquire of mayor:—what the best crop of the season was, what other crops were raised near his village what pests and drawbacks they had to contend with, etc. To all these questions the mayor gave clear answers.

At last the king asked, "What kind of climate have you there?"

"Sir," replied the alcalde, "we have no climate whatever."

The king smiled and they departed.

Out upon the highway the clerk said to the alcalde, "Sir, in everything you replied well to His Majesty, except in the matter of climate. To tell the King that we have no climate whatever, is all foolishness."

"You would see who is foolish; for if we were to tell the king that we have a climate, to-morrow he would lay a tax on us for having it!"

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: T. W. MORGAN.

OLD STAFF PASSES.

This issue of the "Chronicle" represents the last work of the present staff in connection with the publishing of the magazine. The staff of 1922-23 will publish the May issue, which will be the last issue of the session.

It is with a feeling of genuine regret that we, the members of the old staff, give up the work of the "Chronicle." While our labors have not always been marked by the success which we had hoped for, they have been the source of much pleasure and gratification to everyone connected with the magazine. We have stumbled through the darkness of ignorance and inexperience in pursuit of the phantom of an ideal college literary magazine, but we have served our apprenticeship, and were the chance offered to start over again, we would probably be able to publish a magazine which would be an improvement over the "Chronicle" of the past session. It is a fact that the staff of the average college publication learns during its period of service the things that every staff should know at the beginning of its work.

However, we pass the work on to competent hands. May the incoming staff profit by our mistakes and gain benefit from the experiences which they will meet in

the publishing of the "Chronicle" during the session of 1922-23. Only in this way, that is, by keeping awake and always open to suggestions, can a staff ever hope to bring its magazine above mediocrity. No magazine will go higher than the staff aims for it: and no staff can aim high and realize its aims save by perservance and hard work.

—o—

THE EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

W. J. Stribling,—22

Just a word, please, about the policy that the exchange department of our magazine has pursued during the past year. Do not think we are egoists or self-centered rubes, but we naturally think that our policy is good or we would not have followed the form of criticism that we have.

There is a certain attraction and self-exalted feeling attached to seeing our name in print. You have felt it as well as we have, and have thrown your chest out a little farther and patted yourself on the back for being better than you thot you were. Somehow, whether we are being praised or corrected, or even severely criticized, it is a pleasure to know that someone is noticing us and that we are being talked about.

Because we believe this condition to be in actual existence, we have adopted the plan of expressing our opinion whatever it may be, of each of our exchanges, and every issue of each magazine. We have found that our method keeps us from overexpressing our exchanges. When an issue of some magazine is blow standard, we do not hesitate to voice our beliefs on the matter, but since there are others whom we want to criticise, we do not have space to publish a wordy harangue upon the demerits of the magazine, even if we desired to do so. Likewise, when there is an exceptional article in one of the journals that we receive, or when we read an unusually good magazine, we are tempted to devote our whole department space to an appreciation of it. Such an appreciation would, how-

ever, necessitate the exclusion of our comments upon some of our other exchanges. This, on the face of the thing, would be unfair to them and to us.

We are sorry that the "Chronicle" has not been discussed by the exchange editors of other college publications more than it has been; because we have been materially benefitted by the criticism made of us. Several times suggestions that we change parts of our magazines have been made by those who have criticised us, and in almost every instance we have followed these suggestions. We feel assured that when we have failed to see the "Chronicle" listed among the exchanges that were received by any magazine, that it was the fault of the mails, or a lack of consistency in the dates of publications of the magazines. Nevertheless, we like to be recognized.

It has always been the policy of the "Chronicle" staff to lay as much stress upon the exchange department as upon any other feature of the magazine. Consequently, the editors of the exchange department have done their very best to make their suggestions worthy of a page in their magazine and worth reading and thinking about to those not directly concerned with the magazine.

The same good feeling that makes two old pals grasp each other's hand in a genuine greeting and acknowledgment of good fellowship prompts us of the exchange department to mention and comment upon every magazine that we receive.

That is why we think our policy is worth mentioning.

ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS

In the spring the thoughts of the members of the literary societies lightly turn to the plans for an annual celebration. From the comparatively small number of men who try for places in these celebrations, it seems that "lightly" is the word to use in speaking of the thoughts of the members with regard to this very important event.

In most of the societies barely enough men try out for the various places to enable a full program to be carried out on the night of the celebration. Thus, all competition is necessarily eliminated from the tryouts, and the

standard of the work of the men who take part is lowered. It would be contrary to human nature to believe that a man is going to work hard when no one is opposing him as he will when he knows that there are several men who are working just as hard as he is, and that unless he puts forth every effort, someone is going to take the prize. A runner never attains the highest speed until he is closest pressed.

Get out and try for one of the places in your society. Aside from the chance of winning a medal which you will prize as long as you live, you may find that you possess the potential powers of a great speaker. Many great speakers have been discovered in the same way. Try it. No man is fair to himself unless he gives his every worthy hidden power the chance for expression.

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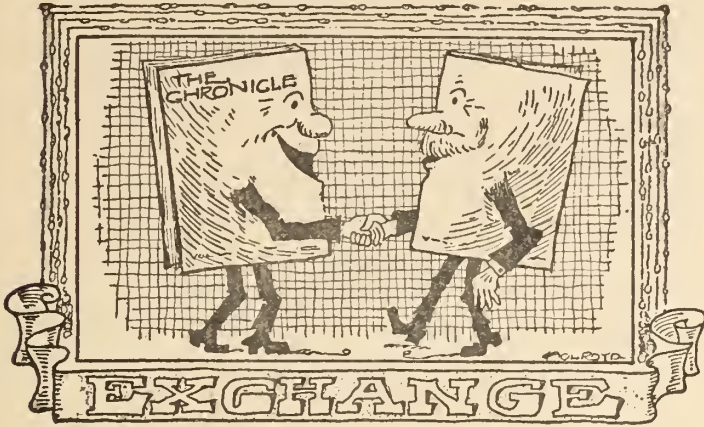
SANDWICHES,

CAKES,

PIES,

"HOT CAKES"

YOUR TRADE INVITED



EDITORS:

W. J. STRIBLING, '22.

C. T. YOUNG, '23.

The Technique is always a well edited magazine, and the last few numbers have been very good editions. Other college weeklies would do well to pattern after the Tech periodical, especially in its being representative of the student body.

The Bashaba for March, taken as a whole, is a good issue. We wonder if girls are really as "The Mirror's Decision" portrays its heroine to be. "Spring Song" needs polishing to take out the abrupt changes of thought and to give it an easier swing. The editorials are very creditable.

The Scroll is a new exchange which we are pleased to receive.

The Limestone Star made its first appearance on our desk last month. We are very favorably impressed with its make-up and general content.

The Wofford College Journal contains an idea that appeals to us—a Short Story number. "Bridges and Boots" is a somewhat overdrawn love scene. The odd twist of circumstances in "In Quest of a Friend" lends attraction to the story.

The Georgia Cracker story judges seemed to have good material to decide upon—and they used good judgment. "A Friend In Need," although sad, holds the reader's interest to the last. *The Cracker* is desperately in need of some poetry, and we believe one or two departments would be beneficial.

The Critirion, both in the March and April issues, shows exceptional literary merit. We dislike the Exchange editor's idea of retaliation in criticising the *Wofford College Journal*, even though the criticism was in itself a cleverly written article.

The Right Angle is too brief, but the material is all good. It seems that the aim is quality to the exclusion of variety.

The Furman Echo for February shows excellent balance. "The Palmetto Flag" and "Song" are the outstanding article in this number.

The Emory Phoenix is to the college literary magazine what the Cadillac is to the motor car—the standard of its world. The March issue, we believe, justifies this assertion by contents such as "The Lone Wolf's Call," "The Second Mate," and "Courage."

The Carolinian boasts of short story writers of real ability; for instance, the authors of "Enoch Arden," "Too Much Family," and "The Hidden Weakness." The last named story would have left a better impression if Roscoe had made a complete apology.

The Erskinian staff in devoting their March issue to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Maffat show very appropriately their love and respect for their late president. The editorials in this issue are commendable.

The Pine and Thistle for February fell considerably short of the high standard set by the preceding issue. There seems to be a lack of depth in the material and a lack also of material. The exchange editor might fill up her page with comments or some back exchanges not previously criticized—just a suggestion, please.

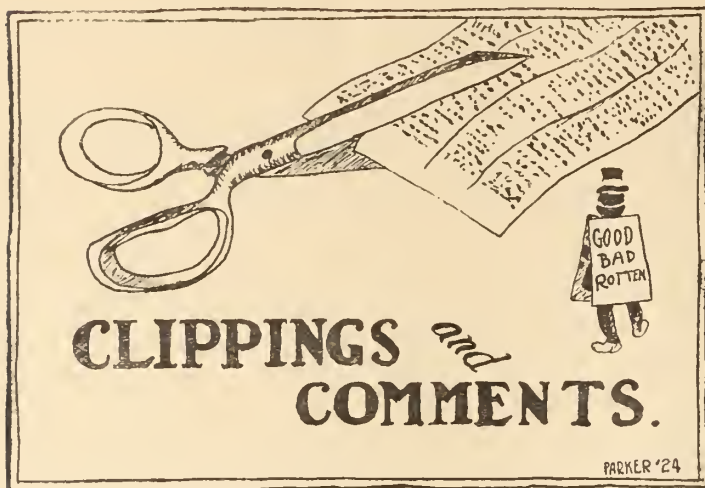
The College of Charleston Magazine deserves, in a lesser degree the same criticism of a letup in the quality and quantity of last number's material. "The Visitor," "The Pace of Life" and "A Sophomore's Prayer," could be improved upon.

The Nautilus has a volume unsurpassed by any college magazine that came to our desk last month, and we commend the magazine for this. All the articles are rather short, but this fact allows a chance for more contributors and thereby becomes a good feature in a high school magazine.

The Newberry Stylus has a good balance in the March issue. However, "Malone's Folly" is poorly written. The departments of the *Stylus* are the redeeming features of the magazine.

The Mississippi Heights Review was a new comer last month. We are glad to receive this paper.

The Orion again allows too much space to be taken up by departments. In absence of a weekly, the departments are all very well, but the literary portion of the magazine should not be sacrificed to them.



H. E. ROBINSON, '22, EDITOR.

One does not set a vintage wine before a baby's cot
A diamond to the infant is at best a shining dot.
A mantle piece is etching, a gorgeous symphony—
They are not apt to please the taste of a child at three.

Past kisses always spelled to me but what a kiss might
be,

Caresses have been forecasts of future ecstasy;
I love, and in the mesh of love's most poignant net.
I realized that I prepared for something greater yet.

How clever the arrangement of lesser loves have passed!
How joyous is my destiny that you have come the last!
So dearest don't be jealous of Maud, Estelle, and Sue,
They were only preparing me to really value you.

—o—
“Believe yourself happy and you are happy,” says a
writer. Unfortunately, that rule doesn't work when a
man think he is wise for then he is otherwise.—Anon.

—o—
We ought to be as cheerful as we can, if only to be
happy ourselves, is a most effectual contribution to the
happiness of others.—Lubbock.

“Dorn pointed at the woman moving by them, ‘Poems
in shoe craft, tragedies in ankles, and melodramas in
legs,’ he announced.”—From “Eric Dorn” by Ben Hect.

—o—
Don't bother about others; be yourself; there will al-
ways be some to approve and some to disapprove, no
matter what you do or don't do.—Anon

A BOY'S REMARKS TO HIS STOMACH

What's the matter with you—ain't I always been your
friend?

Ain't I been a partner to you? All my pennies don't I
spend.

In getting nice things for you. Don't I give you lots of
cake?

Say, Stummick, what's the matter that you had to go and
ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday, I gave you
more

Potatoes, squash, and turkey than you'd ever had before
I gave you nuts and candy, pumpkin pie and chocolate
cake—

And last night when I got to bed you had to go and ache.

Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you satisfied
at all?

I gave you all you wanted; you was hard just like a ball;
And you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet last
night

You ached most awful, Stummick, that ain't treating
me just right.

I've been a friend to you, I have; why ain't you a friend
of mine?

They gave me castor oil last night because you made me
whine.

I'm awful sick this morning, and I'm feeling mighty blue
Beacuse you don't appreciate things I do for you.

—o—
Avoid popularity. It has many snares, and no real
benefit to thyself; and uncertainly to other—William
Penn.

—o—
Optomist: Sick man learning to play a harp,
Pessimist: Sick man learning to shovel coal.

WHAT SOME GIRLS WANT

—o—
There's a wonderous land somewhere—certainly in the
Country of Imagination—where everything we want is
or will be ours. Into this marvelous land some girls may
peek when they see in every man who draws near them
some dazzling dream—come true.

Perhaps it is pearls or an auto—or—ah, what don't
some girls desire? And when they are popular—when
many men pay count to them—what wonders of dreams
are THEIRS! True love? Well, that is very different—
THAT is for them to find.—Juanita Hamel Washington
Post

—o—
To live content with small means; to seek elegance
rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion;
to be worthy not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to
study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to
listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open
hearts; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely; await oc-
casions, never hurry. In word, to let the spiritual, un-
bidden and unconscious grow up through the common.
This is my symphony—Channing.

VEGETABLE LORE

Be like the cabbage—get a head—
Though on small celery;
Just manifest an onion's strength
And climb adversity.

Lettuce us all be up and doing;
Things don't turnip when we wait;
If we use a little pepper
We can beet decrees of fate.

Be as patient as wormwood;
Try to cast dull caraway;
And some thyme you will see the radish
Dawning of a brighter day—American Florist.

The man who once most wisely said,
"Be sure you're right, then go ahead,"
Might well have added this, to-wit:
"Be sure you're wrong before you quit."—Selected

Happiness is the art of not letting the thoughts of joys
you don't possess spoil the pleasure of the ones at hand

He loves a girl.
Day and night he thinks of her. His mind dwells ever
upon her beauty. He bites his nails.

Her presence is always with him.

He thinks of her the first thing in the morning; he
dreams of her in the night, when the loon screams across
the lake.

With all the devotion of his soul he loves her, but she
does not make him happy..

For he is a miser, and she is the woman on the silver
dollar.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

One difference between dancing and hugging is you
dance in a crowd.

It's a wise man who won't admit he is.

A man who growls at everything leads a dog's life.

A bachelor is a man who only gets 100 miles out of a
pair of sox.

Usually the more a man is wrapped up in himself the
colder he is.

When some people act decent you wonder what they
want.—Rock Hill Herald.

Perhaps the first thing which astonishes one who has
never been in love is the suddenness with which Love
appears—the realization that love may come to anyone
any instant, any place. Like a veritable heart-bandit,
Cupid may magically appear in the most prosaic parlor
or seem to leap up from the road upon the running board
of a speeding motor car—then, indeed, is the Heart cap-
tured!—Washington Post.

The true overcoming is not in shaping outward things
to suit our will, but in living out our life patiently, trust-
fully, and kindly, through whatsoever the outward things
may be.—Selected.

Perhaps the first thing which astonishes one who has
never been in love is the suddenness with which Love ap-
pears—the realization that love may come to one any in-
stant, at any place. Like a veritable heart-bandit, Cupid
may magically appear in the most prosaic parlor or seem
to leap up from the road upon the running board of a
speeding motor car—then, indeed, is the Heart captured!
—Washington Post

It is easy to learn which side your bread is buttered
on. Drop it on the floor and see which side hits the car-
pet.

Fine motto: Open your eyes and keep your mouth shut.

The darker things are, the more chance there is to
shine.—Rock Hill Herald.

WHAT SOME GIRLS WANT

There's a wondrous land somewhere—certainly in the
Country of Imagination—where everything we want is or
will be ours. Into this marvelous land some girls may
peek when they see in every man who draws near them,
some dazzling dream—come true.

Perhaps it is pearls or an auto—or—ah, what DON'T
some girls desire? And when they are popular—when
many men pay count to them—what Wonders of dreams
are THEIRS! True love? Well, that is very different—
That is for them to find. —Junita Hamel in the Washing-
ton Post.

He is like a kerosene lamp; he is not over bright; he is
often turned down; he generally smokes, and he frequent-
ly goes out at night.—Exchange.

The Clemson College Chronicle

T. W. Morgan	Editor-in-Chief
J. L. Harvin	Business Manager
W. T. Fripp	Circulation Manager
F. E. Taylor	Literary Editor
H. E. Robinson	Co-operating Editor
B. F. Robertson	Junior Literary Editor
R. W. Coarsey	Junior Literary Editor
W. J. Stribling	Exchange Editor
C. T. Young	Assistant Exchange Editors
H. S. Altman	Joke Editor



H. S. ALTMAN, '22, EDITOR.

The world is old and yet it likes to laugh.
New jokes are hard to find.
A whole new editorial staff can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet up with some ancient joke
Dressed up in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake
Just laugh—don't be too wise.—Exchange.

“Listen here, nigger, why does yo' call that there flivver
of yours ‘the crapshooter?’
“Shake, rattle and roll.”

Something To Think About

When I was young a dainty foot
Was really quite a treat
But now no flapper's skirt begins
A foot above her feet.

So the wind that blows will now disclose
More than it did of yore
And I blush to confess that maiden's dress
Is rather less than more.

“One thing I imagine must puzzle the military authorities.”

“What's that?”

“How to keep a standing army in good running order.”

“Mrs. Manyhusbands has lost all her friends.”

“What's become of them?”

“She's married ‘em.”

“With you at my side, dear. I have all the courage in the world.”

“Be careful, Jack, the shades aren't pulled down.”

CAN'T BLAME WILL HAYS FOR THIS

“How's fishing today, old fellow?”

“Hard to say, old dear, I've dropped ‘em a line but have had no reply yet.”

“Alarming!” muttered the sleeping student as he threw his shoe at the clock.

He—“I'd like to know why you girls get engaged to several men at once.”

She —“When you have only one match doesn't it go out?”—Exchange.

“Stop! I never heard such profanity since the day I was born.”

“What were you, a twin or a triplet?”

She—“The man I marry must be square, upright, and grand.”

He—You don't want a man, You want a piano.—Widow.

“Are you on calling terms with your neighbors, Mrs. O'agin?”

“Yes, indeed; I called her a liar and she called me another.”—Selected.

“I think you're stringing me” said the Murderer as he dangled from the scaffold.

One farmer to another:—“Do you like bananas?”

Other. “No, I still stick to the old fashioned night shirts.”—Widow.

If all the lazy men in America were placed in a straight line, they would stretch.

I hope all the fellows will notice
My bonnet, so trim and so true.
Then lengthen your skirts, my pretty maid.
And maybe your wish will come true.

A FLAPPER

Who was this wild and winsome coat
That made poor Adam pull the boat
And taste of that forbidden fruit?

A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tor his hair,
Who was this vamp debonair?

A Flapper.

Who was this hiddy called Salome
That robbed John Baptist of his dome,
The one that made mere man leave home?

A Flapper.

Who is it that flashes by
With scanty clothes and dropping eye.
For whom some sap would gladly die?

A Flapper.

Who strokes the profs upon their nobbs
And on their shoulder gently sobbs
While some swell mark from them she robs?

A Flapper.

Who it is spends their hard earned kale
Who makes this planet a woeful tale
Who is more deadly than the male?

A Flapper.

Exchange

—o—
“What have you in the shape of cucumbers, this Morn-
ing?” asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

“Nothing but bananas, Ma’am,” was the reply.—Techni-
que.

—o—
The problem no longer is fitting square pegs in round
holes. It is adjusting curved flasks to oblong pockets.

—o—
He—“Would you say anything if I should kiss you?”
She—“I can’t do two things at once.”

—o—
Patron—“Please bring me the sugar.”
Waitress—“Plug or fine cut?”
Patron—“Oh, just as you chews.”

—o—
“All men are liars,” said the pretty girl, and burst into
tears.

“But, my dear,” said her friend, “You musn’t be such
a cynic. There are exceptions.”

Oh, very likely,” said the pretty girl, “but all the really
nice men are liars.”—Widow.

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The Quality Druggist

Prof:—"If anything goes wrong with this experiment I shall be blown skyward. Draw closer students, so that you may be better able to follow me."—Exchange.

—o—

"Let me kiss your hand," he said
With looks of burning love.
"I can remove my veil," she said,
"Much easier than my glove."—Selected.

—o—

Moonshine was meant for romance.
In my youth as I recall;
But times have changed and moonshine
Now means wood alcohol.—Selected.

—o—

Jazz has no sublimity. Music stirs the heart. Jazz
kicks the shins.—Technique.

—o—

"The doctor says when I want a drink, to eat an apple
instead."

"Who in h—can eat that many apples."

—o—

Wifey (at a musical comedy) "I wonder what folks
would say if I should appear in tights?"

Hubby—Probably that I had married you for your
money."

—o—

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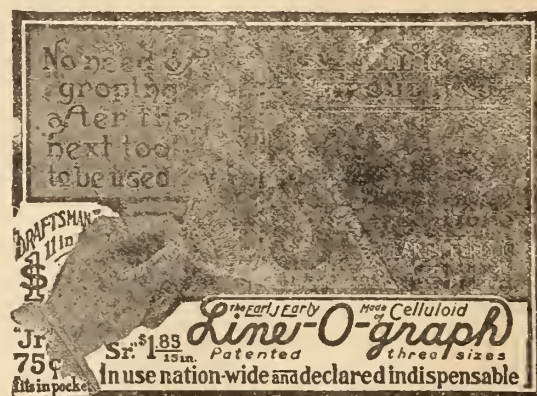
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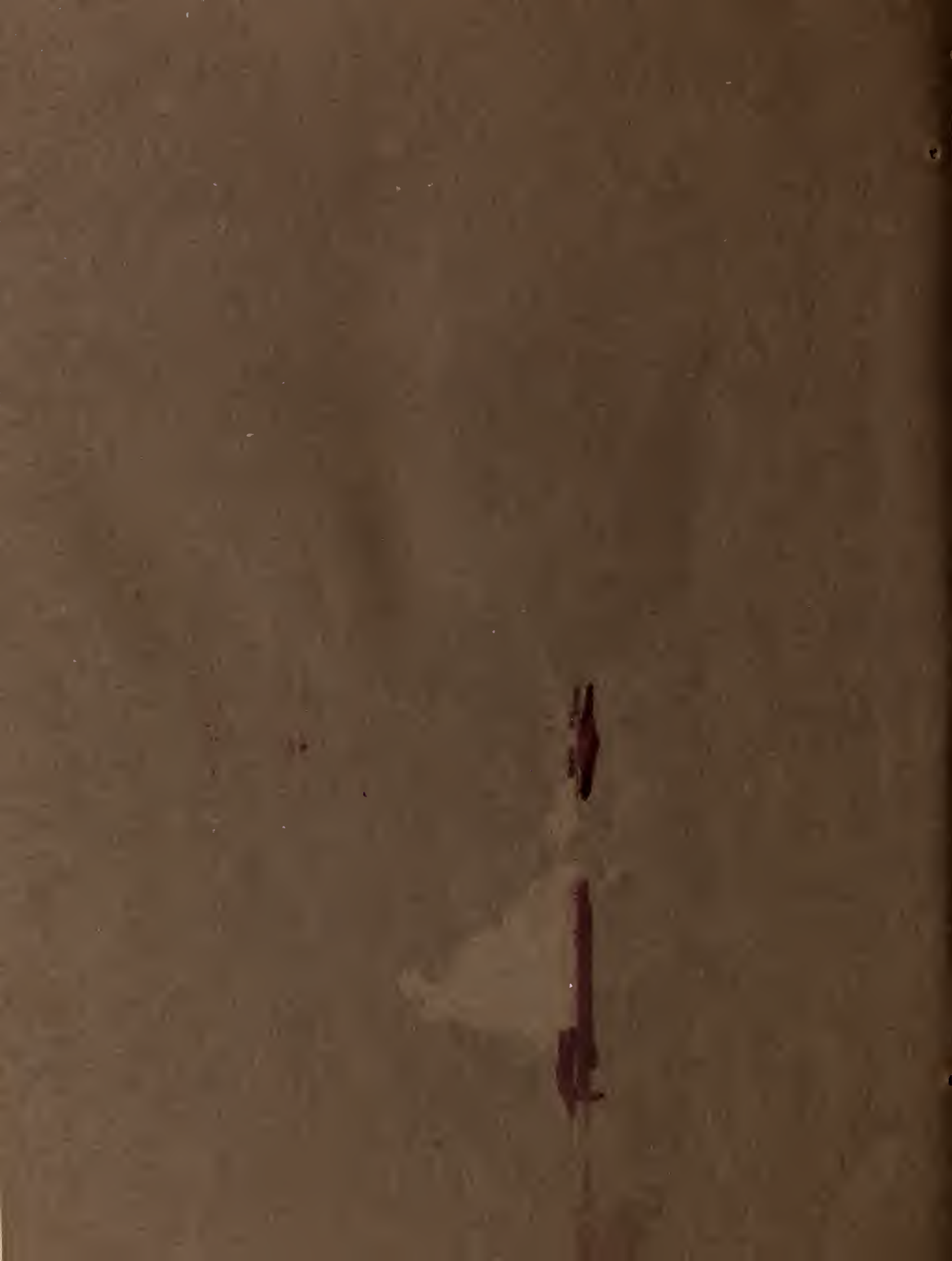
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THE CHRONICLE



*Oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away.*
—*Pope.*

Vol. XX.

June, 1922.

No. 8

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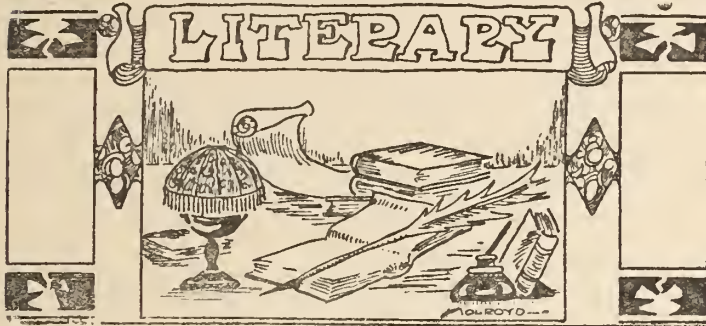


The Clemson College Chronicle

Vol. XX.

Clemson College, S. C., June 1922

No. 8

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

EDITORS:

S. C. RICE, '23.

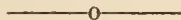
M. C. ELLISON, '24.

T. L. VAUGHAN, '24.

IDEALS

R. H. Ellison, '24.

As the evening star looks from the west
 O'er this world of grief and care,
 And through the twilight softly gleams
 With a beauty wondrous rare—
 So should our ideals and dreams
 Rise o'er our doubts and fears,
 'Till hope has sway within our breast,
 And forgotten are all our cares.



ENTANGLED BY A "FLAPPER"

M. C. Ellison, '24.

"Say, Joe, aren't you going to that dance this evening?" enquired Reginald Boswell, a sizable chap of possibly twenty-five, of Joe Steinway, about the same age, but sligher and less vigorous of physique.

Joe sat placidly tapping his fingers on the arm of the Morris chair in which he reclined, allowing a smile to spread across his face as he said, "Me, go to a dance; an old slow dance with nothing but 'flappers' and 'tea-hound' present? Not much! I think I'll plan for another mountain trip or a trip to the sea-shore."

"Why, man, you will have a good time at the dance, and the girls are not half so bad—I would hardly call them 'flappers'. You can plan that camping trip any old time and include me in your plans, but let's go to the dance this evening. Evelyn said that she would expect us", argued Reginald.

"I am by no means afraid of these 'flappers', but I do abhor some of their silly ways," said Joe arising to

knock the ashes from his cigar.

"Oh, Joe, you just don't know these girls. I'll bet you'll change your opinion of them if you will consent to go with me this evening," pleaded Reginald again.

Smiling, Joe said, "Well, 'Reg', old scout, I'll risk these 'flappers' just to show you that they won't appeal to me."

The two young men parted after arranging for Joe to drive by in his car for Reginald.

Joe Steinway had not always rested in the lap of plenty, his father having acquired his wealth with a turn of oil stock from a very small capital. This happened when Joe was eighteen, and, upon finding themselves sufficiently able, Joe's parents sent him to college. While at college, Joe and Reginald became fast friends, rarely differing on more than one subject, and that the fair sex. Reginald was continually going to dances, receptions, and other social functions, to be with girls; and he always insisted that Joe go with him. It wasn't that Joe was bashful or backward, but simply that he didn't like the modern girl.

After carefully dressing for the dance, Joe got out his car and drove around for his friend. Reginald came to the door in answer to Joe's ring and gleefully said, "Boy! you'll have the time of your life this evening, for I've just heard that Evelyn intends 'vamping' you and she is the queen of them all."

Joe's grey eyes twinkled and his white teeth gleamed from behind his rather firm lips as he laughingly said, "Me, 'vamped' by the queen, eh; I guess that would be rather interesting, and I surely hope she tries it. I have not had the pleasure of talking to Evelyn Coles for about three years; so I hardly remember how she looks."

Reginald and Joe did not have to escort any of the young ladies to the dance, as Evelyn had arranged for Joe to be her partner and for her cousin Ellen to be Reginald's partner.

The young gentlemen were met at the door by Evelyn, and as Joe once more grasped Evelyn's hand, his ideas about the modern girl and his bachelor plans began to totter. "Oh! Joe, it has been so long since I last saw you, and you have changed so much I hardly knew you", said Evelyn, ushering Joe into the large reception hall of the Coles' home.

"Possibly I have changed some, and maybe for the worse, but not you, Evelyn; you look marvelous", said Joe as he glanced around the room first nodding to one familiar face and then another.

After meeting all of the strangers and speaking to all of his friends, Joe slipped out on the porch to smoke. "My, I'll have to go careful or the first thing I know I'll be truly 'vamped'. I surely didn't think that Evelyn Coles had become so attractive. I can't let her bring true Reginald's prophecy that she would 'vamp' me." These thoughts passed thru Joe's mind as he tossed away his cigarette stump and endeavoured to compose himself to dance with Evelyn.

Evelyn had taken extreme care in her dress for the dance, and as she had learned from Reginald what Joe's

favorite color was—old rose—she had made herself very attractive. She was a huge rose-colored butterfly with jet-black hair for a plume. Her rosy complexion served to carry out the color scheme and her eyes, though like those of many other people in color, were different in expression. She had the singular gift of using her eyes with hypnotic effect.

"Oh, come, Joe, let's get some fresh air; I am tired of dancing," said Evelyn as she gently tugged Joe's sleeve and headed for their moon-lit garden.

Joe followed Evelyn out into the beautiful moon-lit flower garden in the rear of the Cole's home. "Evelyn, suppose we take that seat over there under the lilac bush," said Joe, pointing to a small wicker chair obviously containing only room for one.

"That's a nice cozy place all right, Joe, but there isn't room for you to sit in the chair too, though I think there is a pillow in the chair that will keep you from sitting on the damp grass, if you will use it."

Evelyn dropped lightly into the chair as Joe sat down upon the pillow at Evelyn's feet. As Joe fixed himself comfortably and looked up at the new moon shining thru the lilac bush over Evelyn's pretty shoulder, he realized all too late that the situation was too ideal and that Reginald's jest was fast becoming true: for who is mighty enough to stop Cupid in his work. "Evelyn, I want to lift something from my chest. May I tell it to you?" asked Joe, as he gazed up at Evelyn who with body slightly inclined was earnestly looking into his face.

"Tell me, Joe", she said.

"It's simply this, Evelyn; I have been a 'cad', and have judged all girls of today by a very few and have called them all 'flappers'. And I just want to tell you, Evelyn, that you have changed my views, and since I first spoke to you tonight I have begun to realize that there is still one really true and splendidly sweet girl left".

Evelyn placed her small white finger on Joe's lips and said. "Hush, Joe, boy, don't let the moon affect you. You must not talk so. I am afraid we shall have to go back inside." But she made no move to go.

"Oh no, the moon hasn't affected me, but you have, Evelyn, and something away down deep in my soul seems to tell me that I love you," said Joe arising and taking Evelyn's hands in a firm grasp.

"Joe, Joe,! You don't mean what you are saying. Please sit down," said Evelyn. But still she seemed not to object to Joe's advances.

"Evelyn, Reginald said that you would 'vamp' me to night, but I didn't realize that that very thing would happen. Indeed, you have done even more than 'vamp' me. You surely must have formed an alliance with Cupid," said Joe as he gently drew Evelyn into his arms.

Evelyn slipped into Joe's arms and before his lips met hers said, "You weren't the only one that was affected by cupid's attack, Joe, dear."

SPRING

R. H. Smith, '25

Winter has gone with its cold, drear days,
And in its place is gentle Spring;
Now, days are full of joy and light.
With the bluest skies that nature brings.

The hills, once white, are freshly green,
Painted by Nature's Masterful hand;
The trees, once dead, are alive again.
At Springtime's impelling command.

On every hill and in the wood,
The flowers are shyly showing;
The jasmine clings to the brown-bolled pine;
The breezes are softly blowing.

O! Spring how fair thy handiwork—
The fairest far by mortal seen—
When smiling skies are blue o'erhead
And all outdoors is green.

AN IDEAL NATIONAL CHARACTER.

Ralph W. Coarsey, '23.

Our history is built up around the lives and deeds of great men—men whose work has made possible our present civilization. But there is one whose life and strict adherence to lofty and Christ-like ideals will be to posterity what the bright star of the East was to "the three wise men"—a beacon light to guide and direct their footsteps in the path of duty. This character is Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson grew up a true son of our native Southland. The atmosphere of his home life was strictly Christian, as interpreted by his father, who was a distinguished Presbyterian divine. During the tenderest years of his life, he was an eye witness to the atrocities practiced upon a defenseless people. It is not strange, then, that his mature life should be characterized by an unusual seriousness and a profound sympathy for the oppressed.

Eighteen years of his life were given to the honorable profession of teaching—an apprenticeship to which we are indebted for more than one great character. The world has never realized how much it owes to the men and women who mold the characters of our young in the school room. Woodrow Wilson was a great teacher, and had he done no more than the masterly work which he did in the school room, he would have been worthy of a place in the history of our country.

But he deserved and won a broader field of service. He was chosen President of Princeton University, where he served with honorable distinction. However, the narrow walls of a university could not hold a character such as Wilson had grown to be, and he entered politics—a field

for which he was specially fitted.

First, he was elected governor of New Jersey and then he was accorded the highest honor that can come to an American—elected President of the United States. In this capacity, he was to become the great school master of the nation, and even the whole world, teaching mankind that it is best to, “walk uprightly, do justice and show mercy.”

When Wilson took his seat as President of the United States he was unfettered by promises of reward to those who had helped to elect him, he had no personal and selfish ambitions to guard, his position had not been bought, as so many similar positions are bought, at the price of character; and he found himself sitting upon a pedestal of power, free to administer the duties of his office, directed by one master and one master only—duty as he saw it.

The first four years of his administration were spent in perfecting industrial and economical reforms, all tending to help the masses, the common people, the people whom he felt called to serve.

It was in the next four years that Wilson was to pass through his Gethsemane, for over 50 years, the German military masters had taught the German people that, “might makes right;” and at this time they were waging one of the most brutal and inhuman wars which history records.

Wilson tried by every means consistent with the honor and integrity of our country to avert war. But war was inevitable. The teachings of Bismark and his followers had taken too strong a hold on the German people. They went too far with their brutal program of terrorizing the world, and war was begun.

No war, not even the war of the Crusades, was ever fought for nobler principles than those which, enunciated by Wilson, prompted the American Armies to enter this world-wide conflict. Guided by Wilson “we made war to end war.”

In public speeches, with a mastery of forceful and convincing statement, perhaps unequal in all history, he convincing statement, perhaps unequalled in all history, concause for which they fought. He created boards and appointed their officers, he took over the rail roads and the telegraph and cable lines; in fact, he did anything which he thought necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. Congress clothed him with powers almost beyond belief, the people reacted spontaneously to his feelings of apprehension, and the result was that in a few short months, Germany was forced to sue for peace.

It was now that Wilson was to assume his most important role. No mortal man in the course of human history has ever exercised such a marked influence on the minds of men. Caesar, at the zenith of his power, was never so loudly praised; Napoleon, with all of his military glory was but a satellite in comparison; Alexander The Great,

when he sat down and wept because there was no other world to conquer, could never have commanded the attention of so many souls. The people of all nations and all creeds looked to Wilson as a new Messiah, as indeed he might have been, had they let him.

It is sad, but never-the-less true, that the world was not yet good enough to accept such Christian principles, and consequently Wilson's power and influence were soon lost because of the selfish ambitions of others.

Around the peace table at Versailles, gathered the master minds of the world to negotiate this peace. Their task was indeed difficult. The map of the world was to be remade. Wilson, himself, sat at that table, and one of his ideals was the first question to which they directed their attention—open covenants, openly arrived at. In view of the secret treaties already existing among the other nations represented there and the selfish ends which some hoped to accomplish, this point was lost, and the fight was on, with Wilson on the side of humanity and justice, fighting against the greed of old-world diplomats.

Struggling against declining health, opposed by the representatives of the other nations gathered there, abandoned by the people who had so recently worshipped at his shrine, and repudiated by personal and political enemies at home, Wilson worked to the last in the interest of humanity.

When he came home the second time, he brought the treaty with him. It contained his greatest and most cherished ideal—the league of nations, the league that was to prevent wars in the future; but his declining health made it impossible for him to take the treaty before his people and it was rejected by an unfriendly congress. Never did the legislative body of any nation commit a blunder so far reaching in its effects.

Wilson's ideals and his fight for them had won the admiration of the world, and oppressed peoples in every land were asking America to give them liberty and justice. America was regarded as the leader among nations. Wilson had given his wonderful intellectual ability and almost his very life in an effort to establish a lasting peace, only to have his efforts and ideals brought down to a crushing defeat, largely through the enmity of small politicians.

Methinks, I can see him now, sitting there in his home in Washington, broken in health, with lines of care deeply written in his face, quietly submissive to his defeat, but happy in the knowledge that his ideals were defeated because of their righteousness. Victor—yet Vanquished.

But his ideals have not perished. There is now being raised a fund to establish a foundation for the purpose of perpetuating the memory and the ideals of Woodrow Wilson by rewarding each year some man whose service to mankind conforms most nearly to Wilson's ideals. And it is entirely fitting and proper that it should be so, because the ideals of Woodrow Wilson are akin to God's —“Peace on earth, good will to men.”

When I think of Woodrow Wilson's service to us, to posterity, and to God, and see how little it is appreciated by some, I am strikingly reminded of these lines from Kipling:

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

—o—

TO DAD.

T. L. Vaughan, '24.

I've read many writings to Mother,
All of which she fully deserved.
The tenderest spot in my own heart
Will always be for her reserved.
'Twas Mother's tender love and care
Which nursed me at her breast,
She prayed to God to make of me,
A man to stand life's every test.

I fancy I can see her now,
As she sang some sweet old song,
While she taught me right from wrong.
O! how my little heart would beat
When hurt or trouble came to me,
And she would print a kiss upon my cheek,
That made my troubles cease to be.

O! how distinctly I remember
The many nights of long ago;
How Mother tucked me in my bed,
While boisterous winds were howling so.
Soon I was snugly sound asleep,
Lost in the land of dreams;
Not knowing what it was to worry,
Or plan life's many schemes.

But there's another good old friend
Whose name isn't oft in print;
Yet midst the battle of this life,
He stands like one huge mass of flint.
Though his love is not so manifest,
As that of gentle Mother,
Deep in his heart so big and strong.
He somehow does his feelings smother.

'Tis Dad who knows the pathway
Up which a boy must climb,
In passing from the age of youth
Into manhood full of things sublime.
He knows the places that are rough,
He knows the roads that lead astray,
And all the many other things
That tempt a youth along the way.

I'm thankful for a dear old Dad
Who isn't too old to be a boy,
And share with me in the out-of-doors
Those things of my delight and joy.
If in this struggling fight of life
I conquer foes of sin and wrong,
'Twill be by truths my Dad taught me
As o'er some trail we hiked along.

—o—

THE WANDERER'S SONG

R. H. Smith, '25.

O! I want to go back to Dixie Land,
The land I was taught to love,
With its beautiful flowers and whispering pines
And the fairest of skies above.

The song birds trill a song of cheer
To thrill the bearer's heart.
And make him think that God is near
And of the beauty is a part.

The darkies sing, as they always sang,
The plaintive songs of old;
The rivers sparkling in the sun
Seem made of molten gold.

So give me again this land of joy,
Where life and beauty dwell,
And ne'er again will I stray, my boy,
For all with me will then be well.

—o—

AN APPEAL TO YOUTH.

C. B. King,—'25

Fellow students, of South Carolina, the greatest conflict ever witnessed between the powers of man and science, was witnessed from August 4, 1914, to November 11, 1918. One faction was fighting for the extension of democracy, while the other was fighting for the supremacy of autoeracy. We stepped into this great struggle at the eleventh hour, when the destiny of civilization seemed to be on the topmost pinnacle of fate, whose foundation had long been weakened by the iron militarism of the ill-fated Hun. By our actions we demonstrated to the world, that democracy should not fall at the cruel hands of autoeracy. The noble purpose of America was partially accomplished in 1918, when the notorious tyranny of the central allied forces was driven from the face of Europe.

The patriotic spirit of the American youth and the

genius of American diplomats, astounded the world, when compared with that of other nations.

Hardly four years have been numbered in the past since our fellow countrymen were dying that democracy might live. Today the call is: that we live, that democracy may not die. Are we going to be less important factors in the human race than our brothers who gave the supreme sacrifice were? Today can be heard the greatest call that has ever sounded. This call is none other than that of the wise guidance socially, politically, and morally of the American people.

There seems to be a certain faction of our people, who, by skillful management and unjust political means have placed beneath their feet, the less fortunate members of our commonwealth. These two classes are generally known as capital and labor.

Fellow students, you are eye witnesses to the causes that led to the abnormal conditions which now confront the American people. You realize that these conditions were brought about by the undue advantages taken by the capitalists in their greed for the almighty dollar. The money currents of the United States have been flowing in one direction for four long years, and today a small per cent of our people have a firm monopoly on all the exchange currency of our country. These people are blind to the dangers that threaten our nation.

There are a few who have forgotten, or who ignore, the many undisputed facts of nature. They don't seem to realize that their mere existence depends upon the honest toils of the many. Our population could exist for a long time upon nothing but the product of hard labor; while on the other hand all the silver and gold that can be heard rattling on Wall Street, would not sustain them for a fortnight. We cannot be entirely safe without the combination of both.

One of the best examples of the unruthfulness of the capitalists is the treatment which led up to the present condition of the farmers. The farmers in the past have been considered as a separate or distinct third class, which was entirely neutral towards the actions of either of the other two classes, because they represented in part both classes. Today their destiny ends under the subjection of the capitalists.

The capitalists in their conquest for greater power have drawn within their grasp every other faction or division of our people. It is highly possible that they have covered too much territory, and have failed in their efforts to fortify their conquered ground against the beating foes of time and justice. They have extended their dominion beyond the boundaries of justice.

The nerve fibres, centered around each and every nucleus of American Labor have been so long under an overload strain, that they realize that their conditions cannot grow worse. Today they have an increasing fancy

for improved surroundings. They are determined to remedy these evils either by fair means or foul, more evident are the foul, because the fair have almost failed.

Already has the entire world begun to realize the effects of the great industrial revolution which has but just yesterday begun. This great movement, whose purpose is to install radical changes in every branch of the world's industries, is fastly gaining territory, and greatest of all, it is speedily drawing to its aid public opinion. These improvements are due in part to the awakening to the sources from which injustice has so long been traveling, and they are producing geniuses from their numbers that compare favorably with those of their opposing faction. The time that now lies between us and the day when labor's influence will outweigh that of the capitalists, when placed in the scales of justice is short, proved their advancement continues at the same pace.

I have endeavored to point out to you a few of the evils of capitalistic rule. On the other hand, we should consider the promises of labor rule. We have seen demonstrations of their actions in time of strikes and in their every-day fields of toil, and everywhere we find in them an inclination for supreme rule. Their lives have so been lived for the last few years, that they have only the vision of party rule. Should they overpower their opponents and place themselves in rule, it is probable that they would take to themselves all the advantages gained, and ignore the rights rest of our people. They have been under the burdens of discontentment so long that they have lost their spirit of fellowship; they have become blood thirsty for revenge; and, if they are allowed to run their way, our government will be thrown face to face with more severe abuses than have ever been witnessed before. The conditions of our country can better be settled today when the two classes are just about on an equality as to power. But tomorrow the opportune time will be gone, because one side will have won some advantage over the other, while today they can be brought to a peaceful settlement, if the spirit of selfishness can be thrown aside.

Fellow citizens, the greatness of a government can be conceived only through the actions of its people. Can our government thrive with several different factions, each fighting for its individual advantages, regardless of the rights of others? Can our government remain a democracy, and support only a favored few? Can our government survive, when all ties have been severed between us and the basic, fundamental principles upon which it was founded have been repudiated? These are but three of the lines of evil, along which we are today traveling, but they have been developed to a high state of perfection, within the last quarter of a century. The burden of the present generation are day by day being shifted to the shoulders of the rising generation. The future welfare of our state and our nation, now depends upon the influence of the present generation.

Fellow students, it now becomes imperative that we

go forth into our fields of labor, with the determination to accomplish the noble task of uniting our people into one loyal band. This great work can only be done by bringing the small differences of our people to peaceful settlements by compromise. We alone can influence this great work, and in no better way can it be done than by the association of our ambitions, while here at college. We can here at college frame and mould the success of our lives, and not alone ours, but the lives of the world about us.

Fellow students, of South Carolina, I come to you this evening, pleading for your support; not for the capitalists not for the labor, but for the welfare of the American people as one giant unit. The time and money spent as a sub-divided nation would, if spent for the direct welfare of the people, make our place of habitation one of the most desirous ever founded on the face of the earth.

Should George Washington, the author and father of American democracy, come to earth again, he would not take pride in the ownership of his offsprings, who have as a strong body failed to even keep the principles, which he with a weak force founded.

Gentlemen, I beg you to free your midst of the unscrupulous members who would lead our government astray into corruption for the selfish benefit of a few. The men that we want to protect the stars and stripes, are men of Christian character, who lead such lives as will give pride to their children. The men we want to represent us in our sacred law-making bodies are those who live not only to receive the pleasures of life, but who live in order that they may prepare a place for their loved one who will follow in their paths. These men can only be had by giving up some of our personal fratifications; this type of men is rarely found free in nature, but they can be prepared by the careful attention to the American institutions. We must lay aside our selfish pride, and join ourselves together in the great task of making a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

—o—
TO THE BOYS OF '22

L. H. Doar—'24

Boys, just a word before you leave us here to continue in the many preparations which you have so faithfully undergone. It is hard for us, as for you, to bring ourselves to the realization that you are leaving our dear Alma Mater probably never to return to its lovely site again. Though it be true that you may not review with physical eye the place so dear to us; never let falter the hopes and the ideals, which those who have gone, have

stood for, and which we who are now in the game are striving so hard to uphold.

The Clemson man is recognized everywhere as one who is capable of doing his part. This good record was made only by the aspiring spirit with which our forerunners worked. Now such a reputation cannot be sustained without the co-operation of each class as it takes its place in this old tide of life.

Therefore, to you, dear boys of '22, the call comes to show the world that the sons of Clemson grow stronger worth the passing years. Prove to all that "Tigers" can be depended on for the loftiest attainments of men.

It would be useless for me to attempt to express the regrets with which we must now bid you adieu. But, boys, remember these few lines.

Now your sails you must be hoisting,
For the time is drawing nigh
That from spray you'll get a moistening
On the sea of life so high.

So here's to you of '22,
In which we join from near and far,
To drink this toast to yours and you,
That strength and health be where you are.

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CLINT TAYLOR, Proprietor — Clemson College, S.C.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.00. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



R. W. COARSEY, '23, Editor-in-Chief.

This issue of the Chronicle presents the initial efforts of the newly elected staff.

We realize, perhaps better than anyone else does, that we have a difficult duty to perform. We also know that we are expected, as novices, to make mistakes, and we shall likely measure up to expectations in that respect, at least.

However, in justice to ourselves and in justice to you, dear reader, we feel that whatever explanations are necessary should be set forth now; so that each of us can know just what relationship we bear to this publication.

If we, the members of this staff, were able to publish a magazine from romances conceived in our own imagination and narratives constructed on our own experiences, we would probably be on the staff of some nationally famous magazine, but not being of that calibre, we have assumed the duties incident to the publication of this college magazine.

On this account, the contents of this magazine will not always be a criterion of our tastes and aspirations, but will be more nearly a criterion of the interest you take in it and the assistance you take in it and the assistance you give us in the form of articles, poems, plays, or, in fact, anything that is worthy of publication.

We invite criticisms of our efforts, and profiting by these criticisms, we will dare do all that becomes men in our efforts to succeed; "who dares do more is none."

The criticism is often made of college men that "they are entirely ignorant of current events." This criticism is often just and too well founded. We become absorbed in chemical formulae, in mechanical calculations, and in numerous other subjects that we study. Perhaps we become very proficient in our respective line, only to learn later that we have lived like hermits in so far as current progress is concerned.

There is no excuse for this. Our library is full of daily newspapers, current magazines, and vacant chairs.

Let's drop in occasionally and see what new cloud darkens the horizon of Mexico or what new storm threatens the interment tranquility of Ireland—lest we be classed among those, "who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not."

In a few short days now, seniors, you who have grazed this campus for four years will be alumni.

Commencement day is near. There was a time when we couldn't understand why the closing of school days was called commencement, but now it is all clear.

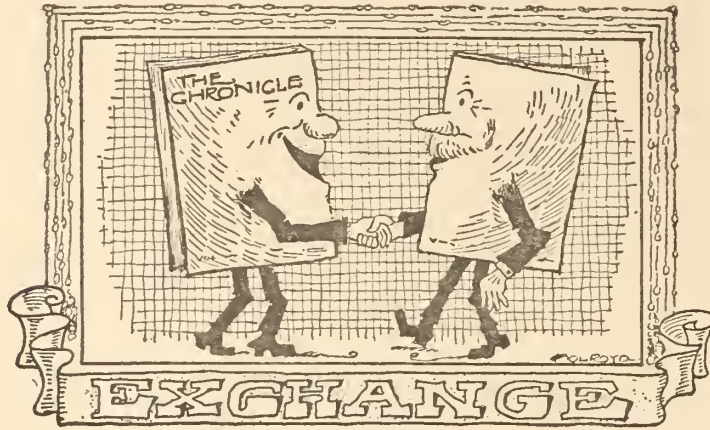
Freshmen commence to be sophmores, sophmores commence to be juniors, juniors commence to be seniors, and seniors commence the accumulation of their first million.

With the coming of commencement, there is an intermingling of joy and sorrow. Joy at getting a respite from quizzes, drill, and punishment tours, and sorrow at the thought that the seniors, as a class, will be with us no more.

During the three years in which time we have been so intimately associated with the seniors, friendships have been formed that will last thru life. We have shared our joys and sorrows and have been linked together by a common purpose into one huge body of good fellowship.

"And since this work has brought our lives
so close together

Let this parting, no ties of friendship
sever."



EDITORS:

C. T. YOUNG, '23, Editor.

Though we did not receive many exchanges this month, those that came to our desk were unusually good, there being in them many articles worthy of note.

The Collegian contained several good articles. The author of "The Forgotten Woman," a continued story, is to be commended for the tact which he shows in developing the plot of the story. The fact that "The Ghost House" has such a peculiar ending, and the further fact that it is humorous make it worthy of mention. Perhaps it may not be out of order to suggest that an exchange department would make it possible to improve a college magazine in various ways.

One of the best exchanges that we received this month was *The Wake Forest Student*. The article entitled "Through Gibraltar to Naples," ought to be of special interest to the reader, for it is only occasionally that a college paper is fortunate enough to secure an article giving first hand information relative to one's visit to a number of foreign countries. The author of this article is to be commended for picturing so vividly the various points of interest that he visited. The story entitled "The Deselict," the poem entitled "Jewels," which may be regarded as a eulogy to mothers, and the open entitled "Freckle's Philosophy," which contains good advice for those who are inclined to look at things in the wrong way, were especially good. A survey of the work of the various departments shows that each member of the staff was doing his work well.

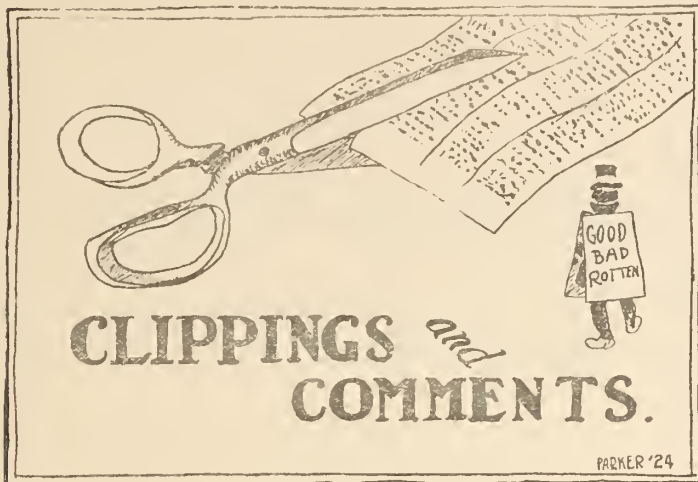
The Pine Branch shows the need of more material. The editorial entitled "Sportsmanship" was especially good. The names of several short poems in the last issue of this magazine which are worthy of mention are—*Gladness*, *Tardiness*, and *Therefore*.

One of the best exchanges which we received this month was the *Chicora Magazine*. The article entitled "Shakespeare: Not of an Age, But For All Time," contains much interesting information pertaining to the place that this greatest of all English writers held during his time. The

author of the short story "Destiny" is to be commended for the tact which she displayed in developing the plot of this story, and in bringing it to such a skillful conclusion. Probably it would be a good plan for all college publications to give some space to book reviews for the latest and best books, as does this magazine.

The last number of *The Pine and Thistle* is rather thin. The material is good. Those articles which were published in this number however make up in quality for the lack of quantity. The author of the humorous story, "Freshman Reminiscences," and the writer of the article entitled "The New Woman in China," which dispels in a measure the misconceived idea that many people have concerning the backwardness and the inability of the women of China to render valuable service in many lines of work, are to be commended. The editorial pertaining to the lectures on different phases of Journalism and the importance of Journalism as a profession, contained interesting as well as valuable information.





J. O. PEPPER, '23, Co-operating Editor.

FACES

The faces you wear was Nature's gift; and it may be, perhaps, that people who before you drift may have more handsome maps. But let this not disturb your rest, don't dope your face with drugs; for Nature knows just what is best when she distributes mugs. My frontispice I thought too fierce; inspired by foolish hope, I sent and got a tierce of Johnson's Beauty Dope. I spread the mixture on my brow, and on my cheeks and chin; "I will be fairly dazzing now," I said, and rubbed it in. I spread the ointment on my ears, and put some on my nose, and dreamed of going down the years as lovely as a rose. But all my dreams were doomed to smash, they died upon a day; the Beauty Dope brought out a rash that will not go away. And old friend viewed my face with grief; their gibes I've long endured; "You're looking like a side of beef that wasn't rightly cured." My skin has an unwholesome shine, and scaly in my crown; my nose is slightly out of line, my mouth is upside down. Could I but have the useful face I had on that bright day, before I vaily tried to chase its blemishes away! I would not touch it up with grease, or paint it pink or white, but let it be, and live in peace, and have sweet dreams at night.

—Greenville News

WHO AM I?

I am the foundation of all successful business.
 I am the fount of all prosperity.
 I am the salt that gives life its savor.
 I am the sole support of the poor.
 I have made the United States What it is today.
 I have built the cities and railways.
 I have opened up our country's resources.
 I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America.
 I am the friend and guide of every worthy person.
 I am the only leader who leads to the land of success.
 Who am I? What am I? I am WORK. —Selected.

CLEMSON

What the College is Doing

RESIDENT INSTRUCTION AND PUBLIC SERVICE

1. Resident Instruction includes work in—

- (a) Agricultural Department
- (b) Academic Department
- (c) Chemistry Department
- (d) Engineering Department
- (e) Military Department
- (f) Textile Department
- (g) Summer School

2. Public Service—

- (a) **Agricultural Research** includes experimental and research work at the college; branch experiment stations at Summerville and Florence; co-operative experimental work with individual farmers; and publications.
- (b) **Extension Service** includes county agent work; agricultural club work; specialists' work; agricultural publications; agricultural lectures; and advisory correspondence. The home demonstration work is directed by Winthrop College.
- (c) **Fertilizer Inspection and Analysis.**
- (d) **Live Stock Sanitary Work** includes cattle tick eradication; tuberculosis eradication; hog cholera control; and investigation, control and quarantine of contagious diseases.
- (e) **Crop Pest Work** is a protection against importation of diseased plants, seeds and nursery stock.
- (f) **Miscellaneous** includes scholarships; building plans for rural schools; and manufacture of State flags at cost for schools.

THE WHOLE STATE IS THE COLLEGE CAMPUS

Student Enrollment over 1,000.

The Clemson Agricultural College

W. M. Riggs, President

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

He is rich, he is a king, he is a ruler who has mastered self-control.

TRUE WORDS SPOKEN IN JEST

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx. "Push," said the button. "Take pains," said the window. "Always keep cool," said the ice. "Be up to date," said the calendar. "Never lose your head," said the barrel. "Make light of everything," said the fire. "Do a driving business," said the hammer. "Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg. "Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.—Exchange.

FLAPPERS

My aunt was once a flapper, and flapped rebellious wings; but now she is a scraper for old, time-honored things. I've heard some ghastly rumors that when she was eighteen she wore a pair of bloomers upon the village green. And there were protests priestly, and every righteous dame denounced her course as beastly, and said it was a shame. The moral weekly paper gave auntie half a page, and said her shameful caper discredited the age. Revolt was auntie's passion, when she was young and fair she rode a horse man fashion, and bobbed her sorrel hair. The flappers now around us imagine they're unique, determined to confound us by some unseemly freak. But it's old stuff, my masters; the damsels of the past were won't to shock their pastors, and make them stand aghast. We see the pullets moulting as hens have always done, and damsels were revolting way back in '81. My aunt was busy flapping in by gone sunny springs, and now we hear her flapping for old and changeless things. And maidens now rebelling against the whiffle when, when older will be yelling that young girls have no sense. Greenville News

The rain falleth alike on the just and on the unjust,—but the unjust man generally has the just man's raincoat.

These days the divorce lawyers carry skelton keys to fit any and all wedlocks, apparently.—Sel.

As a rule when a man thinks he's original he has one original thought, at any rate.

If it's bootleg stuff, it's wise to look not upon the wine when its red, white, blue, purple, striped, speckled or spotted.—Sel.

Winthrop College

The South Carolina College for Women

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Campus 60 acres. Five large dormitories, Library, Science Hall, Gymnasium, Administration building, Students Building and Infirmary—most of which are connected by covered ways.

140 Officers, Teachers, Assistants. 1230 Students.

Normal, Literary, Scientific and Music courses offered leading to Degrees.

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Special Courses offered in Stenography, Typewriting, Household Science, Dressmaking and Millinery.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Each county is given as many scholarships as it has members in the House of Representatives. A Scholarship is worth \$100.00 and free tuition, and must be won by competitive examination.

In addition to the regular State Scholarships, a number of Dining-room Scholarships are given. These Scholarships pay all expenses in return for work in the dining-room and kitchen.

Expenses for session of nine months:

For Students Paying Tuition	\$216.00
For Students Having Free Tuition...	176.00
For Scholarship Students	76.00

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D. B. JOHNSON, President,

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Father called me to the woodshed,
 Occupied a space of time,
 And, departing left behind him,
 Footprints on those pants of mine.—Ex.

—o—

Advice to girls. Don't marry a man to reform him.
 The rites won't right him. The altar won't altar him. Ex.

—o—

With so many autos and porch swings it is a wonder
 anybody is single.—Ex.

—o—

A man in Florida drank furniture polish for liquor—
 and got a permanent finish—3rd. Col. Ed. Filler—

—o—

"Dress like a picture, not like a cartoon," advises a
 fashion authority. But so many girls think cartoons are
 pictures!—Greenville News.

—o—

The modern system: "They married and became ac-
 quainted."

You can't stand still and win the human race.

—o—

FATHER, WHAT DID YOU DO!

"My son, when I to college went,
 I lived a life of ease.
 I worked in all the stores in town
 To pay tuition fees.

"But still I had a pile of time
 To fool away in play
 And 'go the rounds' most every night,
 As we were won't to say.

"I never opened up a book
 Or wrote a measly theme.
 Those really were the good old days,
 With college life a dream."

"But, father, did you fool the profs.
 And keep away from pro?"

"My son, I don't remember, since
 I left in a month or so."

—Collegiate World

—o—

A girl in love is often unable to express her thoughts,
 but it's quite different after marriage.

—o—

When money talks, no one stops to criticize its grammar.

—o—

There are substitutes for almost everything—except
 work and sleep.

The Drug Store

Clemson College, S. C.

The Place to Buy

CLEMSON JEWELRY

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ALL KINDS OF HIGH GRADE STA-
 TIONERY, INCLUDING CLEMSON

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INCLUDING LEFAX

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L. Cleveland Martin

The Quality Druggist



J. L. WEEKS, '23, Editor.

MODERN MOTOR MOTTOES.

Still motors run sweet.
A soft tire turneth away cash.
While there's gas there's hope.
It is better to be slow than sorry.
To speed is human; to get caught, a fine.
As the wheel is bent so the car will go.
A body's as old as its paint; a motor's as old as it pulls.
Spin and the world spins with you, stall and you stall
alone.—Atlanta Journal.

—o—

It was evening in the parlor,
And the gas was burning lower,
When mother's anxious accents
Floated inward through the door
"Daughter, turn the gas up higher,
For I've heard that people say
There's an increase in the pressure
When the gas burns low that way."
"But I think that you'll agree,"
Came the daughter's voice in haste
"That an increase in the pressure
Means a lessening of the WASTE."

—Exchange

—o—

Courtship is "love's young dream." Marriage frequently is the alarm clock.

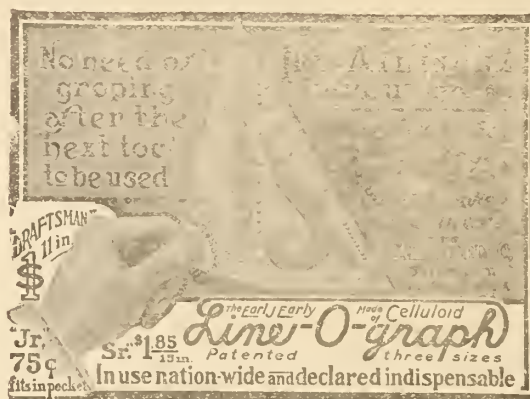
—o—

You can save daylight by using it!

—o—

It is a boy's ambition to throw curves and a girl's to grow them.

The Drawing Attraction of the Drawing World



All Within the Bounds of a 45-degree Triangle—

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| A 45-degree Triangle. | Irregular Curve. |
| 30—60-degree Triangle. | Parallel Liner. |
| 15—75-degree Triangle. | Scale (not in "Sr") |
| Protractor. | and more. |

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The Cadet Exchange

TO YOU

It isn't the man who smiles that counts,
 When everything goes dead wrong
 Nor is it the man who meets defeat,
 Singing a gay little song;
 The song and the smile are well worth while,
 Provided they aren't a bluff,
 And here's to the man who smiles and sings,
 And then—PRODUCES THE STUFF—Selected.

He:—"Why do you give me the cold shoulder these days?"

She:—"Well, now Bill, it's your fault that it's cold."

—0—

At first she asked for love
 And I loved her.
 Later she asked to be thrilled
 And I thrilled her.
 Yesterday she asked for happiness
 And I left her.

—0—

As it was: If you HAVE ambition, go West.
 As it is: If you LACK ambition, take Yeast, young man,
 take Yeast.

—0—

Ode to my lady's lips—MY cold.

—0—

MODERN ARTS

You can talk about the artists who painted long ago,
 Of Raphael, Turner, Reubens, Hunt, and Michael Angelo
 They were near divine you say; their paintings were
 sublime.

But for true beauty I will choose Coles Phillips every
 time.

I need say nothing more of him, for everybody knows
 That he is the guy who paints those ads of girls in Hole-
 proof Hose.

—0—

Johnny at Poultry Show—Let's stay until after they
 let the animals out.

Mother—They don't let the animals out—

Johnny—Yes, Mother, last night Dad told Uncle Bill
 that they would wait after the show and pick up a couple
 of chickens.

—0—

It is possible to kiss a girl while driving an automobile,
 but it takes lots of co-operation—Kingston British Wing.

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 Service Possible
 To All
 Tigertown Men

Clemson College Steam Laundry

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

Cliff Crawford

==
 CLEANING
 and
 PRESSING

*The Clemson Printery
 Basement Textile Building
 Clemson College, South Carolina
 Book and Job Printing*

She: "What do boys talk about after a dance?"

He: "The same thing you girls talk about."

She: "Oh! you horrid things."

—o—

"Aw git away, kid, I'm saving my kisses.

If that be the case I would like to contribute to your collection.

Three Mysteries—Love, Women, and hash.

—o—

A grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it.

—o—

Babies are the main spring in the watches of the night.

—o—

Beau Coup Littlejohn: "I want these experiments bound."

Printer: "Do you want them done in Morocco or Russia."

Beau Coup: "Can't you do them here at Clemson."

—o—

"25—"Why the monkey clothes here at the postoffice?"

"22—"This is my graduation day and I am waiting for my diploma from the Correspondence School."

—o—

"Why do you seem so fussed up."

"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."

"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go." x

"No,—Nothin on for the evening."

—o—

Just these few lines;

And we are done;

You said it, boy—

Ain't we got fun.

—o—

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